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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A. EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

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MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS

BY

DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.

A TRUE

NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED

AT THE EXAMINATION

OF

THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD,

AT THE COCKPIT, MARCH 8, 1710-11;

HIS STABBING MR. HARLEY;

AND OTHER PRECEDENT AND SUBSEQUENT FACTS, RELATING TO THE LIFE OF THE SAID GUISCARD.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1711.

WITH THE PREAMBLE TO THE PATENT,

FOR CREATING MR. HARLEY A PEER.

"Yester-

" Yesterday was sent me a narrative printed, with all the cir-
" cumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it
" myself: so I sent my hints to the author of the Atalantis*;
" and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own
" style; only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But
" I am afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one
" critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is
" worth your reading, for the circumstances ARE ALL TRUE."
Journal to Stella, April 16, 1711.—The facts in this narrative are confirmed by several other passages in the dean's works; particularly in the Examiner, No. XXXII, (in the third volume of this collection); and the share he had in it is acknowledged in Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry, vol. IV; and in the Journal to Stella, Nov. 3, 1711.

* Mrs. Manley was also employed by Dr. Swift, in " A Learned Com-
" ment upon Dr. Hare's excellent Sermon, preached before the Duke of
" Marlborough, on the Surrender of Bouchain;" and in " A true Relation
" of the several Tracts and Circumstances of the intended Riots and Tu-
" mults on Q. Elizabeth's Birthday;" and wrote " The Duke of Marl-
" borough's Vindication, &c.;" See Journal to Stella, Nov. 3, 1711. Beside these three tracts (which are all inserted in this volume), she was supposed to have written " A Letter to the Examiner, concerning the Barrier
" Treaty Vindicated [by Dr. Hare];" " A modest Inquiry into the Rea-
" sons of the Joy expressed by a certain Set of People, upon the spreading
" a Report of her Majesty's Death;" and, " An Answer to Baron Both-
" mar's Memorial;" from hints suggested by the dean.

A TRUE

A

TRUE NARRATIVE, ETC.

THERE is nothing received with more pleasure in history, than the minute passages and circumstances of such facts as are extraordinary and surprising. We often lament to see an important accident nakedly told, stripped of those particularities which are most entertaining and instructive in such relations. This defect is frequent in all historians, not through their own fault, but for want of information. For while facts are fresh in memory, nobody takes care to record them, as thinking it idle to inform the world in what they know already; and by this means the accounts we have of them are only traditional, the circumstances forgotten, and perhaps supplied with false ones, or formed upon probabilities, according to the genius of the writer.

But, beside the informing posterity on such occasions, there is something due to the present age. People at distance are curious and concerned to know the particulars of great events, as well as those in the metropolis; and so are the neighbouring nations. And the relations they receive are usually either very imperfect, or misrepresented on purpose by the prejudice of party in the relators.

I shall endeavour to avoid both these errours, in the fact I am going to relate; and, having made use

of some good opportunities, to be informed from the first hands of several passages not generally known, I hope it will be in my power to give some satisfaction to the publick.

About six years ago there came into England a French papist, the younger brother of a noble family in that kingdom, called Antoine de Guiscard, abbot de Borly, near the Cevennes in France. And as it is the usual custom for cadets of quality there to betake themselves to the army or the church; Guiscard chose the latter, and had an abbey given him of a considerable revenue; but, being of a vicious and profligate nature, he fell into the most horrible crimes that a man can commit. Among other instances, it is said, that he seduced a nun. It is likewise reported, that he and his younger brother, suspecting their receiver had cheated, got the poor man to their house, and put him to the torture to force a discovery from him. Beside keeping a *serrail* in his abbey, when he used to receive a sum together from his revenue, his custom was, to go to Tholouse, and lavish it in all sorts of excesses. A young lady of a good family was so unhappy to be prevailed on, to her dishonour, by his brother. Monsieur de Guiscard was afterward employed to steal her from her father; but, falling in love with her himself, he carried her off from his rival into Switzerland. Satiety not long after succeeding, he was so inhuman to poison the poor unfortunate lady. After his flight, he was hanged in effigy by the magistrates at the principal town in Rouergue, for his intended rebellion. It is agreed on all hands, that, upon account of his many enormities (but, as himself

himself terms them in his Memoirs *, "private do-"mestick concerns, and the crying injustice done "his family,") he withdrew to his own lands in the province of Rouergue, contiguous to that part of Languedoc called The Cevennes; where he endeavoured to raise insurrections among the discontented people, of which he has published a very foolish account: but, having neither credit nor ability for such an undertaking, his success was answerable. He was forced to fly into Switzerland, without taking any measures for the safety of those poor wretches involved with him, and who had been so unhappy to be wrought by his insinuations. Thirty of the roman catholick persuasion (seduced by Guiscard into the design of rebelling for liberty, not religion) fell under the sentence of the magistrate, and were broken upon the wheel; though it is said, if monsieur de Guiscard, upon whom they depended for intelligence, had but delayed his flight only so long as to send notice to those gentlemen of the danger impending, they might all, or at least the greater number of them, have escaped as well as himself.

The marquis de Guiscard had an early, an undoubted, propensity to mischief and villany, but without those fine parts useful in the cabinet; he had not capacity to conduct a design, though he might have brain enough to form one; was wholly unacquainted with war, had never been in the army, a

* Published in 1707, under the following title: "Authentick "Memoirs, being Secret Transactions in the Southern Provinces of "France, to rescue that Nation from Slavery. Dedicated to the "Queen of Great Britain. By the Marquis de Guiscard, Lieute-"nant General of the Forces gone upon the present Descent." The Dedication is dated, Hague, May 10, 1705.

profligate abbot, who knew nothing of the soldier. Yet this man we find immediately made a colonel of a regiment of horse, and lieutenant general, with a pension, as it is said, from Holland, as well as from us. To do all this for one wholly ignorant of a camp, was foolish as well as scandalous.

Nor had adversity made any impression upon his manners. His behaviour here was expensive, luxurious, vicious; lavishing at play, and upon women, what was given him for his own support. Beside his continual good fortune with other ladies, he kept two in constant pay, upon whom he made a profuse and regular expense: one of those creatures was married; whom that he might possess with the greater ease, he procured her husband to be pressed; and sent away into the service: a transcript of that state cunning sometimes practised by great politicians (when they would disencumber themselves of an *incommode*) in affairs of the like emergency.

At first there was none more caressed than our foreign favourite. A late minister seldom saw a levee without him; though we admit *that* is not always a proof of being a favourite of those to whom they make their court. There are who crowd themselves where they have done the most sensible injuries, and against whom they have been guilty of the highest offence: but want of shame is one part of an ill man's character: as another branch is, that he can submit to the meanest things.

Monsieur de Guiscard had the misfortune to sink under his character, even to those great men who at first had most indulged him. His parts were too mean to balance or uphold him against a just contempt: he was found a useless villain, whose inferiour

riour understanding could not answer expectation. Proving unserviceable, he was consequently discountenanced, dropped by degrees, and afterward totally neglected; his pension ill paid, and himself reduced to extremity *. This put him upon making his peace with France: a common practice of such villains; whose only business being to support an infamous life in fulness of luxury, they never weigh what stands between them and the end.

The marquis de Guiscard had no religion, knew nothing of principles, or indeed humanity: brutish, bold, desperate, an engine fit for the blackest mischief; revengeful, busy to design, though full of inconsistencies, and preposterous in his management: his schemes impracticable to any less rash and inconsiderate, as may be seen at large in those his ill formed projects of rebellion against his prince: his aspect gloomy and forbidding, no false indication of the malignancy within. Nor could the evil in his nature be diverted by benefits. The present ministry, regarding him as a man of family, one who had been caressed in England, though they liked neither his principles nor his practice, thought it against the glory of the queen (who is the sanctuary of distressed foreigners) to let a gentleman of such birth want the supports of life; and therefore entered upon measures to pay him four hundred pounds a year, as part of that pension which at first was granted him, and had been for some time discontinued. He could no longer with any pretence be a malecontent: but he would not forego his treacherous

* At this period Guiscard derived a temporary support from fraudulent dexterity at the billiard-table, at which he appears to have excelled.

design,

design, nor his desire to make his peace at home. Mr. Harley discovered his correspondence: he knew he had wrote three letters to France, with advice of our affairs. This discovery was made a fortnight before monsieur de Guiscard's seizure. Mr. Harley was willing to convict him under his own hand; and accordingly took all necessary precaution, to have what letters he should write brought to the secretary's office. In the mean time persons were employed, that should give an account of all his motions; such who played with him, drank with him, walked with him; in a word, those who, under the pretence of diversion and friendship, should never lose sight of him, till that day, when he went to a merchant of his acquaintance in the city, and gave him a letter, with this request, "that he would "be pleased to forward it, and let it be sent away "with his own foreign letters."

This letter was brought to Mr. Harley; where he read monsieur Guiscard's advice to the ministers of France, "that they should invade England as soon "as possible, whether they succeed or no; because "the mischief it would do us would be irreparable: "it would disconcert and divide us, ruin our credit, "and do us a vast deal of hurt, &c."

On the eighth of March, the queen's inauguration day, monsieur de Guiscard, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, was seized in the Mall, in St. James's park, by a warrant of high treason from Mr. secretary St. John, and carried by the queen's messengers to the Cockpit. He seemed then to have taken his resolution, and to determine that his ruin should be fatal to those persons who occasioned it, by desiring leave to send for a glass

a glass of sack, some bread and butter, and a *knife*. The woman of the coffeehouse sent him all but the knife, which was accidentally omitted. He was brought into the clerks' room, and kept there till the cabinet council was assembled; in that room he found a *penknife*, and took it away unperceived; which, as it is supposed, he hid in his sleeve; for there was none found in his pockets, which were searched before his examination.

There were present, at the committee of cabinet council, the lord keeper, lord president *, duke of Ormond, duke of Newcastle, duke of Buckingham, duke of Queensberry, earl Poulet, lord Dartmouth, Mr. Harley, Mr. secretary St. John.

[Mr. Tilson, Mr. Hare, undersecretaries, sat at a table by themselves.]

Monsieur de Guiscard being brought in to be examined, Mr. secretary St. John, whose business it was to interrogate him, asked him some questions about his corresponding with France; and whether he had not sent letters thither? Monsieur de Guiscard denied it boldly: mean time his colour came and went. Earl Poulet, before he was brought in, had desired Mr. St. John to change places with Mr. Harley, that Guiscard's face might be full in the light, and his countenance better perceived, in any alteration that might happen at the questions that should be asked him.

The presence of that august assembly; the obligations the criminal had to some in particular, who had honoured him with their favour; and to all in

* Laurence Hyde, earl of Rochester, was appointed lord president in September 1710; and died May 2, 1711.

general, as they were of the first rank among a people who had so generously refuged him in his misfortunes; his own guilt, and dread of being detected; might well cause an emotion in the mind and face of the most resolved, most hardened person. He flushed and turned pale, the posture of his feet restless and unassured, his hands in perpetual motion, fumbling in his pocket; which some of that noble assembly reflecting on, could yet well account for, by remembering it was his usual manner: a French air, which has been long since received in England, among some of our fine gentlemen, to a great degree of imitation.

Could one have looked into Guiscard's guilty soul, how terrible at that moment had been the prospect! his dread of conviction, his ingratitude, his treachery, his contempt or desire of death, his despair of Heaven, his love of his native country, his spirit of revenge, embroiled his thoughts, fermented his blood, roused his shame, and worked up his resolution to a pitch of doing all the service to France, and mischief he could to England. Like falling Sampson, to involve in his fate the strength of the enemy; yet he would make one push for life, and, till proof were produced, not give up a cause he could defend so easily as by denying the crime he was charged with; which he did with an undaunted assurance, till Mr. Secretary asked him, "If he knew such a gentleman?" naming the merchant with whom he had left the letter? At that, Guiscard rolled his eyes, assured of his ruin, yet surprised and shocked at the approach. The same question being repeated, he answered, "Yes, what of that?" Being pressed again to discover what he knew of his corresponding with France,

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he continued obstinate in his pretended ignorance; when Mr. secretary St. John produced his letter, and, with a force of eloquence inseparable from what he speaks, represented to monsieur de Guiscard the baseness, the blackness, of his crime; "to betray "the queen, his benefactress; Britain, the country "that had refuged, supported, trusted, honoured "him by the command of her troops with such "noble confidence, that made it double villany in "him to be a villain;" exhorting him, "yet to be "sincere, and give up to their information what he "knew of the treacherous design he had formed."

Whilst the secretary's words were making an irresistible impression upon every mind but his to whom they were addressed; the criminal formed to himself the destruction of those two dreadful enemies of France, Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John. It seemed to him too hazardous to attempt the design at the full board; not in regard of his own life (that was already devoted), but lest they should not be both involved. It appeared reasonable to him, that if, upon the pretence of discovery, he could get Mr. St. John to withdraw, Mr. Harley might possibly be of the party, and he have a chance to murder both before they could be assisted. Accordingly, when he was pressed to discover, he desired to speak with Mr. St. John apart. The secretary told him, "That was "impracticable: he was before the whole committee "as a criminal; and what he had to say, must be "said to all." Upon Guiscard's persisting to speak only to the secretary, they went to ring the bell, to call in the messengers, to carry him away; which he observing, cried out, "That is hard! not one word! "*pas un mot!*" and, stooping down said, "*J'en*

" *veux donc à toi,* Then have at thee!" so stabbed Mr. Harley. Redoubling the stroke, the penknife broke, which he was not sensible of; but, rushing on toward Mr. St. John, overthrew the clerks' table that stood between. Mr. St. John saw Mr. Harley fall; and cried out, " The villain has killed Mr. " Harley!" Then he gave him a wound, as did the duke of Ormond and the duke of Newcastle. Mr. St. John was resolved to have killed him, but that he saw Mr. Harley got up and walking about, and heard earl Poulet cry out, " not to kill Guiscard." The messengers laid hold of him, and tore his coat. He raged, he struggled, he overthrew several of them, with the strength of one desperate or frantick, till at last they got him down, by pulling him backward by the cravat. Like a lion taken in the toils, he foamed, he grinned, his countenance seemed despoiled of the aspect of any thing human; his eyes gleamed fire, despair, and fury *. He cried out to the duke of Ormond, whilst they were binding him, amid his execrations and his raving, " My Lord Ormond, *Pourquoi ne moi dépêchez vous?*

* " In one great *Now,* superiovr to an age,
" The full extremes of Nature's force we find;
" How heavenly virtue can exalt, or rage
" Infernal can degrade, the human mind.
" While the fierce monk does at his trial stand;
" He chews revenge, abjuring his offence;
" Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
" He stabs his judge, to prove his innocence.
" The guilty stroke, and torture of the steel
" Infix'd, our dauntless *Briton* scarce perceives:
" The wounds his country from his death must feel,
" The PATRIOT views; for these alone he grieves."

PRIOR, Verses to Mr. HARLEY.

" *vous?* Why do not you despatch me * ?" The noble duke made this memorable answer, " *Ce n'est* " *pas l'affair des honêtes gens; c'est l'affair d'un* " *autre.* It is not the work of gentlemen; it is the " work of others."

Let us turn our eyes from so detestable an object, to another not less surprising, though of a quite different kind; where we shall behold a gentleman, arrived by long practice to that difficult attainment of possessing his soul in all conditions, in all accidents, whether of life or death, with moderation. This is the man that may truly be said to know himself, whom even assassination cannot surprise; to whom the passions are in such obedience, they never contend for sway, nor attempt to throw him from his guard. Mr. Harley, falling back in his chair by the redoubled stroke that was given him, and seeing them busy about taking Guiscard, by whom he imagined himself killed, did not call or cry for help; but, getting up as well as he could of himself, applied his handkerchief to the wound, to stop the blood, and keep out the air, walking about the room till

* Mons. Mesnager says, Mr. Harley was stabbed, " by *un* " *scélérat François*, a French miscreant, at the council-board, " where that wretch was brought to be examined." And adds, in a strain of national vanity, " They may take notice in England, " how good judges we are of men in France; and believe they have " reason to be wary how they entertain any, who the wisest prince " on earth, than whom none sees farther into the merits of men, has " determined to be worthless, and not fit to be employed." See " Minutes of the Negotiations of Mons. Mesnager at the Court of " England, during the four last Years of the Reign of her late " Majesty Queen Anne, containing many curious Particulars of " those Times;" translated from the French in 1717, and published a second time in 1736.

they

they had time to come to him, not complaining nor accusing, nor encouraging them to revenge him upon Guiscard; his countenance serene, unaltered; so that, from his own behaviour, all his friends, particularly his tenderest Mr. St. John, hoped he was but slightly hurt. When Busiere the surgeon searched the wound, they were all surprised to find it so dangerous; the penknife was struck aslant and buried in the wound, which Mr. Harley himself took out, wiped, called for the handle, and said, "They be-"long to me." He asked "if the wound were "mortal, as he had affairs to settle." Even in our incredulous age, we may term his escape a miracle: the blow was struck exactly upon his breastbone, which broke the knife; had it been an inch lower, it had touched the *diaphragma*, and all the world could not have saved his life: or a nail's breadth deeper, it would have reached his heart. I have heard it affirmed, "that, if one should attempt a "thousand times at an imitation of Guiscard's de-"sign, without his rage and force; not once in that "thousand times would it be probable that a life "could escape the blow, as Mr. Harley's has done." He had a double deliverance, first from the knife striking upon the breastbone, and then from its breaking there; he must else have been murdered by the repetition of the blow. Neither was the cure less doubtful; the contusion was more dangerous than the wound itself: about a week after, the bruised blood fell down, which held his life in suspense. He had been ill for some time before, and was not as yet recovered.

As soon as Mr. Harley was dressed, he ordered the surgeon to take care of mons. de Guiscard; and

was

was himself carried home in a chair, followed by the lamentations and prayers of the people for his recovery, who attended him to his own door with their sighs and sorrows.

The bold marquis, though subdued, was still untamed: his fury, despair, and desire of instant death, made him use his efforts to prevent the good intentions of the surgeon and the assistants. They were forced to keep him down by strength of hand, whilst his wounds were searched and dressed; after which, he was sent to Newgate, where he continued in the same violence of mind. He begged to die, he strove to die, by rubbing the plasters from his wounds; to prevent which, there were persons perpetually employed to watch on each side the bed.

If we read his sentiments in his own Memoirs, we may find they were always disposed to violence. Speaking to those whom he would draw into a confederacy against the king, "That it was better to "die once for all, than to die in a manner a thou- "sand times a day, always at the mercy of men who "made it their business to embitter their life, and "make it insupportable," p. 8.—In another place, "How can we better spend some few and uncertain "days, which every moment are ended by some dis- "ease, by misfortune, or old age, than by making our "name famous and immortal?" p. 14.—And thus, "Pusillanimous men, who, for want of courage, "dare not attempt any thing at their peril, will never "see an end of their misfortune," p. 46.

These, being his avowed tenets, may give us some light into a design so execrable, that it were sin to look into it with any other eyes but detestation. Mons. de Guiscard was to reconcile himself to

France; which could not probably be done, but by something more notorious than his disaffection. Upon his deathbed examination, he told the lords, "There "was something horrible he had to tell them!—for "which he ought to be torn in pieces!—something "inconceivable!—exceeding all barbarity!"—there he stopped, as if for breath, a reanimation of spirits, or to recollect what he had to say. After a while, seeing he did not proceed, they reminded him to go on. He repeated those and many more such expressions. Being pressed to proceed, he fell into something very trifling, which he knew they knew already; said, "It was no matter—content—con-"tent—" meaning to die.

Upon their examination of him in Newgate, he seemed to boast his resolution and performance; bad them "judge what he was able to do in a good "cause, had they thought fit to employ and trust "him, since he could go so far in an ill one." The vanity of his nation kept him company to the last; he valued himself upon his intrepidity, his contempt of death, and thirst of honour, *&c.* The last time the lords were with him, he desired Mr. St. John's hand, and said "*Pardonne, pardonne.*" Mr. St. John replied, "*Je vous pardonne—Dieu vous par-*"*donne!*"—Guiscard repeating "Content—content" —he became delirious.

The roughness of his nature seems to have hindered him from encouraging that remorse which approaching death might occasion; else we should doubtless have had disclosed the blackest scene that any age has shown. It is very well known the eager desire he had for some time expressed to see the queen alone; the pretence of that audience he so

earnestly importuned was, "To get his pension "assured." He was of late often found in the antichamber, and at the backstairs. He generally carried a bottle of poison about him, supposed to answer the disappointment of some foreseen event. This, compared with his own words, and several letters from France and Holland at that time mentioning it was expected they should hear of a *coup d'éclat en Angleterre*, makes it almost past doubt that he did design to kill the queen; and, failing of his attempt there, stabbed Mr. Harley, as by his own confession he would have done Mr. St. John, because they were the two important lives that gave dread and anguish to that monarch, who has so long and often been the terrour of others.

The queen, all merciful and saintlike as she is, had herself the goodness (notwithstanding appearances were against him, in the supposition of his horrible intentions to destroy her) to appoint two surgeons and two physicians to attend him in Newgate, with whatever was befitting a man of family. This gracious treatment could depart only from a mind so conversant with Heaven, so near of kindred, as that of our pious queen!

Her cares and prayers * were the balm that healed Mr. Harley's wound. The honour that was done

* "Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care;
"Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath,
"Softens thy anguish: in her powerful prayer
"She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

"Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
"A breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heaven!
"No higher can aspiring virtue soar:
"Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

him by the address of parliament will never be forgotten; nor her majesty's gracious answer. It is remarkable, that, when it was brought into the house of lords *, the whigs all went out, except one, who raised a weak objection, "that monsieur de Guiscard "was not a papist convict."

Notwithstanding the surgeons and physicians art and care, monsieur de Guiscard died in Newgate. His wounds, of which he received four in the forepart of his body, were cured; the fifth † was in his back, which, the surgeons deposed, was not mortal. The jury gave in their verdict, "That his bruises "were the cause of his death." It appeared, upon the examination of Mr. Wilcox, the queen's messenger, that it was he that wounded the marquis in the back, and gave him those bruises of which he died. Monsieur de Guiscard, in struggling with Wilcox, threw him against a window, which caused him to void above a quart of blood the same night.

His resolution, or rather obstinacy, continued to the last: he would not permit his wounds to be dressed, nor accepted of any nourishment but what was forced upon him: he made no profession of religion, had no show of remorse or contrition, nor desired the assistance of a priest ‡. He was privately interred,

* It was a joint address of both houses; but was first moved in the house of commons March 9, and immediately agreed to by the lords. Guiscard is called in it, "a French papist."

† This wound Guiscard never discovered to the surgeons till it had festered to the most amazing degree. Two quarts of old clotted blood came out of his side two days before he died.

‡ The author of the "Political State" (who never failed catching at every opportunity of abusing Dr. Swift) has severely reprehended this "Narrative," though he has copied from it very liberally.

interred *, by order from the court—a mercy no nation but ours would have conferred upon a spy, a a traitor, and an assassin † !

Is it not obvious to all England, what had been our distress, in the confusion wherein so long a run of mismanagement has plunged us, if Heaven had permitted the knife of a barbarous foreigner to have robbed us of a minister, whose conduct, wise, stedfast, vigorous, extricates our affairs, and embroils the enemy ‡ ? Does not the flourishing church of England owe him all things for her deliverance from presbytery and atheism; a miracle no less seasonable, than when she was assaulted by all the force of

liberally. The above passage, in particular, he has taken upon him to censure; and asserts, that Guiscard desired Mr. Busiere to send for a priest; who told him, "he was acquainted with none; his "business was only to dress him: and if he wanted a priest, he "must apply himself to others."—It is amusing to observe with what dignity our author maintained his just superiority over the swarm of scribblers who continually infested him. They were treated by him, as they deserved, with the most sovereign contempt. Of the writer of the "Political State," he says, "One "Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet ["An Ac-"count of the State and Progress of the Present Negotiation of "Peace, &c.]; and I have got him in a messenger's hands; the "secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord treasurer told me "last night that he had the honour to be abused with me in a "pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example, for a warning "to others." Journal to Stella, Oct. 16, 1711.

* He died in the fifty-second year of his age.

† In the "Comitia Philologica Academiæ Oxoniensis, 1713," is a prose oration by H. Muxloe, A. B., under the title of "Furor "Guiscardinus," where the circumstances of this horrid transaction are properly enlarged upon.

‡ This great minister was, in the following year, in danger of losing his life by another scene of treachery; which is mentioned by Dr. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, Nov. 15, 1712.

Rome? Were he not a sincere worshipper at our increasing altars, would he not reduce rather than multiply *? Is not even our gracious sovereign indebted to him, for scattering those persons from about her, whose excessive tyranny strove to ruin all those who aimed to come at the queen but by them? Does he not sacrifice his quiet to the good of his country, without enriching his own family with her treasure, or decking himself with her honours; though she has none but what, with pride and joy, she is ready to bestow upon him? Was not his blood (even now devoted to the restless genius of France) spilt in dread of his pursuits and endeavours to reduce that monarch to humanity and reason? Is not his modesty so excessive, that he conceals, from those persons who have treated him as a traitor, the extent of his power, lest he should seem to insult their disgrace? Free from that false delicacy which so often makes people uneasy at what either the mistaken or our enemies say of us; his actions have their foundation on solid judgment, propped by a most extensive genius, unlimited foresight, and immovable prudence. France records her Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louvois: we talk with veneration of the Cecils. But posterity shall boast of Harley, as a prodigy, in whom the spring is pure as the stream; not troubled by ingratitude or avarice, nor its beauty deformed by the feature of any vice. The coming age will envy ours a minister of such accumulated worth; they will see and know how happy we were. Why then should we ourselves be wilfully blind, or wilfully ignorant of it? Is it not his distress, to be born among a people

* Alluding to his patronizing the bill for building fifty new churches.

so divided? could he in any other country have failed of universal love and veneration? How long shall our divisions make us the sport and proverb of the neighbouring nations? Monsieur Quillet, by the purity of his Latin, has diffused our character throughout the world; and when the curious would be informed of the genius of the British people, the learned refer to him *: It is thought the most beautiful part of his Callipædia; and, however the spirit of the author may have suffered by the change, I will present it to the reader in the English translator's words †:

" If then from Calais you design to land
" On England's vile, unhospitable strand,
" There you shall find a race of monstrous men,
" Where mangled princes strew the cyclops' den.
" A false, ungrateful, and rebellious brood,
" New from a slaughter'd monarch's sacred blood.
" They break all laws, all fancies they pursue,
" And follow all religions but the true.
" All there are priests, each differently prays,
" And worships Heaven ten thousand different ways.
" If by the mob the canting fool's admir'd,
" The brother's gifted, and the saint inspir'd.
" Hence the fanaticks rave, and wildly storm,
" Convert by pistol, and by pike reform.
" Nor are th' enthusiasts so abhorrent grown
" To holy ceremonious rites alone:

* Lib. iv, ver. 8—25. It is but common justice to observe, with Mr. Rowe, that this character of our nation was given in the time of the civil war; which makes the severe censure agree very well with those days of confusion and villany.

† We have not scrupled to substitute Mr. Rowe's translation in which the original has suffered less by the change.

" An Englishman on all extremes will run,
" And by consent be wilfully undone.
" If an opinion thwart what ancients wrote,
" He catches it, and bosoms up the thought.
" Alcides would his club as soon resign,
" As he a darling heresy decline.
" Yet we must do the sons of England right:
" Some stars shine through the horrour of the night.
" For navigation, and for skill renown'd
" In sailing the terraqueous globe around.
" To them no shore's untried, no sea's unknown,
" Where waves have murmur'd, and where winds
" have blown.
" Typhis and Jason, who in Argo came,
" Lay no pretensions to so just a fame,
" As Ca'endish, Willoughby, and Drake's immor-
" tal name."

Is it not time to redeem our character, that the world, in applauding our courage, may no longer object our divisions? Though we disagree in religion; yet, for common good, we should, methinks, be glad to unite in politicks. Our ceremonies may differ, but our essentials are the same; and to people of reason, one would imagine, there needed not much persuasion, to join in those advantageous particulars, reputation and interest.

Parties break their force against one another, do the work of our foes, are weakened by perpetual animosities, hate their adversary at home much more strenuously than a foreign enemy, incapacitate themselves from doing all the injury they should to France, all the good they ought to England. Our piques and distastes for trifles have run us up to frenzy;

frenzy; the world beholds the hatred and aversion among us as lunacy in our blood, incurable but by letting forth; they foresee and long for a civil war, to reduce us to misery and reason; they flatter themselves that our dissensions tend that way, and prophesy they can have no end but with our ruin.

It is ourselves only can disappoint the hopes of our enemies, and extricate ourselves. The very Mahometans claim our pity, for being misled by the grand impostor; and shall a fellow christian be hated? Have we no arguments but bitterness and reproach? must we continue as violent against our neighbour at home, as brave in the field abroad? If we were not all Britons, or had different interests, something might be said for that eager desire of ruin, so conspicuous in the contending parties.

How ridiculous it appears to a reasonable man, who reflects how greatly our happy constitution is envied by our enemies, and how little valued or enjoyed by ourselves! We boast of liberty, and yet do all we can to enslave others to our opinions; meanwhile the common interest of the island is lost or forgotten, in the desire of gratifying our particular revenge and aversions.

We have now a queen and ministry of consummate piety, prudence, and abilities, who know the true interest of England, and will pursue it. The church is delivered from oppression and fears; religion secured, according to every Englishman's heart's desire. What should we next consider, but the interest of the body politick? Which way can that be so effectually carried on, as by calming our heats and animosities, by taking off the veil of prejudice and party which so long has blinded us; to have

every

every individual consider what would be for the good of the whole, and sincerely to give into it? Were these measures faithfully pursued, France could never be formidable to England; nor the protestant religion here be under any apprehension from the restless and encroaching spirit of the Roman.

THE

PRESENT STATE

OF

W I T.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

FIRST PRINTED IN MAY 1711.

" Dr.

" Dr. Friend was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamph-
" let just published, called the State of Wit*, giving a character
" of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems
" to be a whig; yet he speaks very highly of a paper called The
" Examiner, and says he supposes the author of it is Dr. Swift.
" But above all things he praises the Tatlers and Spectators; and I
" believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it.
" Thus one is treated by those impudent dogs!"

Journal to Stella, May 14, 1711.

* The light thrown by this little tract on the various periodical papers of the time when it was written will, we doubt not, be deemed a sufficient reason for having preserved it in this Collection. It is somewhat remarkable, that it was advertised at the end of the original Examiner of May 17, and not at all in the Spectator.—Though published anonymously; from the initials J. G. being placed at the conclusion, and from its singular impartiality, there is great reason to suppose it the production of Mr. Gay.

THE

THE PRESENT STATE OF WIT, ETC.

SIR, WESTMINSTER, MAY 3, 1711.

YOU acquaint me, in your last, that you are still so busy building at ——, that your friends must not hope to see you in town this year; at the same time you desire me, that you may not be quite at a loss in conversation among the *beau monde* next winter, to send you an account of the present state of wit in town; which, without farther preface, I shall therefore endeavour to perform, and give you the histories and characters of all our periodical papers, whether monthly, weekly, or diurnal, with the same freedom I used to send you our other town news.

I shall only premise, that as you know I never cared one farthing either for whig or tory; so I shall consider our writers purely as they are such, without any respect to which party they may belong.

Dr. King has for some time lain down his Monthly Philosophical Transactions, which, the titlepage informed us at first, were only "to be continued as

"they

" they sold *;" and though that gentleman has a world of wit, yet, as it lies in one particular way of raillery, the town soon grew weary of his writings; though I cannot but think, that their author deserves a much better fate than to languish out the small remainder of his life in the Fleet prison.

About the same time that the doctor left off writing, one Mr. Ozell † put out his Monthly Amusement, which is still continued; and, as it is generally some French novel or play indifferently translated, is more or less taken notice of as the original piece is more or less agreeable.

As to our weekly papers; the poor Review ‡ is quite exhausted, and grown so very contemptible, that,

* Monthly Transactions began in January 1708-9; and ended in September 1709.

† John Ozell, a voluminous translator; who, having incurred the displeasure of Mr. Pope, was very severely handled by him and his Commentator, in the Dunciad and the notes upon it. Mr. Ozell published hardly any thing original; and his translations are not in much repute. He was auditor general of the city and bridge accompts, of St. Paul's cathedral, and of St. Thomas's hospital; and is said to have been a very worthy man, and an excellent companion. He died Oct. 15, 1743.

‡ This paper was entirely the production of Daniel de Foe, who was equally famous for politicks and poetry. He set out in life as a hosier; but in that situation being very unsuccessful, he was induced to apply to his pen for subsistence. He was invited in 1694 to settle at Cadiz, as an agent to the English merchants; which he declined from patriotick motives; and was some time after appointed accomptant to the commissioners of the glass duty. For one of his performances he was condemned to the pillory; and, when exalted above his fellows, he cheerfully underwent the punishment, and wrote " A Hymn to the Pillory," as a defiance to the ministry. He published many books and pamphlets; but is perhaps

that, though he has provoked all his brothers of the quill round, none of them will enter into a controversy with him. This fellow, who had excellent natural parts, but wanted a small foundation of learning, is a lively instance of those wits, who, as an ingenious author says, "will endure but one skim-"ming."

The Observator * was almost in the same condition; but, since our party struggles have run so high, he is much mended for the better; which is imputed to the charitable assistance of some outlying friends. These two authors † might, however, have flourished some time longer, had not the controversy been taken up by much abler hands.

The Examiner is a paper which all men, who speak without prejudice, allow to be well written.

perhaps at present best known by his "History of Robinson "Crusoe." He died at Islington, in easy circumstances, and at a very advanced age, April 26, 1731.

* The Observator was begun April 1, 1702, by John Tutchin, who was concerned on the side of Monmouth in the time of Charles II; and, for a political piece which he wrote in favour of him afterward, was sentenced by Jefferies to be whipped through several towns in the west, and handled so severely, that he petitioned James II to be hanged. When that king died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. Becoming obnoxious to the tories, he received a severe beating in August 1707; and died in much distress Sept. 23, aged 44.

† Good portraits of de Foe and Ridpath (who are styled "The "British Libellers") were engraved under a head of Steele (in the character of "Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., the British Censor"), as an ornament to a whimsical poem in folio, called "The Three "Champions," printed about 1711, a copy of which (perhaps an unique) is among the many curious tracts bequeathed by archbishop Secker to the Lambeth Library.

Though

Though his subject will admit of no great variety, he is continually placing it in so many different lights, and endeavouring to inculcate the same thing by so many beautiful changes of expression, that men who are concerned in no party may read him with pleasure. His way of assuming the question in debate is extremely artful; and his letter to Crassus is, I think, a masterpiece. As these papers are supposed to have been written by several hands, the criticks will tell you, that they can discern a difference in their styles and beauties, and pretend to observe, that the first Examiners abound chiefly in wit, the last in humour.

Soon after their first appearance, came out a paper from the other side, called The Whig Examiner *, written

* Five numbers only of this paper were published under that title, by Mr. Addison and Mr. Arthur Maynwaring: and, from its being laid down to make room for "The Medley," Mr. Oldmixon concludes it to have been principally the work of the latter. Both were published in professed opposition to "The Examiner." At the end of the 25th Medley, May 26, 1712, appeared the following curiosity: "In a few days will be published an improve-" ment of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift's late proposal to the most " honourable the lord high treasurer, for correcting, improving, " and ascertaining, the English tongue; wherein, beside abun-" dance of other particulars, will be more clearly shown, that to " erect an academy of such men, who (by being no christians) " have unhappily prevented their ecclesiastical preferment; or (by " being buffoons and scandal bearers) can never expect the employ-" ment of an envoy from those who prefer such services at home, " to the doing them no service abroad; and that to give them " good pensions, is the true and only method toward the end pro-" posed; in a letter to a gentleman, that mistook the doctor's " project." And in the Medley following, stood this advertisement: "Whereas, since my last, there has been published a very " ingenious pamphlet, called, Reflections on Dr. Swift's Letter: " This

written with so much fire, and in so excellent a style, as put the tories in no small pain for their favourite hero: every one cried, Bickerstaff must be the author; and people were the more confirmed in this opinion upon its being so soon laid down, which seemed to show that it was only written to bind the Examiners to their good behaviour, and was never designed to be be a weekly paper. The Examiners therefore have no one to combat with at present, but their friend the Medley; the author of which paper, though he seems to be a man of good sense, and expresses it luckily enough now and then, is, I think, for the most part, perfectly a stranger to fine writing *.

I presume I need not tell you, that The Examiner carries much the more sail, as it is supposed to be written by the direction, and under the eye, of some great persons who sit at the helm of affairs, and is consequently looked on as a sort of publick notice which way they are steering us †. The reputed

" This has prevented the coming out of a pamphlet, entitled, " Reasons for not correcting, &c.' which was advertised in my " paper of Monday last, and was intended to be published the " Thursday following." This was to have been called, " Rea- " sons for not correcting, improving, and ascertaining, the Eng- " lish Tongue at this time. In a Letter to Dr. Swift." See The Medley, No. 24. Rudely, however, as Dr. Swift was in many instances attacked by Mr. Maynwaring, it must be owned he was the politest of his opponents.

* This reflection was certainly intended for Oldmixon, being by no means applicable to Mr. Maynwaring.

† Lord Orrery, who commends the Examiners for their " ner- " vous style, clear diction, and great knowledge of the true landed " interest of England," observes, that " their author was elated with " the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence;" that " he

puted author is Dr. Swift, with the assistance sometimes of Dr. Atterbury and Mr. Prior.

The Medley is said to be written by Mr. Oldmixon, and supervised by Mr. Maynwaring, who

" was employed, not trusted." Remarks, &c. Letter iv. The earl of Chesterfield asserts, that " the lie of the day was coined " and delivered out to him, to write Examiners and other poli- " tical papers upon." It may be proper, however, to take notice, that neither of these noble peers appear to have seen Swift's " Preface" to his " History of the Four last Years of the Queen." Yet, with all due deference to these great authorities, the present editor cannot but be of opinion, that Swift's manly fortitude and very accurate discernment of the human heart would prevent his being a dupe to the duplicity of a statesman, however dignified. He himself assures us, " that he was of a temper to think no man " great enough to set him on work ;" that " he absolutely refused " to be chaplain to the lord treasurer, because he thought it would " ill become him to be in a state of dependance." Indeed his whole conduct in that busy period (in which " it was his lot to " have been daily conversant with the persons then in power; " never absent in times of business or conversation, until a few " weeks before her majesty's death; and a witness of every step " they made in the course of their administration") demonstrates the respectable situation he then so ably filled. And when at last the time arrived in which he was to be rewarded for his services, in how different a light does he appear from that of a hireling writer! He frankly told the treasurer, " he could not with any " reputation stay longer here, unless he had something honourable " immediately given to him." And, whilst his patrons were undetermined whether he should be promoted to St. Patrick's or to a stall at Windsor, he openly assured lord Bolingbroke, " he would " not stay for their disputes." And we find he exerted his interest so effectually with the duke of Ormond, as to overrule a prejudice that nobleman had conceived against Dr. Sterne, whose promotion to the see of Dromore made the vacancy at St. Patrick's. " The " duke, with great kindness, said, he would consent; but would " do it for no man else but me." Swift acknowledges " this " affair was carried with great difficulty;" but adds, " they say " here, it is much to my reputation, that I have made a bishop in " spite of the world, and to get the best deanery in Ireland."

perhaps

perhaps might entirely write those few papers which are so much better than the rest *.

Before I proceed farther in the account of our weekly papers, it will be necessary to inform you, that, at the beginning of the winter, to the infinite surprise of all men, Mr. Steele flung up his Tatler; and, instead of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., subscribed himself Richard Steele to the last of those papers, after a handsome compliment to the town, for their kind acceptance of his endeavours to divert them. The chief reason he thought fit to give, for his leaving off writing, was, that, having been so long looked on in all publick places and companies as the author of those papers, he found that his most intimate friends and acquaintance were in pain to act or speak before him. The town was very far from being satisfied with this reason; and most people judged the true cause to be, either that he was quite spent, and wanted matter to continue his undertaking any longer, or that he laid it down as a sort of submission to, or composition with, the government, for some past offences; or, lastly, that he had a mind to vary his shape, and appear again in some new light.

However that were, his disappearing seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity: every one wanted so agreeable an amusement: and the coffeehouses began to be sensible, that the esquire's lucubrations alone had brought them more customers than all their other newspapers put together.

It must indeed be confessed, that never man threw

* This was exactly true. Mr. Oldmixon, in his Life of Mr. Maynwaring, attributes each number of the Medley to its proper writer.

up his pen under stronger temptations to have employed it longer; his reputation was at a greater height than, I believe, ever any living author's was before him. It is reasonable to suppose that his gains were proportionably considerable; every one read him with pleasure and good will; and the tories, in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them. Lastly, it was highly improbable, if he threw off a character the ideas of which were so strongly impressed in every one's mind, however finely he might write in any new form, that he should meet with the same reception.

To give you my own thoughts of this gentleman's writings, I shall in the first place observe, that there is this noble difference between him and all the rest of our polite and gallant authors: the latter have endeavoured to please the age by falling in with them, and encouraging them in their fashionable vices, and false notions of things. It would have been a jest some time since, for a man to have asserted that any thing witty could be said in praise of a married state; or that devotion and virtue were any way necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. Bickerstaff ventured to tell the town, that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and vain coquettes; but in such a manner, as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke truth.

Instead of complying with the false sentiments or vicious tastes of the age, either in morality, criticism, or good breeding; he has boldly assured them, that they were altogether in the wrong, and commanded them, with an authority which perfectly well became him,

him, to surrender themselves to his arguments for virtue and good sense.

It is incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had on the town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished, or given a very great check to; how much countenance they have added to virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered happy, by showing them it was their own fault if they were not so; and, lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning.

He has indeed rescued it out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea-tables and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the merchants on the Change; accordingly, there is not a lady at court, nor a banker in Lombard street, who is not verily persuaded, that captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England.

Lastly, his writings have set all our wits and men of letters upon a new way of thinking, of which they had little or no notion before; and though we cannot yet say that any of them have come up to the beauties of the original, I think we may venture to affirm, that every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since.

The vast variety of subjects which he has treated of in so different a manner, and yet all so perfectly well, made the world believe that it was impossible they should all come from the same hand *. This set

* Dr. Felton tells us, "The grave and facetious squire Bicker-

"staff

set every one upon guessing who was the squire's friend; and most people at first fancied it must be Dr. Swift; but it is now no longer a secret, that his only great and constant assistant was Mr. Addison.

This is that excellent friend to whom Mr. Steele owes so much, and who refuses to have his name set before those pieces which the greatest pens in England would be proud to own. Indeed, they would hardly add to this gentleman's reputation, whose works in Latin and English poetry long since convinced the world that he was the greatest master in Europe of those two languages.

I am assured from good hands, that all the visions, and other tracts in that way of writing, with a very great number of the most exquisite pieces of wit and raillery throughout the lucubrations, are entirely of this gentleman's composing; which may in some measure account for that different genius which appears in the winter papers from those of the summer, at which time, as the Examiner often hinted, this friend of Mr. Steele was in Ireland.

Mr. Steele confesses, in his last volume of the Tatler, that he is obliged to Dr. Swift for his Town Shower, and the Description of the Morning; with some other hints received from him in private conversation.

I have also heard, that several of those letters

" staff hath drawn mankind in every dress, and every disguise of " nature, in a style ever varying with the humours, fancies, and " follies, he describes;" that, " he hath shown himself a master " in every turn of his pen, whether his subject be light or serious;" and, from his having " laid down the rules of common life with " so much judgment, in such lively and agreeable language," recommends him as a model of manners and of style.

which

which came as from unknown hands were written by Mr. Henley *; which is an answer to your query, who those friends are whom Mr. Steele speaks of in his last Tatler.

But to proceed with my account of our other papers. The expiration of Bickerstaff's Lucubrations was attended with much the same consequences as the death of Melibœus's ox in Virgil: as the latter engendered swarms of bees, the former immediately produced whole swarms of little satirical scribblers.

One of these authors called himself the Growler; and assured us, that, to make amends for Mr. Steele's silence, he was resolved to growl at us weekly, as long as we should think fit to give him any encouragement. Another gentleman, with more modesty, called his paper the Whisperer. And a third, to please the ladies, christened his the Telltale.

At the same time came out several Tatlers; each of which, with equal truth and wit, assured us that he was the genuine Isaac Bickerstaff †.

It may be observed, that when the squire laid

* Anthony, son of sir Robert Henley, of the Grange, was bred at Oxford; where he distinguished himself by an early taste for polite learning, and an intimate acquaintance with the ancient poets; which naturally exciting a congenial spirit, he became no inconsiderable writer. Being on all occasions a zealous asserter of liberty, he was the mover of the address for promoting Mr. Hoadly; and occasionally assisted in some of the whig publications. The 31st number of the Medley, in particular, is by his hand; as are many of the Tatlers, particularly in the fifth volume. He affected a low simplicity in his writings; was remarkably happy in touching the manners and the passions; and died, much lamented, in August, 1711.

† "Upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three Tatlers "came out; and one of them holds on still, and to day it adver- "tised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are "genuine, like the straps for razors." Journal to Stella, Jan. 13.

down his pen, though he could not but foresee that several scribblers would soon snatch it up, which he might, one would think, easily have prevented, he scorned to take any farther care about it, but left the field fairly open to any worthy successor. Immediately some of our wits were for forming themselves into a club, headed by one Mr. Harrison, and trying how they could "shoot in this bow of Ulysses;" but soon found that this sort of writing requires so fine and particular a manner of thinking, with so exact a knowledge of the world, as must make them utterly despair of success.

They seemed indeed at first to think, that what was only the garnish of the former Tatlers was that which recommended them, and not those substantial entertainments which they every where abound in.

Accordingly they were continually talking of their maid, nightcap, spectacles, and Charles Lillie. However, there were now and then some faint endeavours at humour, and sparks of wit; which the town, for want of better entertainment, was content to hunt after, through a heap of impertinences: but even those are at present become wholly invisible, and quite swallowed up in the blaze of the Spectator.

You may remember I told you before, that one cause assigned for the laying down the Tatler was want of matter; and, indeed, this was the prevailing opinion in town, when we were surprised all at once by a paper called the Spectator, which was promised to be continued every day, and was written in so excellent a style, with so nice a judgment, and such a noble profusion of wit and humour, that it was not difficult to determine it could come from no other

hands

hands but those which had penned the Lucubrations.

This immediately alarmed these gentlemen; who (as it is said Mr. Steele phrases it) had "the censorship in commission." They found the new Spectator come on like a torrent, and swept away all before him; they despaired ever to equal him in wit, humour, or learning (which had been their true and certain way of opposing him); and therefore rather chose to fall on the author, and to call out for help to all good christians, by assuring them again and again, that they were the first, original, true, and undisputed Isaac Bickerstaff.

Meanwhile, the Spectator, whom we regard as our shelter from that flood of false wit and impertinence which was breaking in upon us, is in every one's hand, and a constant topick for our morning conversation at tea-tables and coffeehouses. We had at first, indeed, no manner of notion, how a diurnal paper could be continued in the spirit and style of our present Spectators *; but, to our no small surprise, we find them still rising upon us, and can only wonder from whence so prodigious a run of wit and learning can proceed; since some of our best judges seem to think that they have hitherto, in general, outshone even the squire's first Tatlers. Most people

* The ablest of our modern writers, who hath himself succeeded so happily in the Rambler, thus characterizes the Spectator: "It comprises precepts of criticism, sallies of invention, descrip-" tions of life, and lectures of virtue; it employs wit in the cause " of truth, and makes elegance subservient to piety: it has now " for more than half a century supplied the English nation, in a " great measure, with principles of speculation, and rules of prac-" tice; and given Addison a claim to be numbered among the " benefactors of mankind."

fancy,

fancy, from their frequency, that they must be composed by a society: I, with all, assign the first place to Mr. Steele and his friend.

I have often thought that the conjunction of those two great geniuses (who seem to stand in a class by themselves, so high above all our other wits) resembles that of two famous statesmen in a late reign, whose characters are very well expressed in their two mottos, viz. *prodesse quam conspici* * ; and *otium cum dignitate* †. Accordingly the first was continually at work behind the curtain; drew up and prepared all those schemes and designs, which the latter still drove on; and stood out exposed to the world, to receive its praises or censures.

Meantime, all our unbiassed well wishers to learning are in hopes, that the known temper and prudence of one of these gentlemen will hinder the other from ever launching out into party, and rendering that wit, which is at present a common good, odious and ungrateful to the better part of the nation.

If this piece of imprudence does not spoil so excellent a paper, I propose to myself the highest satisfaction in reading it with you, over a dish of tea, every morning next winter.

As we have yet had nothing new since the Spectator ‡; it only remains for me to assure you, that I am

Yours, &c.

J. G.

P. S.

* The motto of lord Somers.

† That of the earl of Halifax.

" ‡ The Spectators are printed in a larger and a smaller volume; " so I believe they are going to leave them off; and indeed people " grow

P. S. Upon a review of my letter, I find I have quite forgotten the British Apollo *; which might possibly happen from its having of late retreated out of this end of the town into the city; where I am informed, however, that it still recommends itself by deciding wagers at cards, and giving good advice to the shopkeepers and their apprentices.

" grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written." Journal to Stella, Nov. 2, 1712.—We fear there was (to say the best of it) some prejudice in this prediction. A similar reflection is thrown out on the Tatler, in p. 35.

* " The British Apollo, or Curious Amusements for the Ingeni-" ous; to which are added the most material Occurrences foreign " and domestick. Performed by a Society of Gentlemen." This paper, which was published twice a week, began Feb. 13, 1708; and was continued on that plan till March 26, 1711, when three folio volumes were completed: after that time, it got into a fresh channel, and sunk into obscurity.

A

LEARNED COMMENT

UPON

DR. HARE'S EXCELLENT SERMON,

PREACHED [SEPT. 9, 1711,] BEFORE

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON THE

SURRENDER OF BOUCHAIN.

BY AN ENEMY TO PEACE.

ET MULTIS UTILE BELLUM.

" I have got a set of Examiners; and five pamphlets, which I " have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is " the Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough,' and is entirely " of the author of the Atalantis."—Journal to Stella, Oct. 22.

" Comment on Hare's * Sermon by the same woman; only hints " sent to the printer from Presto, to give her."—Ibid. Nov. 3.

* Dr. Francis Hare, bred at Eaton, was a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, where he had the tuition of the marquis of Blandford, only son to the duke of Marlborough; who appointed him chaplain general to her majesty's forces in the Low Countries. He afterward obtained first the deanery of Worcester, and then that of St. Paul's; in 1727 was advanced to the see of St. Asaph, and in 1731 translated to Chichester; which he held till his death, in 1740. " He has written three small pamphlets upon the " management of the war, and the treaty of peace," says Swift, vol. III, Examiner, No. XXVIII. He was the author of " The Barrier Treaty " Vindicated," and of four treatises against " The Conduct of the Allies." He was also a writer in the Bangorian controversy; and drew upon himself the severest of bishop Hoadly's treatises, under the title of " The Dean of " Worcester still the same." His works were collected, in 4 volumes, 8vo, in 1746.

A

LEARNED COMMENT, ETC.

I HAVE been so well entertained by reading Dr. Hare's sermon, preached before the duke of Marlborough and the army, in way of thanksgiving for passing the lines and taking Bouchain, that I cannot forbear giving part of my thoughts thereupon to the publick. If a colonel had been to preach at the head of his regiment, I believe he would have made just such a sermon; which before I begin with, I must beg leave to consider the preface, and that stale topick in the publisher, of "printing a discourse "without the author's leave, by a copy got from "a friend; being himself so modest, that he would "by no means hear of printing what was drawn up "in so much haste." If the thing be not worth publishing, either the author is a fool, or his friend a knave. Besides, the apology seems very needless for one that has so often been complimented upon his productions; of which we have seen several without either art or care, though published with this famous doctor's consent. A good argument, indeed, is not the worse for being without art or care; but an ill one is nothing without both. If plainness and honesty made amends for every hasty foolish

composition, we should never have an end, and every dunce that blotted paper would have the same plea. But the good doctor's zeal for the continuation of the war must atone for the rest of his defects. His politicks and his divinity seem to be much of a size; there is no more of the last in his sermon, than what is to be found in the text; he is so great an enemy to a partition, that he scorns to divide even that.

He begins, p. 62 *, "I cannot but think that one "of the properest acknowledgments to God, for the "manifest tokens we receive of his good providence, "is to consider their natural tendency, and what is "the true use which he has put into our power to "make of them." May we not very well query whether this be sense or truth? The properest acknowledgments to God, for the manifest tokens, &c. is to offer him thanks and praise, and obey his laws.

P. 63. "Persevere bravely in the just and ne-"cessary war we are engaged in, till we can obtain "such a peace, as the many successes he has given "us naturally lead to, and, by the continuance of "the divine favour, must end in, if we be content "to wait his leisure, and are not, by our impatience "and misgiving fears, wanting to ourselves." At this rate, when must we expect a peace? May we not justly inquire, whether it be God's or the duke of Marlborough's leisure he would have us wait? He is there in an army well paid, sees nothing but plenty, nay profuseness in the great officers, and riches in the general. Profuseness, when they every day in their turns receive the honour of his grace's

* These references are adapted to Bp. Hare's Works, vol. I.

company to dinner with them. At that sumptuous table which his grace once a week provides for himself and them, the good doctor never considers what we suffer at home, or how long we shall be able to find them money to support their magnificence. I should think the queen and ministry, next under God, the best judges what peace we ought to make. If by our impatience he meant the army, it was needless and absurd; if he meant our impatience here at home, being so far removed from the scene, and in quite another view, he can be no judge of that.

P. 64. "One would think a people, who, by "such a train of wonderful successes, were now "brought to the very banks of Jordan, could not "be so fearful as to stop there, or doubt with themselves whether or no they should try to pass the "river [quere, Senset or Scheldt?], and get possession of the land which God had promised them; "that they could, with their own eyes, take a view "of it [applied to Picardy], and behold it was exceeding good, &c." Our case and the Israelites is very different. What they conquered, they got for themselves; we take a view of the land, as they did, and "behold it to be exceeding good," but good for others. If Joshua had spent many years in conquering the Amorites (with the loss of infinite blood and treasure), and then delivered the land over to the Gibeonites, the Israelites might have had good reason to murmur; and that has been our case.

Ibid. "It seems incredible, that men should "for many years together struggle with the greatest "difficulties, and successfully go through innumerable dangers, in pursuit of a noble end, an end

" worthy of all the pains and trouble they are at;
" and yet lose their courage as they gain ground,
" &c." Though this be a falsity; yet to lose courage as we gain ground may very probably happen, if we squander our courage by the yard, and gain ground by the inch.

Ibid. " Of all the virtues human nature would " aspire to, constancy seems to be that it is least " made for. A steady pursuit of the same end for " any long time together has something in it that " looks like immortality," [hath not this flight something in it that looks like nonsense?] " and " seems to be above the reach of mortal man." [How does a steady pursuit look like immortality? If it looks like immortality, it certainly seems to be above the reach of mortal man.] The " earth we " live on, the air we breathe, the nourishment we " take, every thing about us, is by nature subject " to continual change; our bodies themselves are in " a perpetual flux, and not a moment together the " same as they were. What place then can there " be for a constant steady principle of action amidst " so much inconstancy?" If these reasons were true, it would be impossible not to be inconstant. With this old beaten trash of a flux, he might go on a hundred pages on the same subject, without producing any thing new: it is a wonder we had not the grave observation, " That nothing is constant " but inconstancy." What does all this end in? His first heat and edge shows us indeed a flux of what we did not expect.

P. 66. " And though the end we aim at be " the same it was, and certainly nearer." This puts me in mind of a divine, who, preaching on the day

of judgment, said, "There was one thing he would "be bold to affirm, That the day of judgment was "nearer now, than ever it was since the beginning "of the world." So the war is certainly nearer an end to day than it was yesterday, though it does not end these twenty years.

Ibid. "Such fickle, inconstant, irresolute crea- "tures are we in the midst of our bravest resolu- "tions. When we set out, we seem to look at what "we are aiming at through that end of the perspec- "tive that magnifies the object, and it brings it "nearer to us; but, when we are got some way, "before we are aware we turn the glass, and, look- "ing through the little end, what we are pursuing "seems to be at a vast distance, and dwindled "almost into nothing." This is strange reasoning. Where does his instrumentmaker live? We may have the same constancy, the same desire to pursue a thing, and yet not the same abilities. For example, in hunting, many accidents happen; you grow weary, your horse falls lame, or in leaping a hedge throws you: you have the same reason to pursue the game, but not the same ability.

P. 67. "Their zeal perhaps flames at first; but "it is the flame of straw, it has not strength to last. "When the multitude once begin to be weary and "indifferent, how easily are they then seduced into "false measures! how readily do they give into "suspicions against those who would encourage "them to persevere, while they are fond of others, "who, to serve themselves, fall in with their com- "plaints, but at the bottom mean nothing but their "own interest!" How base and false soever this reproach be, I have set it almost at length, that I

may not be charged with unfair quotation. By the company the doctor keeps, and the patrons he has chosen, I should think him an undoubted judge when people mean their own interest, but that I know, conversing only on one side generally gives our thoughts the same turn; just as the jaundice makes those that have it think all things yellow. This writer is prejudiced, and looks upon the rest of the world to be as self interested as those persons from whom he has taken his observation. But, if he means the present ministry, it is certain they could find their own interest in continuing the war as well as other people; their capacities are not less, nor their fortunes so great, neither need they be at a loss how to follow in a path so well beaten. Were they thus inclined, the way is open before them; the means that enriched their predecessors, gave them power, and made them almost necessary evils to the state, are now no longer a secret. Did their successors study their own interest with the same zeal as they do that of the publick, we should not have the doctor in these agonies for fear of a peace; things would be then as he would have them; it would be no longer a flame of straw, but a solid fire, likely to last as long as his poor countrymen had any materials to feed it. But I wonder he would talk of those who mean their own interest; in such an audience, especially before those "who fall in with their com-"plaints," unless he had given it quite another turn, and bestowed some of his eloquence in showing, what he really thinks, that nothing in nature is so eligible as self interest, though purchased at the price of a lasting war, the blood and treasure of his fellow subjects, and the weal of his native country.

P. 68. "This is a misfortune, which free assem-
" blies, and popular or mixed governments, are
" almost unavoidably exposed to; and it is for this
" reason, so few nations have ever steadily pursued,
" for any long time, the measures at first resolved
" on, were they never so right and just; and it is for
" the same reason that a single power seldom fails at
" long run to be too hard for a confederacy." A very good argument for this war; a good overture and warning, to make a general for life. It is an excellent panegyrick upon arbitrary power; at this rate, the French king is sure to get the better at last. This preacher must certainly be an admirable judge of popular assemblies, by living in an army. Such poor writers get a rote and commonplace of talking by reading pamphlets, and from thence presume to make general observations upon government, and set up for statesmen. If the duke of Marlborough be Moses, what promised land is he bringing us to, unless this sermon be preached only to the Dutch? He may have promised them land, and they him something else, and both been as good as their words. In his allegory of the people brought out of Egypt, does the doctor mean our army? The parallel must then be drawn to make the war last forty years, or else it can be no parallel: we may easily see how near the comparison grows. Moses was accused by certain Israelites; "Is it a small thing," say they, " that thou hast brought us out of a land that " floweth with milk and honey, to kill us in the " wilderness, except thou make thyself altogether a " prince over us?" Hath the duke of Marlborough been suspected of any such design? Moses was wroth, and said unto the Lord, "Respect not

" thou their offering: I have not taken one ass from " them, neither have I hurt one of them *." And to the same purpose Samuel, " Whose ox have I " taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have " I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose " hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes " with? and I will restore it you †!" Does the British Moses speak thus to the people? is there any sort of agreement between them? Nor are we sure of God's commands to go up against the Amorites, p. 69, as the Israelites were; and we have fifty times more reason to murmur. They were carried from the wilderness, " into a land flowing with milk and " honey;" we from such a land into the wilderness, that is poverty and misery, and are like to be kept in the wilderness till this generation and the next too are consumed, by mortgages, anticipations, &c.

P. 71. Where the doctor says, " the country it- " self was much too narrow for them," he must certainly mean the Dutch, who never think their frontiers can be too much extended.

The doctor tells us, p. 72, " The justice and " necessity of our cause is little short of the force of " a command." Did God command to fight, because the chaplain general will have no peace? He asks, " what is bidding us go on, if our successes " are not?" At this rate, whenever any new success is gained, or a town taken, no peace must be made. The whole exhortation against peace, which follows, is very proper for the chaplain of an army; it looks like another Essay of the Management of the War. " These successes have generally been so much

* Numb. xvi, 15. † 1 Sam. xii, 3.

" wanted

" wanted and so little expected." If we have been ten years at this vast expense getting successes that we could not expect, we were mad to begin this war, which hath ruined us with all this success. But why this acclamation? is taking one small town such great success as points out to us the finger of God? Who is his God? I believe the general has no little share in his thoughts, as well as the present ministry, though upon a quite different consideration. " The " clouds have never this war thickened more or " looked blacker than this year: things looked so " black on every side, as not to leave us the faintest " glimpse of light. We apprehended nothing less " than the dissolution of the alliance." Whatever the doctor may be for a preacher, he has proved but an indifferent prophet. The general and army may be obliged to him for the dissipation of these clouds, though the ministry are not. Were they the cause that such clouds gathered, " as made him fear an " universal storm, which could no way be fenced " against? To hear him run on in praise of the wonders of this campaign, one would scarce believe he were speaking to those very persons who had formerly gained such memorable victories, and taken towns of so much greater importance than Bouchain. Had the French no lines before? I thought Mons, Lisle, &c. had been once esteemed considerable places. But this is his youngest child: he does like most mothers, when they are past the hopes of more; they dote upon the youngest, though not so healthy nor praiseworthy as the rest of the brethren. Is it our fault, that " three of the princes in alliance with us " resolve to call their troops?" p. 76. We brought our *quotas*, if our allies did not. By whose indul-

gence was it, that some of them have not been pressed more closely upon that head, or rather have been left to do as they please? It is no matter how hard a bargain people pretend to make, if they are not tied to the performance.

P. 75. "If the enemy are stronger than they "were," how are we so near our great hopes, the promised land? The affectation of eloquence, which carries the doctor away by a tide of words, makes him contradict himself, and betray his own argument. Yet, by all those expressions, p. 75, we can only find, that whatever success we have, must be miraculous; he says, "we must trust to miracles for "our success," which, as I take it, is to tempt God: though, p. 77, he thinks, "the most fearful cannot "doubt of God's continuance." We have had miraculous success this nine years by his own account; and this year, he owns, "we should have "been all undone, without a new miracle; black "clouds, *&c.* hanging over our heads." And why may not our sins provoke God to forsake us, and bring the black clouds again? greater sins than our inconstancy! avarice, ambition, disloyalty, corruption, pride, drunkenness, gaming, profaneness, blasphemy, ignorance, and all other immoralities and irreligion! These are certainly much greater sins; and, whether found in a court or in a camp, much likelier to provoke God's anger, than inconstancy.

Ibid. "If we have not patience to wait till he has "finished, by gradual steps, this great work, in such "a manner as he in his infinite wisdom shall think "fit." I desire the doctor would explain himself upon the business of gradual steps, whether three and twenty years longer will do, or what time he thinks the

the general and himself may live; I suppose, he does not desire his gradual steps should exceed their date, as fond as he seems of miracles. I believe he is willing enough they should be confined to his grace's life and his own.

What does he mean, p. 78, by the natural and moral consequences that must lead us? If those moral consequences are consequences upon our morals, they are very small. "Whatever reason there can "be for putting an end to the war but a good one, "was a stronger reason against beginning it." Right! so far we allow. "And yet those very reasons, that "make us in so much haste to end it, show the "necessity there was for entering into it." I am in mighty hope to get out of a squabble, and therefore I had reason to get into it; generally the contrary is true. "What condition should we have now been in, "had we tamely let that prodigious power settle and "confirm itself without dispute?" It could never settle and confirm itself but by a war.

P. 79. "Did we not go into the war in hopes of "success? The greatest argument for going on with "the war is that we may have more success." According to the doctrine laid down by our author, we must never be inclined to peace till we lose a battle: every victory ought to be a motive to continue the war. Upon this principle, I suppose, a peace was refused after the battle of Ramillies.

Ibid. "How can we doubt that we shall not still "succeed, or that an enemy that grows every day "weaker and weaker, &c." The doctor's zeal overbears his memory: just now the enemy was stronger than ever.

P. 80.

P. 80. "If we consider that our strength is from "God, &c." Though all men ought to trust in God; yet our Saviour tells us, we ought to regard human means: and in the point before us, we are told, "That a king going forth to war against an- "other king, sitteth down first, and consulteth "whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him "that cometh against him with twenty thousand; or "else while the other is yet a great way off, he "sendeth an embassage, and desireth conditions of "peace *." Our Saviour was a preacher of peace; "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto "you, &c †." But the doctor chooseth rather to drive on furiously with Jehu. He answers to the question, "Is it peace?" as that king did to the horsemen, "What hast thou to do with peace? Get "thee behind me." He saith, "Our ingratitude "and impenitence may defeat the surest prospects "we have." May we not ask him, whose ingratitude? As to impenitence, I think this paragraph is the only one wherein he vouchsafes, and that but very slightly, in his whole sermon, to remind the people of repentance and amendment; but leaves "a subject so little suited to a day of joy," p. 81, to encourage them to "go on to obtain the end to- "ward which they have made so many happy "steps." We differ about that end; some desire peace, others war, that so they may get money and power. It is the interest of some to be in action, others to be at rest: some people clap their finger upon one point, and say that alone can be a good

* Luke xiv, 31, 32. † John xiv, 27.

peace;

peace; we say there may be many sorts of good peace, of all which we esteem the queen and ministry to be the best judges. The doctor tells us, "Our sins may force us to put an ill end to the "war." He should explain what he calls an ill end; I am apt to think, he will think nothing good that puts an end to it, since he saith, "Vengeance may "affect not only us, but generations yet unborn." That they have taken care of already. We have pretty well mortgaged posterity, by the expenses of this devouring war: and must we never see an end to it, till there is not an enemy left to contend with, for so our author would intimate? In what a condition must we expect to be, long before that? It is very happy for the nation, that we do not lie at the mercy of this gentleman; that his voice is not necessary toward the great end we pant after, the unloading of our burden, and the mitigation of our taxes. A just and necessary war is an ostentatious theme, and may bear being declaimed on. Let us have war; what have we to do with peace? We have beaten our enemy; let us beat him again. God has given us success; he encourages us to go on. Have we not won battles and towns, passed the lines, and taken the great Bouchain? what avails our miseries at home; a little paltry wealth, the decay of trade, increase of taxes, dearness of necessaries, expense of blood, and lives of our countrymen? are there not foreigners to supply their places? have not the loss of so many brave soldiers been offered to the legislature as a reason for calling in such numbers of poor Palatines *, as it were to fill up the chasm of war, and

* The pernicious consequence of calling in these foreigners is described

and atone for desolation among our subjects? If we continue thus prodigal of our blood and treasure, in a few years we shall have as little of the one as the other left; and our women, if they intend to multiply, must be reduced, like the Amazons, to go out of the land, or take them husbands at home of those wretched strangers whom our piety and charity relieved. Of the natives there will be scarce a remnant preserved; and thus the British name may be endangered once more to be lost in the German.

Were it not for fear of offending the worthy doctor, I should be tempted to compare his sermon with one that some time since made so much noise in the world *; but I am withheld by the consideration of its being so universally condemned, nay prosecuted, on one side. Perhaps the chaplain general will not like the parallel: there may be found the same heat, the same innuendoes, upon different subjects, though the occasion be not so pressing. What necessity was there of preaching up war to an army, who daily enrich themselves by the continuation of it? Does he not think, loyalty and obedience would have been a properer subject? To have exhorted them to a perseverance in their duty to the queen, to prepare and soften their minds, that they may receive with resignation, if not applause, whatever her majesty shall think fit to transact. The doctor, without suspicion of flattery, might very well have extolled their great actions, and congratulated with

scribed by Dr. Swift, vol. III, Examiner, No. XL, and XLIV. And in his History of the Four last Years of the Queen, vol. IV, p. 148, "the publick was a loser by every individual among them."

* The well known sermon of Dr. Sacheverell.

them

them upon the peace we are likely to enjoy; by which they will be at leisure to reap the harvest of their blood and toil, take their rest at home, and be relieved from the burden and danger of a cruel war. And as our gratitude will be ever due to them, for delivering us from our distant enemy the French, so shall we have reason to bless whoever are the authors of peace to these distressed nations, by which we may be freed from those nearer and much more formidable enemies, discontent and poverty at home.

A NEW

VINDICATION

OF

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH;

IN ANSWER TO

A PAMPHLET

LATELY PUBLISHED,

CALLED

BOUCHAIN;

OR,

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE MEDLEY AND THE EXAMINER.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1711.

" The Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough" is entirely of the Author of the Atalantis *.

Journal to Stella, Oct. 22, and Nov. 3, 1711.

* Mrs. Manley, daughter of sir Roger Manley, a zealous royalist, was early in life cheated into marriage with a near relation, of the same name, who had at the same time a former wife living. Deserted by her husband, she was patronized by the duchess of Cleveland, a mistress of Charles II; but the duchess, being of a fickle temper, grew tired of Mrs. Manley in six months, and discharged her on pretence that she intrigued with her son. Retiring into solitude, she wrote her first tragedy, " The Royal Mischief." This play being acted in 1696 with great success, she received such unbounded incense from admirers, that her apartment was crowded with men of wit and gayety, which in the end proved fatal to her virtue. In the same year, she also published " The Lost Lover, or Jealous Husband," a comedy. In her retired hours she wrote the " Atalantis;" for which, she having made free in it with several distinguished characters, her printer was apprehended, by a warrant from the secretary's office. Mrs. Manley, unwilling an innocent person should suffer, presented herself before the court of king's bench as the author. Lord Sunderland, then secretary of state, being curious to know from whom she got information of several particulars which were supposed above her own intelligence; she replied, with great humility, " that she had no design in writing, farther than her own amusement and " diversion in the country, without intending particular reflections and cha- " racters; and did assure them that nobody was concerned with her." When this was not believed, and the contrary urged against her by several circumstances; she said, " then it must be by inspiration; because, knowing her " own innocence, she could account for it no other way." Whether those in power were ashamed to bring a woman to trial for a few amorous trifles, or whether (her characters being under feigned names) the laws did not actually reach her; she was discharged after several publick examinations. On the change of the ministry, she lived in reputation and gayety, and amused herself in writing poems and letters, and conversing with the wits. A second edition of a volume of her letters was published in 1713. " Lucius," a well received tragedy, was written by her, and acted in 1717. It was dedicated to sir Richard Steele, who was then on such friendly terms with her, that he wrote the prologue to this play, as Mr. Prior did the epilogue. She died, July 11, 1724.

THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S

VINDICATION.

I WAS always satisfied of the stupidity and disingenuity of the author who called himself "The "Medley;" but never till now so thoroughly convinced of his assurance. He (or one who personates him) appears, in a little book called "Bouchain," as if he were in close conference and great intimacy with the Examiner; where, according to the unfair manner of modern dialogue, he reserves all the wit and reasoning for himself, and makes the poor Examiner one of the silliest, dullest rogues, that ever pretended to speak or hear of politicks: nay, he has even treated him worse than the real Medley * did; who, though hired by the party to call him names by the week, had still so much modesty, not to take away his understanding, though he did his

* A periodical paper, five numbers of which were published under the title of "The Whig Examiner," by Mr. Addison and Mr. Arthur Maynwaring; and which was continued by the latter (under that of "The Medley", in professed opposition to "The Exa-"miner." Rudely as Dr. Swift was often attacked by Mr. Maynwaring, it must be owned he was the politest of his opponents.

integrity. But here he is made just as stupid as was necessary to introduce all the fine things that are thought fit to be said of this campaign; and is directed to ask those questions, which none that reads and lives in any part of England can be supposed to be ignorant of, on purpose to heighten the glory of the general, and abuse the capacities of the present ministry. This method of his seems to be copied from that great genius and champion of their cause, the Observator *; and our Examiner acts the part of his countryman Roger, which, how agreeable to the spirit and sense of the Examiner, may be easily judged from his writings, which have met with a general approbation for their wit and learning.

But, leaving the falseness and improbability of the diction, I shall only consider the malice and design of this *boute-feu*, that would set the people on flame, and advance the general to a height where none had ever been hoisted before, only for the bare consequences that attend his being at the head of an army so often victorious, so well paid and encouraged, with no enemies in view but those whom it was familiar to them to overcome, and who though superiour in number (as indeed they were) yet are wholly dispirited by continued losses, and at present restrained by the positive commands of ther monarch; who has given it in charge to monsieur Villars, not to venture the army but upon manifest advantages; so that nothing might be left to fortune, which had appeared so contrary to them of late, and seems to have so great a hand in the rise

* A weekly paper by Ridpath and John Tutchin; of which see before, under the Present State of Wit, p. 31.

and

and fall of empires, and that period which is set to human glory.

This new Medley would bespeak our compassion for his hero, by telling of "the hard usage he has "met with, and the sufficient reason he has had to "be disgusted; his scandalous manner of treatment "from the Examiner and his party; for," he says, "he is sensible the usage he gave him was not "wholly from himself." And again, "That the "duke of Marlborough is devested of all interest "and authority, both at home and in the army; "whom so much pains have been taken to mortify, "that he might either in discontent throw up his "command, or continue in it without honour; "whom we laboured to make the mark of publick "hatred; as if it were impossible for liberty and "gratitude to consist together, and men were to be "ill used for no other reason but because they could "not be used so well as they deserve." And farther, "Your friends may use the duke of Marlbo-"rough as ill as they please: but let them be "assured in the end, this will certainly turn upon "themselves; and the time will come, when it "will be as safe to speak truth of the present mi-"nistry, as it is now to belie the old! and then, my "friend, you may hear farther from me." Who, after this, would not conclude the duke of Marlborough had been turned out of all, his estate confiscated, and himself under the most rigid sentence? Nothing less should have provoked this audacious person to have taken such liberty of speech, and been guilty of such threatenings against the persons the queen is pleased to honour and trust. Yet, that we may examine things more coolly than this incen-

diary; what hardships has this great man to complain of? I believe we shall scarce find any precedent among the Romans, that their generals abroad ever thought themselves disobliged, upon the removal of a quæstor at home, or the changing one secretary for another; and yet this is the height of that discontent they so much complain against. The queen, who seems directed by Heaven, as a reward for her piety, in the choice of her ministers and officers, did herself set the duke of Marlborough at the head of her army: she knew his long experience in military affairs; that he had run through all the several degrees of service, and either had a genius for war, or nothing. No man ever entered upon his command with greater encouragement: the love and smiles of his sovereign, the good wishes of the people, and if not the personal love of the soldiers, yet the hatred they had for the enemy, and their sufferings during the late peace, gave them a double edge to war, and made them gain such glorious victories, which all must own were got by the bravery of the English. Their personal valour proved of use, when neither genius in the general, nor extraordinary conduct was required; though none will dispute his excelling in either: it has chanced that our greatest victories have been obtained more by the courage of the soldiers than the *finesse* of the commander; yet he has reaped all the advantage. Is he not the richest and greatest subject in christendom? Has there not been a more than ordinary application, since the troops under his command first took the field, to supply them with every thing that was necessary? Whoever of her majesty's subjects were left unpaid, care was taken

that

that money should not be wanting for the war in Flanders. Even upon the change of ministry, it was almost the first act of power in the new, to borrow money to send to the army under the duke of Marlborough's command. He was so far from being "devested of all authority both at home and abroad," that there was not any change in what related to his grace's family, save the golden key *; which, after long waiting, was thought necessary to be bestowed upon a person, who would not think herself grown too great for the indispensable attendance of the place. The queen, nay the new ministers, used his grace with the same goodness and confidence, in relation to his charge, as the former did. What occasion was there for discontent? did he ask any favour, and was refused it? had not her majesty forgiven, nay forgot that supreme mark of arrogance in the duke of Marlborough, when he durst show himself disobliged at her giving away one regiment, without first obtaining his leave as general †?

* The duchess of Marlborough was groom of the stole, first lady of the bedchamber, lady of the wardrobe, and had the privy purse. The latter office was given to Mrs. Masham; the others to the duchess of Somerset.

† The regiment commanded by Algernon Capel, the 23d earl of Essex, becoming vacant on his being appointed constable of The Tower, June 26, 1707; the queen intended to bestow it upon Mr. Hill. She signified her pleasure to the duke of Marlborough; who refused his consent, and retired in anger to the country. After some heats, the regiment was given to a third person. On the death of the earl of Essex, in January 1708-9; the command of The Tower was bestowed on earl Rivers, by a contrivance between the queen and Mr. Harley, in opposition to the wishes of the duke of Marlborough, who intended that office for the duke of Northumberland.

was there any remembrance, but in his own thoughts, of all that had been done by his party, to perpetuate his command? If he was really disgusted, because one of his sons-in-law *, and the father of another † were removed; how ungrateful and undutiful was that behaviour to the person that had so wonderfully raised him; to a sovereign, who had honoured him with such superlative marks of her favour? It is possible he might only seem discontented, to please his family, though, it has been shown, without reason; to which they interpreted his going to Blenheim just before the queen's birthday, from whence he returned the day after; as if he purposely chose to omit paying his duty and respects upon so remarkable an occasion.

But what mortifications, what hardships, are these which our author complains of? Was his commission limited? had he not power to advance or retreat? was he forbidden to besiege or fight? was he commanded to take no steps but what were directed from above? wherein was he devested of his authority? when was this barbarous usage? was there any person hired to assassinate his fame, or take away his life? what conspiracy, what confederacy, to make criminals accuse him? did any of his enemies tamper with monsieur de Guiscard, and offer him his life, pardon, and money, to lay his villany upon the duke? Had the persons here in power a mind that his designs this campaign should miscarry, how easy would it have been for them to have effectually disappointed them, and without being discovered! An artful hand can make more wonderful, though concealed,

* The earl of Sunderland. † The earl of Godolphin.

movements.

movements. But, instead of such usage, has he not been supplied with all possible vigour? was not a young general sent off*, that the duke of Marlborough might have no occasion of discontent, nor appearance for complaint? were not his soldiers, flushed with many victories, eager and impatient to be led on to more? did he not very well know, as I have said before, that monsieur Villars durst not fight him, though he had greater numbers than the duke, since the king had forbidden his venturing his army without evident advantages? are not the French dispirited and overawed by the superiour genius of the English, by whom they have been so often vanquished? is it then such a wonder, after all the glorious victories the duke of Marlborough has obtained, that, with the same fortune, the same cause, the same army, and against the same enemy, his grace has added one inferiour fortress to his greater conquests? are the Senset and the Scheldt more formidable rivers than the Danube or the Rhine? are only passing the lines near Bouchain more wonderful than beating the French in their lines near Brabant? or have our former campaigns been so barren of great actions, that we need so much cry up the passing of two rivers and one morass, where none durst oppose them; as if the general's glory were never consummate till now; or as if indeed he could have done less, except he had been resolved to do nothing, which could scarce

* The duke of Ormond; who had been sent to France at ten years of age, and on his return was admitted of Christ Church, Oxford; of which university he was afterward chancellor. He died Nov. 16, N. S. 1745, in his eighty-first year.

have been, with an army so full of ardour to fight? These flights of joy, upon so small an occasion, seem to me just as reasonable, as if some great conqueror should land in England, beat all our armies, and take London in one campaign; and yet reserve his triumphs and the people's acclamations for the next, only upon the taking of Islington.

Whether this action, in respect to those the duke of Marlborough has performed before deserves to be valued to that height our author carries it, may be gathered from what sir W. Temple says, in his Memoirs, p. 189. "In May 1676, the king of "France sent the duke of Orleans to besiege Bou- "chain, with some part of his troops, being a small "though strong place, considerable for its situation "to the defence of the Spanish Netherlands. The "king, with the strength of his army, posted himself "so advantageously, as to hinder the prince of "Orange from being able to relieve it, or to fight "without disadvantage. The armies continued some "days facing one another, and several times drawing "out in order to battle, which neither of them "thought fit to begin. Bouchain was surrendered "the eighth day of the siege." Behold the same circumstance, attended with the same conquest, differing only in the number of days, in which the disadvantage lies, by many, on his grace's side!

I can never believe the duke of Marlborough will think himself obliged to the author of this paper, for representing him as "a mortified person, and "one devested of all authority both at home and "abroad;" no more than I do imagine that his grace can in his own nature be undutiful to that power that has raised him; however accidentally he might

might once be wanting in that respect he owed the queen, in the business of the regiment belonging to the late earl of Essex*. Nor, when I remember how much he did formerly for conscience sake, and the interest of the church of England, can I persuade myself he will now engage against it. How seasonably did he decline king James's service, when the papists and dissenters were united in interests to destroy the church; king James, to whom the duke of Marlborough was engaged by the highest gratitude! He had saved his life in the Gloucester frigate, and honoured his grace's family so far as to mingle his own royal blood with it. Did not the duke of Marlborough forego the interests of his sister and her children, his nephews and nieces, that he was so fond of before, for the good of his country, and the security of the protestant religion? was he not contriving to deliver up the king to the prince of Orange†, if the design had not been prevented? and

* See above, p. 69.

† The night before he left London, a conspiracy was formed by some of his chief officers to seize his person, and to deliver him into the hands of the prince of Orange. The earl of Rochester, the lord Churchill, the bishop of London [Dr. Henry Compton], sir George Hewit, with several others, met at Mr. Hatton Compton's lodgings in St. Alban's street. After a long debate, concerning the means of serving to the best purpose the prince of Orange, it was at length resolved, that Rochester should attend the king to Salisbury, to betray his counsels to the prince; that Churchill should endeavour to secure the person of James, which could best be done, when Maine was staff officer on duty. Should Maine and the guards resist, no satety remained but in dispatching the king. Churchill, but perhaps very unjustly, is said to have undertaken this barbarous service. The design of seizing the king is ascertained from various quarters; but an intention to stab or pistol him, in case of resistance, is too shocking to merit credit, without the most

and did he not withdraw himself from his benefactor, to serve against him under his greatest enemy; protesting, in his letter to the king, "that his deser-
" tion from his majesty proceeded from no other
" cause, than the inviolable dictates of conscience,
" and a high and necessary concern for his religion,
" with which he was instructed that nothing could
" come in competition *? Did the duke do all this

most positive, clear, and decisive proofs. The only evidence of the fact is the deathbed confession of sir George Hewit; who, after having received emoluments and honours from William, repented, in his last moments, of his conduct toward his former master.—James, suspecting Churchill and the duke of Grafton, once intended to have sent them, under a guard, to Portsmouth; but he judged that severity, instead of aiding, would hurt his affairs.

MACPHERSON.

* His desertion from king James might in some measure be excused from its utility. But his design of placing that unfortunate prince a captive in the hands of his rival is utterly inconsistent with the common feelings of mankind. With regard to HIM, he was a benefactor, a friend, and even a father. He raised HIM from obscurity to independence, to fortune, and to honour. He placed HIM in that only state, that could render his desertion destructive to his own affairs. If his misconduct had rendered James unworthy of the returns of gratitude due to other men, why was king William also deceived? If no measures were to be kept with either of those monarchs, why was England betrayed to her mortal enemy? Though these questions can scarcely be answered to satisfaction, they admit of alleviations. In the characters of mankind, some allowances must be made for their passions and frailties. The attention to interest, which passed through the whole conduct of Marlborough, might suggest to his prudence, to quit the fortunes of a man apparently destined for ruin. His spirit might induce him to oppose king William; as the cold reserve, neglect, and aversion of that prince, might offend his pride. In this state of mind, his lordship could hardly separate the interest of the kingdom from that of the king: and he informed the French

court

this for the church of England; and will our author, or any of the whiggish side, persuade us he can so far recede from his former principles, to take party against that very church he has helped to preserve? to join in opposition to her, with her bitterest foes, when he is already as great and rich as a subject ought to be?

No! no! Such restless spirits as this writer, who, in the words of Mr. Dryden, "fire that world which "they were sent by preaching to warm;" those "Phaëtons of mankind," abuse the reputation of the greatest persons, and do themselves honour at the expense of others, who, being equally ignorant of many things, yet pretend to determine of all the affairs of war and the cabinet; to enflame the people, abuse the ministry, and the queen through them; to trouble the waters, in hopes crowns and mitres may be found floating on the surface, and ready to fall to the share of the boldest hand.

We shall next consider the "scandalous manner "of treatment" the duke of Marlborough, as this writer tells us, "has met with from the Examiner "and his party;" for, he is sensible, the usage he gave him was "not wholly from himself." How can he be sensible of that? For to this day it does not appear who the Examiner is, nor that he had instructions to talk of Crassus, Catiline, or Anthony. That pen still remains concealed; neither rewards nor presents have been given to any, that we can suppose was author of those papers. Whoever he were, he

court of the expedition against Brest [in 1694], more with a design of being revenged on William, than with a view to serve France at the expense of England. MACPHERSON.

has had the modesty not to reveal himself, though his remarks were only against those persons whom the queen had thought fit to dispense with from farther serving her; the general excepted, as this writer would have us believe: but he is the satirist, who makes the application. Cannot a person treat of the excessive avarice and sordid behaviour of Marcus Crassus, but, because the duke of Marlborough is known to be an extreme good husband of his money, he must needs intend his grace as a parallel? Indeed! Does this libeller think there is so near a resemblance between them? Why, where then is the injustice? To show that there has been any, let him convince us that his grace is become generous, or less in love with riches; and the comparison will cease. But till then, though he were the conqueror of Europe, instead of Flanders, the people will be apt to detest a vice they are sure to suffer by; regarding it as a counterpoise to the bravest actions, or indeed the only motive to the performance of them: and where interest is suspected to be the spur to glory, the reputation will always be less clear and shining. As to the comparison with Catiline, I find not the least ground for it; nor can it be so intended, though the old Medley, with his unfair quotation, has charged it upon the Examiner. The passage is in the fourth Examiner *, to which I refer the reader, which can never, I hope, be applicable to England; for, how ambitious soever a general may prove, a brave, true English army cannot create either fear or

* It is in the forty-ninth Examiner. This is an additional proof (if it needed any) that Dr. Swift wrote as far as No. 45. Mrs. Manley began No. 46; and calls No. 49, the fourth. On this subject see a note hereafter.

danger

danger of their becoming a mercenary army. But the author farther tells us, the Examiner was "pleased "to make the civil comparison of the duke of Marl-"borough and his duchess, to Anthony and Fulvia." What is there said of Anthony is so little, that it is scarce worth any body's taking it to themselves. I am sorry an author cannot introduce a figure, though in poetry, of a haughty, proud, wrathful, and envious woman, but the application must be presently made to his hand: as if there were no vices in history, but what could be parallelled in life! In such a case, I must say, as I did just before in that of Crassus, with this addition, that sure there must be some sort of resemblance, or one's very friends would never dare to make the ready comparison!

Behold here, the utmost of that charge this author has drawn up, of what has been done, by way of mortification, to the duke of Marlborough. Alas! this is but one instance of the liberty of the press; whereas the present ministry may complain of a hundred: but their heads are too strong to be shaken by such impotent blasts, or disordered by every libeller's malice. What clouds of pointless arrows, though sent with a good will, have flown from the Observator, the Review, and Medley! how have great and mean geniuses united to asperse their conduct, and turn the management of the late persons in power upon these! Humourous, senseless ballads; foolish parallels; the titles of Oxford and Mortimer *, have been an ample field. Who but must despise such wretched wits? I could quote several others, if it were not reviving them from their

* See "The Lives of Roger Mortimer and Robert Harley, 1711."

obscurity,

obscurity, or rather giving new life to those stillborn, shapeless births, which but just appeared and perished. Nor do I remember any person to have so far gloried in those monstrous productions, as to own being a parent to them, but the renowned Dr. Hare *. The close of his fourth letter of the "Management "of the War" is indeed very extraordinary; where he tells, "If they should describe the duke of "Marlborough to be a short, black, fattish, ill-"shaped man, that loves to drink hard, never speaks "to be understood, is extremely revengeful and ill-"bred; if they should represent his mind to be a "complication of all ill qualities," &c. Here is more malice, though less wit and truth, than any thing they accuse in the Examiner. In times of liberty and faction, we must expect that the best persons will be libelled; the difference lies in the skill of the libeller. One draws near the life; another must write the name under, or else we cannot understand: for, as yet I never met one person, that could find out who Dr. Hare designed, by his short, black, fattish, ill shaped man; though he has so far exceeded the liberty the Examiner has taken, as to pretend to paint the very lineaments of the body, as well as those of the mind.

Thus far you see what little reason our author has to complain for the duke of Marlborough's hard usage; but he grows bolder, and, in just despair of the continuation of a war from which he reaps so many advantages, attacks what (notwithstanding the many refinements of some late patriots) I take still to be an undoubted prerogative of the crown, the power

* See above, p. 46.

of

of making peace and war. This author, treating the queen with as little consideration as his patrons used to do, does not so much as consult her majesty's wisdom and inclination; but supposes, "no British "parliament will ever be chosen here, that will "ratify an ill peace, or will not crush the bold man "who shall propose it." This is like what he says, "That the time will come, when it will be as safe "to speak truth of the present ministry, as it is to "belie the old." What can one suppose from these threatenings? They are such as in wisdom should never be made, scarce with an army to back them: did I not know the loyalty of ours, I should fear, from our author's great intelligence, that they were in the secret, to frighten the ministry and parliament from taking into consideration the unanimous wishes and wants of our people, who have sustained so long a war, to the ruin of their trade, and a vast expense of their blood and treasure, upon such disinterested views as sure no people besides ever did. We very well know his reasons, for providing peace should not be made without Spain *; yet, when all those kingdoms and dependencies were united to the empire, the house of Austria was more terrible to Europe than the house of Bourbon has been since; and a confederate war was then successfully carried on, as now, to fix the

* Though Marlborough showed less apathy than was expected from his former character, his enemies furnished him with sufficient reasons for his resentment. The accusation which chiefly ruined his credit with the nation appears now to have been malicious and unjust. He was said to have sacrificed the war in Spain to his own operations in Flanders, to gratify his ambition, and glut his inordinate avarice.

balance

balance of power. Let us but consider what wonderful things this ministry has already done; let us enter into their character and capacity, their true love of their country, and sincere endeavours for its welfare: and then may our hearts be at rest; and conclude, that whatever peace they shall think fit to advise, will be the best that they could obtain, for the safety of the church, the glory of their sovereign, and the ease and happiness of her whole people. Let them that would oppose it consider how many millions this one year's war hath cost us, when all the great actions performed by a great army, with a greater general at their head, hath been only gaining one single fortress; an action so much gloried in, and so far magnified, that we are made to think it is of equal importance to the most fortunate campaigns! Let us consider how long we shall be able to pay such a price for so small a conquest! I speak only of our money; having learnt by good example not to value the blood of those poor wretches that are yearly sacrificed in vast numbers, in trenches, and at the foot of walled towns. But say we were even at the gates of Paris, nay that Paris were ours, what allay would that be to our personal sufferings at home? Let us look into our gazettes, for the number of bankrupts; along the streets of our metropolis, and observe but the decay of trade, the several shops shut up, and more in daily apprehension of failing. Let us remove ourselves into the country, and see the penury of country gentlemen with small estates and numerous families, that pay in such large proportions to the war; and there let us inquire how acceptable, nay how indispensable, peace is to their further subsisting. True! there is still a great deal

of

of money in England: but in whose hands? Those who have had the management of such prodigious sums as have been given these last three and twenty years, on pretence of carrying on the war. Inquire what sums the late lord treasurer * left the exchequer, and what immense debts in the navy and elsewhere: how the funds were all anticipated or loaded. Observe but what industry has been used, that the late party should part with none of their vast wealth to assist the present exigency; and then let us wonder at the wisdom and conduct of that ministry, which has been able to wade through all these difficulties, restore credit, and uphold the armies abroad: and can we doubt, after this, of their entering into the true interests of the nation, or dispute the peace they shall think fit to advise the queen to make? How can our malicious author say, "That it will be a severe mortification for so great "and successful a general, to see the fruits of his "victories thrown all away at once, by a shameful "and scandalous peace; after a war of nine years, "carried on with continued successes, greater than "have been known in story? And how grievous "must it be to him, to have no footstep remain, "except the building at Woodstock, of all the great "advantages which he has obtained for the queen "and the British nation, against their dangerous "enemy; and consequently of his own extraordi-"nary merit to her majesty and his country?" No! are they about to take the garter from him? to unprince, unduke him? to confiscate all his large possessions, except Woodstock? those vast sums in the

* Lord Godolphin.

39918

banks of Venice, Genoa, and Amsterdam*? his stately movables, valuable paintings, costly jewels, and, in a word, those immense riches of which himself and his lady (as good an accomptant as she is) do not yet know the extent of? Are all these, I say, to be resumed, and nothing remaining but that edifice or *memento* of a subject's ambition, the stately walls of Blenheim, built while his gracious benefactress is contented to take up her residence in an old patched up palace, during the burden of a heavy war, without once desiring to rebuild Whitehall, till by the blessing of peace her subjects shall be capacitated to undergo the necessary taxes? I am ashamed to enumerate those obligations the duke has to his queen and country, while he has such wretched and ungrateful advocates, who bellow his uneasiness, and exaggerate his mortifications. It is the misfortune of the times, that we cannot explain to our own people the occasion we have for a peace, without letting our enemies into our necessities, by which they may rise in their demands. Could there be a poll made, and voices collected from house to house, we should quickly see how unanimous our people are for a peace; those excepted, who either gain by the war, or, concealing their hoards, pay but small proportions toward it; an art well known and practised in this great city, where a person worth many thousands shall get himself rated at but one, two, or

* Beside the precarious security of the two former of these banks, they gave but 3 per cent interest at that time; when 8, 9, or 10 per cent was common in England. This proves either that the duke was not so good a "husband of his money," as he is above supposed to be; or that he was desirous of securing a fund abroad, in case of an emergency.

three

three hundred pounds stock; while the poor landed man is forced to pay to the extent, because his estate is known, and accordingly valued.

To conclude: I think, in the hands we are in, we need not dispute our safety; and if, as this author would insinuate, even a separate peace should be intended by some of our allies, after the example of our wise neighbours the Dutch at the treaty of Nimeguen, the generality of the people will be easily brought to agree that it is better than no peace at all. They know that our ministry are so well acquainted with the true interest of the nation, and are so tender of its welfare, that they will not consent to take one step in this affair, but what makes for the glory of the queen, and the happiness of her subjects.

A TRUE

RELATION

OF THE SEVERAL

FACTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES

OF THE INTENDED

RIOT AND TUMULT

ON

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY:

GATHERED FROM AUTHENTICK ACCOUNTS;

AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE INFORMATION OF ALL TRUE LOVERS OF OUR CONSTITUTION IN CHURCH AND STATE.

FIRST PRINTED IN NOV. 1711.

" This is queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town " by prentices, &c. But the whigs designed a mighty procession " by midnight; and had laid out a thousand pounds, to dress up " the pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverell, &c. and carry them with " torches about and burn them. They did it by contribution. " Garth gave five guineas. But they were seized last night by " order from the secretary."

Journal to Stella, Nov. 17, 1711.

" I am told the owners are so impudent that they intend to re- " plevy them by law. I am assured that the figure of the devil is " made as like lord treasurer as they could."—Ibid. Nov. 19.

" I saw to day the pope, the devil, and the other figures of " cardinals, &c. fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I " have put an understrapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet, to " give an account of the whole design."—Ibid. Nov. 26.

A TRUE

RELATION, ETC.

SIR, LONDON, NOV. 24, 1711.

I AM very sorry so troublesome a companion as the gout delays the pleasure I expected by your conversation in town. You desire to know the truth of what you call "a ridiculous story," inserted in "Dyer's Letter*" and "The Postboy †," concerning the figures that were seized in Drury lane, and seemed only designed for the diversion of the mob, to rouse their old antipathy to popery, and create new aversion in them to the pretender. If, indeed, this had been their only intent, your reflections would be reasonable, and your compassion pardonable. It is an odd sort of good nature, to grieve at the rabble's being disappointed of their sport, or, as you please to term it, of "what would "for the time being have certainly made them very "happy." But, sir, you will not fail to change

* A newspaper of that time, which, according to Mr. Addison, was entitled to little credit. Honest Vellum, in "The Drummer," act II, scene I, cannot but believe his master is living (among other reasons) "because the news of his death was first published "in Dyer's Letter."

† By Abel Roper.

your opinion, when I shall tell you, that there was never a blacker design formed, unless it were blowing up the parliament house. No mortal can foresee what might have been the ill effects, if it had once come to execution. We are well assured, that, under pretence of custom and zeal, and what they call an innocent diversion, lurked a dangerous conspiracy: for whoever goes about to disturb the publick peace and tranquillity must needs be enemies to the queen and her government.

You have been informed of the surprising generosity and fit of housekeeping the German princess * has been guilty of this summer, at her country seat, in direct contradiction to her former thrifty management; yet, to do her justice, she is not so parsimonious as her lord, nor sets half that value upon a guinea: though her dexterity in getting be as great as his, he outdoes her in preserving. She has had a wonderful address in some things! witness the known story of the diamond †, which is as great an instance of good management on her side, as my lord's making one suit of clothes serve three sets of buttons can be of his frugality. She seems to have forgotten, or rather outlived, all the softer passions, those beautiful blemishes for which they are often pitied by our sex, but never really hated. Wrath,

* The English general, the duke of Marlborough, was made more haughty than before, by the compliment, for it was little more, which was made him by the emperor, of creating him A PRINCE OF THE EMPIRE, by the title of Mildenheim, a little principality in the claim of the house of Bavaria. MESNAGER.

† Though this be now forgotten, Dr. Swift has perpetuated another diamond story to this lady's honour, in the Journal to Stella, April 11, 1713.

ill

ill nature, spleen, and revenge, are those with whom her ladyship has been in league for many months: she has even fallen into the common weakness of unfortunate women, who have recourse to silly fellows called conjurers; or perhaps in imitation of her mother, her ladyship wanted a very witch; she would give any thing to converse with a real witch; at last she took up with a wizard, an ignorant creature, who pretends to deal with the stars, and, by corresponding with thief-catchers, helps people to their goods, when they have been stolen. To please her highness, he revived an old cheat, of making an image like the person she most hated; upon which image he would so far work by enchantment, that him it represented, from that moment should grow distempered, and languish out his short life in divers sorts of pains. Since the wizard was taken into the lady's pay, a certain great man has happened to be indisposed; by which means she remains very well satisfied with the experiment, and imagines this accident to be owing to the force of her enchantment, from which she promises herself still greater events. Though we laugh at the folly, we cannot but remark the malice of the attempt.

On Friday the sixteenth of November, the heads of the party met at the new palace *, where the late viceroy † recounted to them the happy disposition of

* These were, according to the publications of the time, the duke of Grafton, the earl of Godolphin, Dr. Garth, the duke of Somerset, the earl of Sunderland, lord Somers, the earl of Wharton, and lord Halifax, all members of the famous Kit-kat Club; to which the duke of Marlborough also belonged. See "Political "State," November, 1711.

† Thomas, earl of Wharton, afterward created a marquis.

affairs;

affairs; and concluded, "That, notwithstanding all "their misfortunes, they had still to morrow for it." This person, who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain lillibullero song, with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms, was resolved to try if, by the cry of "No peace, high church, popery, and the pre- "tender," he could halloo another in. There were several figures dressed up; fifteen of them were found in an empty house in Drury lane; the pope, the pretender, and the devil, seated under a state, whereof the canopy was scarlet stuff trimmed with deep silver fringe; the pope was as fine as a pope need to be, the devil as terrible, the pretender habited in scarlet laced with silver, a full fair long periwig, and a hat and feather. They had all white gloves, not excepting the very devils; which whether quite so proper, I leave to the learned. This machine was designed to be born upon men's shoulders; the long trains dependant from the figures were to conceal those that carried them. Six devils were to appear as drawing the chariot, to be followed by four cardinals, in fine proper habits; four jesuits and four franciscan friars, each with a pair of white gloves on, a pair of beads, and a flaming, or, if you please, a bloody faulchion in their hands. Pray judge, if such a parade should at any time appear, without the proper disposition of lights, &c. as was here intended; do you not believe it would be a sufficient call to the multitude; and that they would never forsake it till their curiosity had been satisfied to the full? Any man in his senses may find this was a deliberate as well as a great expense. To prepare men's minds for sedition, one

Stoughton's sermon * (which was burnt by the common hangman in Ireland, by order of the house of lords) preached at St. Patrick's in Dublin, and printed there, was that very week reprinted here, and handed about with extreme diligence: and, to fill the people with false fear and terrour, they had some days before reported that the queen was dangerously ill of the gout in her stomach and bowels. The very day of the designed procession, it was whispered upon the Exchange, and all over the city, that she was dead. A gentlewoman that makes wax-work declares, "that, some time before, certain persons of "quality, as she judged, who called one another sir "Harry, sir John, sir James, &c. came to her "house, and bespoke several wax-work figures, one "for a lady; they agreed to her price, paid half in "hand, and the rest when they fetched them away." These figures are not yet taken. One was designed to represent the lord treasurer, the lady Mrs. Masham, and the rest the other great officers of the court with Dr. Sacheverell; which the workwoman was ordered to make as like his picture as possibly she could. A certain lady, renowned for beauty †, at the princess's palace, desired that she might have the dressing up of the young, handsome statesman ‡,

* This sermon was first preached at Christ Church, Dublin, Jan. 30, 1705-6; and was burnt by the common hangman, Nov. 9, 1711. "A bold opinion (says Swift on that occasion) is a short, "easy way to merit, and very necessary for those who have no "other."

† Lady Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of John, duke of Marlborough, married to John, the second duke of Montague, and marquis Monthermer. The duchess and her sister lady Anne were much admired by the poets of that age.

‡ Mr. secretary St. John.

whose

whose bright parts are so terrible to the enemies of his country; in order to it, she proposed borrowing from the playhouse Æsop's large white horsehair periwig. Her lord * furnished out the rest of the materials from the queen's wardrobe. No wonder he should be an enemy to peace, when his father gains so much by the continuance of the war; nor that a certain young duchess was so eager to have him go in disguise with the viceroy, when his absence was convenient!

Farther to convince you that this was a premeditated design, and carried on in all its forms, proper persons had been busy beforehand, to secure a thousand mob, to carry lights at this goodly procession. One of these agents came to a victuallinghouse in Clare market; he called for drink and the master of the house, of whom he inquired, "if he could pro-"cure him forty stout fellows to carry flambeaux on "Saturday the 17th instant, to meet there at one "o'clock? They should have a crown apiece in "hand; and whatever they drank till five, he would "be there to see discharged." At such a proposal, mine host pricked up his ears; and told his honour, "His honour need not fear but that he might have "as many as his honour pleased, at that price." Accordingly he fetched in several from the market, butchers, tripemen, poulterers prentices, who joyfully listed themselves against the day, because it was to be a holiday, and they should not stand in need of their masters leave; "for, on queen Bess's day,"

* John, the second duke of Montague, succeeded his father, March 2, 1709-10, in his titles and estate, and also in the office of master of the great wardrobe. He was afterward appointed master of the ordinance, and died July 6, 1749.

they

they said, "they always went out of course." The landlord promised to make up the complement by the appointed time, with honest lads, who would be glad to get their bellies full of drink, and a crown apiece, in an honest way. All was agreed upon; the gentleman paid the reckoning, which came to a considerable sum in beer and brandy for his mob, and departed, with assurance of being there at one o'clock to meet his myrmidons; but, the matter being discovered, he has not been heard of since, to the great disappointment of the good man and the people he had engaged. The like was done in several other parts of the town. They had secured to the number, as I told you, of one thousand persons, who were so hired to carry lights, though they knew not to what end, doubtless for a burial, among whom were many of the very foot guards. Drinking from one to five, it is plain they were to be made drunk, the better to qualify them for what mischief was designed by their proper leaders. The viceroy, with some others of as good and two or three of better rank than himself, were resolved to act in disguise; the viceroy like a seaman, in which he hoped to outdo Massaniello of Naples, whose fame he very much envies for the mighty mischief he occasioned. His busy head was the first inventor of the design; and he would take it very ill if he were robbed of the glory. He had lately proved the power of an accidental mob, and therefore hoped much better from a premeditated one: he did not doubt inflaming them to his wish by the noise of popery and the pretender, by which they would be put into a humour to burn even Dr. Sacheverell and the other effigies. At their several bonfires, where the parade was to make a

stand, the preliminary articles were to be thrown in, with a cry of " No peace ;" and proper messengers were to come galloping, as if like to break their necks, their horses all in a foam, who should cry out, " The queen, the queen, was dead at Hampton " court." At the same time the duke of Marlborough was to make his entry through Aldgate, where he was to be met with the cry of " Victory, " Bouchain, the lines, no peace, no peace." If matters had once come to this pass, I do not see what could have hindered the leaders from doing all the mischief they desired, from exalting and pulling down whom they pleased, nor from executing, during the rage of the people, prepossessed, as they would be, with the news of the queen's death, whatever violence, injustice, and cruelty, they should think fit. They had resolved before what houses should be burnt. They were to begin with one in Essex street, where the commissioners of accompts meet, from whence a late discovery has been made of vast sums annually received by a great man, for his permission to serve the army with bread. They said, " Harley " should have better luck than they expected, if he " escaped de Witting *; they would set people to " watch him all that day, that they might know " where to find him when they had occasion." And truly who can answer for the consequence of such a tumult, the rage of a mad drunken populace, fomented by such incendiaries (for the whole party,

* The superiour talents and virtue of the pensioner de Witt made him the chief object of general envy, and exposed him to the utmost rage of popular prejudices and finally assassination. See Hume's History of England, vol. VII.

to

to a man, were engaged to be there)? I do not see how the city could have escaped destruction. There were many to kindle fires, none tc put them out. The Spectator, who ought to be but a looker on, was to have been an assistant, that, seeing London in a flame, he might have opportunity to paint after the life, and remark the behaviour of the people in the ruin of their country, so to have made a diverting Spectator. But I cannot but look up to God Almighty with praise for our deliverance, and really think we have very much need of a thanksgiving; for, in all probability, the mischief had been universal and irremediable. I tremble to think what lengths they would have gone: I dare not so much as imagine it. They had taken Massaniello's insurrection for a precedent, by which all who were not directly of their own party had suffered, as may be gathered from what we know of their nature, and by what is already discovered, though there is doubtless a great deal more behind. As soon as the figures were seized, they dispatched away a messenger express to the place where it was known the duke intended to land, to tell him he might now take his own time; there was no occasion "for his being on the seventeenth "instant, by seven at night, at Aldgate;" and so he lay that night five miles short of the town *.

However the viceroy may value himself upon this design, he seems but to have copied my lord Shaftesbury in 1679†, on the same anniversary. It is

* The duke was soon after entirely out of favour at court. On Sunday, December 30, the queen in council thought fit to dismiss him from all his employments.

† The effigies of the pope, the devil, sir George Jefferys, Mr. l'Estrange,

is well known, by the favour of the mob, they hoped then to have made the duke of Monmouth * king, who was planted at sir Thomas Fowls's at Temple Bar, to wait the event; whilst the rest of the great men of his party were over the way at Henry the Eighth's tavern. King Charles had been persuaded to come to sir Francis Child's to see the procession; but, before it began, he had private notice given him to retire, for fear of what mischief the mob might be wrought up to. He did so; which ruined the design they had, to seize on his person, and proclaim the duke king. This was the scheme our modern politicians went upon. One of them was heard to say, "They must have more diversions "than one, *i. e.* burning, for the good people of "London; since the mob loved to create†, as well "as destroy."

By this time, I do not doubt, sir, but you are thoroughly convinced of the innocence of this intended procession; which they publickly avow, and tell the ministry they are welcome to make what they can of it, knowing themselves safe by having only intended, not acted the mischief; if it had once come to that, they would have been so far above the fear of punishment for their own crimes, as to become executioners of the innocent.

Truly, I think, the malice of that party is immor-

l'Estrange, &c. were that year carried in procession, and burnt at Temple Bar by the whig mob.

* James Fitzroy, duke of Monmouth and Buccleugh, earl of Doncaster and Dalkeith, baron of Tindale, &c. in 1663. He was attainted by act of Parliament; and beheaded on Tower Hill, July 15, 1685.

† Make a king. MANLEY.

tal,

tal, since not to be satiated with twenty-three years plunder, the blood of so many wretches, nor the immense debt with which they have burdened us. Through the unexampled goodness of the queen, and the lenity of the other parts of the legislature, they are suffered to sit down unmolested, to bask and revel in that wealth they have so unjustly acquired: yet they pursue their principles with unwearied industry, club their wit, money, politicks, toward restoring their party to that power from whence they are fallen; which, since they find so difficult, they take care, by all methods, to disturb and vilify those who are in possession of it. Peace is such a bitter pill, they know not how to swallow: to poison the people against it, they try every nail, and have at last hit of one they think will go, and that they drive to the head. They cry, "No peace," till the trade of our own nation be entirely given up to our neighbours. Thus they would carry on the publick good of Europe, at the expense of our private destruction. They cry, "Our trade will be ruined if "the Spanish West Indies remain to a son of "France;" though the death of his father may cause Philip to forget his birth and country, which he left so young. After the decease of his grandfather, he will be only the brother of a haughty rough natured king, who in all probability may give him many occasions to become every day more and more a Spaniard.

They do not allow the dauphin's or the emperor's death have made an alteration in affairs, and confide all things to the supine temper of the Austrian princes; from whence they conclude there can be no danger in trusting half Europe to the easy unactive

hands of such an emperor. But may not another Charles the Fifth arise? another Philip the Second? who, though not possessed of the Austrian territories, gave more trouble and terrour to England, than ever she felt from France; insomuch as, had not the seas and winds fought our battles, their invincible Armada had certainly brought upon us slavery and a popish queen! Neither is it a new thing for princes to improve, as well as degenerate. Power generally brings a change of temper. Philip de Comines tells us, "That the great duke of Burgundy, in his youth, "hated the thoughts of war, and the fatigue of the "field. After he had fought and gained one battle, "he loved nothing else; and could never be easy in "peace, but led all his life in war, and at length "died in it; for want of other enemies, fighting "against the poor barren Swissers, who were pos-"sessed of nothing worth contending for."

But it is not reason, or even facts, that can subdue this stubborn party. They bear down all by noise and misrepresentation. They are, but will not seem, convinced; and make it their business to prevent others from being so. If they can but rail and raise a clamour, they hope to be believed, though the miserable effects of their maleadministration are ten thousand to one against them: a festering obvious sore, which when it can be healed we know not, though the most famous artists apply their constant skill to endeavour at a cure. Their aversion to any government but their own is unalterable; like some rivers, that are said to pass through without mingling with the sea; though, disappearing for a time, they arise the same, and never change their nature.

I am, sir, &c.

*** The

*** The preceding tract will be best illustrated by the following account of the subject of it, transcribed from a folio half sheet published in 1711.

" An account of the mock procession of burning the pope and the chevalier de St. George, intended to be performed on the 17th instant, being the anniversary of queen Elizabeth of pious and glorious memory.

The owners of the pope, the chevalier de St. George, fourteen cardinals, and as many devils, which were taken out of a house in Drury lane, at midnight, between the 16th and 17th instant, and exposed to view at the Cockpit for nothing (on the latter of those days), think fit to acquaint the world, that their intention in making them was, with those and other images (in case their goods had not been forcibly taken away), to have formed the following procession.

Twenty watchmen, to clear the way, with link-boys lighting them on each side.

Twenty-four bagpipes marching four and four, and playing the memorable tune of Lillibullero.

Ten watchmen marching two and two, to prevent disorder.

Four drums in mourning, with the pope's arms in their caps.

A figure representing cardinal Gualteri, lately made by the pretender protector of the English nation, looking down on the ground in a sorrowful posture; his train supported by two missionaries from Rome, supposed to be now in England.

Two pages, throwing beads, bulls, pardons, and indulgences.

Two jack puddings sprinkling holy water.

Twelve hautboys playing the tune of the Greenwood Tree.

Two lackeys on each side of them, bearing streamers, with these words, *Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutare*, being the device on the colours of the right reverend the bishop of London's troops when he marched into Oxford in the year 1688.

Six beadles with protestant flails in their hands.

These followed by four persons bearing streamers, each with the pictures of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower.

Twelve monks, representing the fellows who were put into Magdalen college in Oxford, on the expulsion of the protestants.

Twelve streamerbearers, with different devices, representing sandals, ropes, beads, bald pates, and big-bellied nuns.

A lawyer, representing the clerk of the high commission court.

Twelve heralds marching one after another, at a great distance, with pamphlets, setting forth king James II's power of dispensing with the test and penal laws.

On each side of the heralds, fifty links.

After these, four fat friars in their habits, streamers carried over their heads, with these words, "Eat and "pray."

Four jesuits in English habits, with flower-de-luces on their shoulders, inscribed, "Indefeasible;" and masks on their faces, on which is writ, "The "house of Hanover."

Four jesuits in their proper habits.

Four cardinals of Rome in their red hats curiously wrought.

The

The pope under a magnificent canopy, with a right silver fringe, accompanied by the chevalier St. George on the left, and his counsellor the devil on his right.

The whole procession closed by twenty streamers, on each of which was wrought these words,

'God bless queen Anne, the nation's great defender!
'Keep out the French, the pope, and the pretender.'

In this order it was intended, with proper reliefs of lights at several stations in the march, to go thorough Drury lane, Long acre, Gerrard street, Piccadilly, Germain street, St. James's square, Pell-mell, Strand, Catherine street, Russel street, Drury lane, Great Queen street, Little Queen street, Holbourn, Newgate street, Cornhill, Bishopsgate street, where they were to wheel about, and return thorough St. Paul's churchyard to Fleet street. And at the Temple, before the statue of that illustrious lady whose anniversary was then celebrated, that queen wearing a veil, on which are drawn the picture of her present majesty, and under it the battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and the passage of the lines in this present year 1711, after proper ditties were sung, the pretender was to have been committed to the flames, being first absolved by the cardinal Gualteri. After that, the said cardinal was to be absolved by the pope, and burnt. And then the devil was to jump into the flames with his holiness in his arms.

And let all the people say—*Amen*."

THE

NEW WAY

OF SELLING

PLACES AT COURT.

IN

A LETTER FROM A SMALL COURTIER TO A GREAT STOCKJOBBER.

——Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio——

FIRST PRINTED IN 1712.

" Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court, that sells em-
" ployments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money?
" He lately made a bargain for the vicechamberlain's place, for
" seven thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest;
" but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examina-
" tions taken of it by lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be
" swinged. The vicechamberlain told me several particulars of it
" last night at lord Masham's."

Journal to Stella, March 24, 1711-12.

A

LETTER

TO

A GREAT STOCKJOBBER.

SIR,

IN that friendly dispute which happened between us some time ago, wherein you endeavoured to prove, that the city politicks outdid those of the court; I remember, there was nothing upon which you seemed to pride yourself more, than that mystery of your brethren in Exchange alley, which is usually called "selling the bear's skin;" whereby a very beneficial trade was daily driven with imaginary stocks, and many thousands bought and sold, to great advantage, by those who were not worth a groat. This you challenged me to match, with all my knowledge in the lower arts of the court. I confess, you had then the better of the argument; and I was forced to yield, which I would hardly do at present, if the controversy were to be resumed: I could now make you acknowledge, that what you in the city call "selling the bear's skin" does not deserve the name, when compared with the dexterity of

of one of our artists. I shall leave the decision of this matter to yourself, after you have received the following story, which I shall most faithfully relate.

There is a certain petty retainer to the court *, who has no employment at all himself, but is a partner for life to one that has. This gentleman resides constantly with his family among us; where, being wholly at leisure, he is consequently very speculative, perpetually turning his thoughts to improve those happy talents that nature has given him. He has maturely considered with himself the strange opinions that people at distance have of courts. Strangers are apt to think, that whoever has an apartment in the royal palace, can go through the lodgings as if he were at home, and talk familiarly with every one he meets, must needs have at any time a dozen or two of employments in his power; the least word from him to a great man, or upon extraordinary occasions, to the queen herself, would certainly do the business! This ignorance has often been made very good use of by dexterous men among us. Old courtiers will tell you twenty stories of Killigrew †, Fleetwood Sheppard ‡, and others, who

* The intention of our author is in great measure frustrated by the obscurity of the person, who is here held up to censure. This is not the only proof of the necessity there is of being more explicit in such particulars of a relation, as, though universally known at the time, are very soon entirely forgotten.

† Three brothers of this family, William, Thomas, and Henry, were employed in the court of king Charles I. They were all zealous cavaliers; and were rewarded by Charles II, at the restoration.—William was made gentleman usher of the privy chamber, and vicechamberlain.—Thomas was a gentleman of the bedchamber, and used frequently to divert his merry master, who on that account was

who would often sell places that were never in being, and dispose of others a good pennyworth before they were vacant; how the Privy Garden at Whitehall was actually sold, and an artist sent to measure it; how one man was made curtain lifter to the king, and another his majesty's goldfinder: so that our predecessors must be allowed their due honour. Neither do I at all pretend, that the hero I am now celebrating was the first inventor of that art; wherein it must however be granted, that he hath made most wonderful improvements.

This gentleman, whom I take leave to call by the name of Guzman, in imitation of a famous Spanish deceiver of that name, having been formerly turned out of one or two employments for no other crime than that of endeavouring to raise their value, has ever since employed his credit and power for the service of others; and, where he could not secure them in reality, has been content to feed their imaginations, which to a great part of mankind is full as well. It is true, he hath done all this with a prudent regard to his own interest; yet whoever has trafficked with him cannot but own, that he sells at rea-

was fonder of him than of his best ministers, and would give him access to his presence when he denied it to them. He was appointed in 1651 resident at Venice.—Henry was created D. D.; made almoner to the duke of York, rector of Whethamsted, and master of the Savoy. All the brothers were dramatick writers.

‡ A courtier of the reign of king Charles II, and one who had the honour to be on very familiar terms with that gay and easy monarch. He was also very intimate with the earl of Dorset, and the other wits and courtiers of that reign. He was author of many poems, dispersed in several books; but is at present better known as the friend and patron of Mr. Prior, who has addressed two epistles to him, than by any writings of his own.

sonable

sonable rates; and is so modest withal, that he is content the credit of taking your money should rest on the greatest men in England, rather than himself. He begged a small employment for one of his customers, from a lord of the admiralty, then told his client, "that the great man must have a hundred "guineas presented him in a handsome manner." Our placejobber brought an old lame horse of his own, and said "the admiral asked a hundred gui- "neas for it:" the other bought the horse, without offering to cheapen him, or look in his mouth.

Two or three such achievements as these gave our adventurer the courage for some time past to deal by the great, and to take all employments at court into his own hands. And though he and his family are firm adherents to the honest party, and furious against the present ministry (as I speak it to our honour, no small number of us are): yet in the disposal of places he was very impartial, and gave every one their choice. He had a standing agent, to whom all people applied themselves that wanted any employment, who had them ready of all sizes, to fit whatever customer came, from twenty to a thousand pounds a year.

If the question be asked, why he takes no employment himself? He readily answers, That he might, whenever he pleased, be in the commission of the customs, the excise, or of trade: but does not think it worth his while; because, without stirring from court, or giving himself any trouble, he can, by his credit, oblige honest gentlemen with employments, and at the same time make better advantage to himself. He hath several ways to establish a reputation of his interest at court. Sometimes, as I have

have already observed, he hath actually begged small offices, and disposed of them to his clients. Besides, by living in her majesty's palace, and being industrious at picking out secrets, he often finds where preferment is likely to go even before those who are to be preferred can have any notice of it themselves; then he immediately searches out for them, tells them of their merits, asks them how they would like of such an employment; and promises, by his power at court, to get it for them; but withal gives them a hint, that great men will take money; though they will not be known to do it; that it therefore must be done by a second hand, for which he profers his service, tells them what sum will be convenient, and then sinks it in his own pocket; beside what is given to him in gratitude for his solicitations and good will: this gives him credit to pursue his trade of placejobbing. Whoever hath a mind for an employment at court, or any where else, goes to Guzman's agent; and he reads over to the candidate a list of places, with their profit and salaries. When one is fixed upon, the agent names the known don Guzman, as a person to be depended upon; tells the client, he must send his honour a hamper of wine; if the place they are in treaty for be considerable, a hogshead. At next meeting, the price is agreed on; but unfortunately this employment is half promised to another: however, he believes that that difficulty may be removed for twenty or thirty guineas; which, being but a trifle, is immediately given. After two or three meetings more, perhaps, the bubble hath access to the don himself; who assumes great airs, says the thing shall be done, he has already spoken to the queen or lord treasurer. At parting, the agent

tells

tells the officer elect, there is immediate occasion for forty or fifty guineas, to be given among clerks, or servants of some great minister. Thus the poor place hunter is drilled on, from one month to another, perpetually squeezed of ready money, and nothing done. This trade don Guzman has carried on for many years, and frequently with five or six dupes in hand at a time, and perhaps all of them for one place. I know it will be the wonder of many people, as it has been mine, how such impostures as these could be so frequently repeated, and how so many disappointed people could be kept from making a noise and clamour that may ruin the trade and credit of this bold projector; but it is with him as with almanack makers, who gain more reputation by one right guess, than they lose by a thousand wrong ones. Besides I have already observed, that, once or twice in his life, he did actually provide for one or two persons; farther, it was his constant rule, whatever employment was given away, to assure his clients that he had the chief hand in disposing of it. When a man had no more to give, or was weary of attending, the excuse was, either that he had some private enemies, or the queen was engaged for that turn, or that he must think of something else: and then it was a new business, required new fees, and new hampers of wine; or, lastly, don Guzman was not to be seen, or talked cold and dry, or in very great haste, and so the matter dwindled to nothing: the poor pretender to an employment discovered the cheat too late, was often ashamed to complain, and was only laughed at when he did.

Having thus described some few of the qualifications which have so much distinguished this worthy manager;

manager; I shall crown all with informing you of the particulars of a late achievement, that will give him an everlasting renown. About two months ago, a gentleman of a good fortune had a mind to buy some considerable employment in the court, and sent a solicitor to negotiate this affair with don Guzman's agent, who, after one or two meetings, told him the vicechamberlain's employment was to be disposed of, the person who now enjoyed it being wholly out of favour with the queen*; that the choice of his successor was in don Guzman's power; that seven thousand pounds was the price, whereof four thousand was to be given to a lady who was fostersister to the queen; two thousand to the present vicechamberlain, in consideration of his being turned out; and the remaining thousand to be divided between the great don and the two small agents: this was the result, after several meetings, after two or three hampers of wine had been sent to Saint James's, and some guineas given to facilitate the putting off a bargain, which, as pretended, was begun for the employment, to another person. This matter went so far, that notes were interchangeably given between the two agents and their principal, as well relating to the thousand pounds which was to be divided among them, as to the main sum. Our projector was likewise very curious to know, whether the new vicechamberlain could speak French, which, he said, was absolutely necessary to his office; whether he was well fashioned, had a genteel manner, and polite conversation; and directed, that the person himself should, upon an appointed day, be seen walking in

* Thomas Coke, esq., was at that time vicechamberlain.

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the garden before St. James's house, that the lady, the queen's fostersister, might judge of his mien, whether he were a sightly man, and, by his appearance, qualified for so great an employment. To carry the imposture farther, one Sunday, when, in the lord chamberlain's * absence, Mr. vicechamberlain led her majesty to chapel, don Guzman, being there with his solicitor, said to him, with an expressive sneer, and a sort of rapture, "Ah, sir, "what happiness! I am ravished to think of it. I "wish your friend was here now, to see the vice-"chamberlain handing the queen: I would make "him give the other thousand pounds for his em-"ployment."

These are the circumstances of this story, as near as I can remember. How the ingenious don could have got off clean from this business, I cannot possibly imagine: but it unfortunately happened, that he was not put to the trial of showing his dexterity; for the vicechamberlain, by what means I could never yet learn, got a little light into the matter. He was told that somebody had been treating for his place, and had information given him where to find the solicitor of the person who was to succeed him. He immediately sent for the man: who (not conceiving himself to be engaged in a dishonest action, and therefore conscious of no guilt) very freely told him all that he knew; and, as he had good reason, was as angry at the cheat put upon him and his friend, as the vicechamberlain himself; whereupon poor don Guzman and his two agents were, at Mr. vicechamberlain's request, examined before a prin-

* Charles Talbot, duke of Shrewsbury.

cipal

cipal secretary of state, and their examinations taken in writing. But here I must with shame confess, that our hero's behaviour was much below his character; he shuffled and dodged, denied and affirmed, contradicted himself every moment, owned the fact, yet insisted on his honour and innocency. In short, his whole demeanour was such, that the rawest stockjobber in Exchange alley would blush to see it. It is true, he hath since in some manner recovered his reputation; he talks boldly wherever he comes, as if he were the party injured, and as if he expected satisfaction; and, what is still more heroical, goes on in his old trade of disposing places, though not of such great consideration.

How the affair will end, I cannot tell; the vice-chamberlain, between generosity and contempt, not being hitherto very forward in carrying it to a formal prosecution; and the rest of the court contenting themselves, some with laughing, and some in lifting up their eyes with admiration.

However, I think the matter well deserves to be recorded, both for the honour of the manager, and to let you and the world know that great abilities and dexterity are not confined to Exchange alley.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

SOME

REASONS

TO PROVE

THAT NO ONE IS OBLIGED,

BY HIS PRINCIPLES AS A WHIG,

TO OPPOSE THE QUEEN:

IN A LETTER TO A WHIG LORD.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

A SUPPOSED LETTER

FROM THE PRETENDER TO A WHIG LORD.

BOTH FIRST PRINTED IN 1712.

" Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of " well or ill: I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone " out of town in a rage; and curses himself and friends for ruining " themselves in defending lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and " taking Nottingham into their favour. He swears he will meddle " no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six; and the " queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good " health! Read the Letter to a Whig Lord *."

Journal to Stella, June 17, 1712.

" To day there will be another Grub: A Letter from the Pre- " tender to a Whig Lord. Grub street has but ten days to live; " then an act of parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing " every halfsheet at a halfpenny." Ibid. July 19.

* Dr. Birch, in a note on this passage, supposes it to allude to the Letter from the Pretender, which however is not dated till July 8.—It evidently relates to the larger letter.

It is not very clear whether this letter was addressed to any particular lord, or to a whig lord in general. By what is said p. 123, it seems intended for the earl of Nottingham; but there are some other particulars in it which contradict that supposition. If it was really addressed to an individual, it was probably to Richard Lumley, earl of Scarborough, with whom the circumstances of being of a very ancient family and of not having had any office under the queen will agree.

SOME

REASONS, ETC.

MY LORD,

THE dispute between your lordship and me has, I think, no manner of relation to what in the common style of these times are called principles; wherein both parties seem well enough to agree, if we will but allow their professions. I can truly affirm, that none of the reasonable sober whigs I have conversed with did ever avow any opinion concerning religion or government, which I was not willing to subscribe; so that, according to my judgment, those terms of distinction ought to be dropped, and others introduced in their stead, to denominate men, as they are inclined to peace or war, to the last or the present ministry: for whoever thoroughly considers the matter will find these to be the only differences that divide the nation at present. I am apt to think your lordship would readily allow this, if you were but aware of the consequence I intend to draw: for it is plain, that the making peace and war, as well as the choice of ministers, is wholly in the crown; and therefore the dispute at present lies altogether between those who would support and those who would violate the royal prerogative. This decision may

seem perhaps too sudden and severe; but I do not see how it can be contested. Give me leave to ask your lordship, whether you are not resolved to oppose the present ministry to the utmost? and whether it was not chiefly with this design, that, upon the opening of the present session, you gave your vote against any peace till Spain and the West Indies were recovered from the Bourbon family *? I am confident your lordship then believed, what several of your house and party have acknowledged, that the recovery of Spain was grown impracticable by several incidents, as well as by our utter inability to continue the war upon the former foot. But you reasoned right, that such a vote, in such a juncture, was the present way of ruining the present ministry. For, as her majesty would certainly lay much weight upon a vote of either house, so it was judged that her ministers would hardly venture to act directly against it; the natural consequence of which must be a dissolution of the parliament, and a return of all your friends into a full possession of power. This advantage the lords have over the commons, by being a fixed body of men, where a majority is not to be obtained, but by time and mortality, or new creations, or other methods which I will suppose the present age too virtuous to admit. Several noble lords, who joined with you in that vote, were but little inclined to disoblige the court, because it suited ill with their circumstances: but the poor gentlemen were told it was

* A clause to this purpose, proposed by the earl of Nottingham, and seconded by the earl of Scarborough, to be added to an address to the queen, Dec. 7, 1711, was carried by a majority of not above two voices.

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the safest part they could act; for it was boldly alleged, that the queen herself was at the bottom of this affair; and one of your neighbours *, whom the dread of losing a great employment often puts into agonies, was growing fast into a very good courtier, began to cultivate the chief minister, and often expressed his approbation of present proceedings, till that unfortunate day of trial came, when the mighty hopes of a change revived his constancy, and encouraged him to adhere to his old friends. But the event, as your lordship saw, was directly contrary to what your great undertaker had flattered you with. The queen was so far from approving what you had done, that, to show she was in earnest, and to remove all future apprehensions from that quarter, she took a resolute necessary step †, which is like to make her easy for the rest of her reign; and which, I am confident, your lordship would not have been one of those to have put her upon, if you had not been most shamefully misinformed. After this, your party had nothing to do but sit down and murmur at so extraordinary an exertion of the prerogative, and quarrel at a necessity, which their own violence, inflamed by the treachery of others, had created. Now, my lord, if an action so indisputably in her majesty's power requires any excuse, we have a very good one at hand. We alleged, that the majority you hardly acquired with so much art and management, partly made up from a certain transitory bench, and partly of those whose nobility began with themselves, was wholly formed

* Charles Seymour, duke of Somerset.

† The creation of twelve new peers.

during the long power of your friends; so that it became necessary to turn the balance, by new creations; wherein, however, great care was taken to increase the peerage as little as possible *, and to make a choice against which no objection could be raised, with relation to birth or fortune, or other qualifications requisite for so high an honour.

There is no man hath a greater veneration than I for that noble part of our legislature, whereof your lordship is a member; and I will venture to assert, that, supposing it possible for corruptions to go far in either assembly, yours is less liable to them than a house of commons. A standing senate of persons nobly born, of great patrimonial estates, and of pious learned prelates, is not easily perverted from intending the true interest of their prince and country; whereas we have found, by experience, that a corrupt ministry, at the head of a monied faction, is able to procure a majority of whom they please, to represent the people. But then, my lord, on the other side, if it has been so contrived, by time and management, that the majority of a standing senate is made up of those who wilfully or otherwise mistake the publick good; the cure, by common remedies, is as slow as the disease: whereas a good prince, in the hearts of his people, and at the head of a ministry who leaves them to their own free choice, cannot miss a good assembly of commons. Now, my lord, we do assert that this majority of yours has been the workmanship of about twenty

* This promotion was so ordered, that a third part were of those, on whom, or their posterity, the peerage would naturally devolve; and the rest were such, whose merit, birth, and fortune, could admit of no exception. SWIFT.

years:

years: during which time, considering the choice of persons in the several creations; considering the many arts used in making proselytes among the young nobility who have since grown up; and the wise methods to prevent their being tainted by university principles: lastly, considering the age of those who fill up a certain bench, and with what views their successions have been supplied; I am surprised to find your majority so bare and weak, that it is not possible for you to keep it much longer, unless old men be immortal: neither perhaps would there be any necessity to wait so long, if certain methods were put in practice, which your friends have often tried with success. Your lordship plainly sees by the event, that neither threats nor promises are made use of, where it is pretty well agreed that they would not be ineffectual. Voting against the court, and indeed against the kingdom, in the most important cases, has not been followed by the loss of places or pensions, unless in very few particulars, where the circumstances have been so extremely aggravating, that to have been passive would have argued the lowest weakness or fear. To instance only in the duke of Marlborough; who, against the wholesome advice of those who consulted his true interest much better than his flatterers, would needs put all upon that desperate issue, of destroying the present ministry, or falling himself.

I believe, my lord, you are now fully convinced, that the queen is altogether averse from the thoughts of ever employing your party in her councils or her courts. You see a prodigious majority in the house of commons of the same sentiments; and the only quarrel against the treasurer is an opinion of more

mildness toward your friends than it is thought they deserve; neither can you hope for better success in the next election, while her majesty continues her present servants, although the bulk of the people were better disposed to you than it is manifest they are. With all the advantages I lately mentioned, which a house of lords has over the commons, it is agreed that the pulse of the nation is much better felt by the latter than the former, because those represent the whole people; but your lordships (whatever some may pretend) do represent only your own persons. Now it has been the old complaint of your party, that the body of country gentlemen always leaned too much (since the revolution) to the tory side: and as your numbers were much lessened about two years ago, by a very unpopular quarrel *, wherein the church thought itself deeply concerned; so you daily diminish, by your zeal against peace, which the landed men, half ruined by the war, do so extremely want and desire.

It is probable that some persons may, upon occasion, have endeavoured to bring you over to the present measures. If so, I desire to know whether such persons required of you to change any principles, relating to government either in church or state, in which you have been educated? or did you ever hear that such a thing was offered to any other of your party? I am sure, neither can be affirmed; and then it is plain, that principles are not concerned in the dispute. The two chief or indeed the only topicks of quarrel are, whether the queen shall choose her own servants; and, whether she shall keep her prerogative of making

* The impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell.

peace?

peace? And I believe there is no whig in England that will openly deny her power in either. As to the latter, which is the more avowed, her majesty has promised that the treaty shall be laid before her parliament; after which, if it be made without their approbation, and proves to be against the interest of the kingdom, the ministers must answer for it at their extremest peril. What is there in all this that can possibly affect your principles as a whig? or rather, my lord, are you not, by all sorts of principles lawful to own, obliged to acquiesce and submit to her majesty upon this article? But I suppose, my lord, you will not make a difficulty of confessing the true genuine cause of animosity to be, that those who are out of place would fain be in; and that the bulk of your party are the dupes of half a dozen, who are impatient at their loss of power. It is true, they would fain infuse into your lordship such strange opinions of the present ministry and their intentions, as none of themselves at all believe. Has your lordship observed the least step made toward giving any suspicion of a design to alter the succession, to introduce arbitrary power, or to hurt the toleration, unless you will reckon the last to have been damaged by the bill lately obtained against occasional conformity, which was your own act and deed*, by a strain of such profound policy, and the contrivance of so profound a politician, that I cannot unravel it to the bottom.

Pray, my lord, give yourself leave to consider whence this indefatigable zeal is derived, that makes the heads of your party send you a hundred messages, accost you in all places, and remove Heaven

* This bill was brought in Dec. 15, 1711, under a disguised title, by Daniel Finch, earl of Nottingham.

and

and earth to procure your vote upon a pinch, whenever they think it lies in their way to distress the queen and ministry. Those who have already rendered themselves desperate have no other resource than in an utter change. But this is by no means your lordship's case. While others were at the head of affairs, you served the queen with no more share in them than what belonged to you as a peer; although perhaps you were inclined to their persons or proceedings, more than to those of the present set. Those who are now in power cannot justly blame you for doing so: neither can your friends out of place reproach you, if you go on to serve her majesty and make her easy in her government, unless they can prove that unlawful or unreasonable things are demanded of you. I cannot see how your conscience or honour are here concerned; or why people who have cast off all hope should desire you to embark with them against your prince, whom you have never directly offended. It is just as if a man who had committed a murder, and was flying his country, should desire all his friends and acquaintance to bear him company in his flight and banishment. Neither do I see how this will any way answer your interest; for, though it should possibly happen that your friends would be again taken into power, your lordship cannot expect they will admit you to the head of affairs, or even in the secret. Every thing of consequence is already bespoke. I can tell you who is to be treasurer, who chamberlain, and who to be secretaries. These offices, and many others, have been some time fixed; and all your lordship can hope for, is only the lieutenancy of a county, or some other honorary employment, or

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an addition to your title; or, if you were poor, perhaps a pension. And is not the way to any of these as fully open at present? and will you declare you cannot serve your queen unless you choose her ministry? Is this forsaking your principles? But that phrase is dropped of late, and they call it forsaking your friends. To serve your queen and country, while any but they are at the helm, is to forsake your friends. This is a new party figure of speech, which I cannot comprehend. I grant, my lord, that this way of reasoning is very just, while it extends no farther than to the several members of their juntoes and cabals; and I could point out half a score persons, for each of whom I should have the utmost contempt if I saw them making any overtures to be received into trust. Wise men will never be persuaded that such violent turns can proceed from virtue or conviction: and I believe you and your friends do in your own thoughts most heartily despise that ignominious example of apostacy *, whom you outwardly so much caress. But you, my lord, who have shared no farther in the favour and confidence of your leaders than barely to be listed of the party, cannot honourably refuse serving her majesty, and contributing what is in your power to make her government easy, though her weighty affairs be not trusted to the hands where you would be glad to see them. One advantage your lordship may count upon by acting with the present ministry is, that you shall not undergo a state inquisition into your principles; but may believe as you please, in those points of government wherein so many writers perplex the world

* If the earl of Nottingham is here meant, it will amount to a proof that this letter was designed for another peer.

with

with their explanation. Provided you heartily renounce the pretender, you may suppose what you please of his birth; and if you allow her majesty's undoubted right, you may call it hereditary or parliamentary, as you think fit. The ministers will second your utmost zeal for securing the indulgence to protestant dissenters. They abhor arbitrary power as much as you. In short, there is no opinion properly belonging to you as a whig, wherein you may not still continue, and yet deserve the favour and countenance of the court; provided you offer nothing in violation of the royal prerogative, nor take the advantage in critical junctures to bring difficulties upon the administration, with no other view but that of putting the queen under the necessity of changing it. But your own party, my lord, whenever they return into play, will not receive you upon such easy terms, although they will have much more need of your assistance: they will vary their political catechism as often as they please; and you must answer directly to every article, as it serves the present turn. This is a truth too visible for you to call in doubt. How unanimous are you to a man in every point, whether of moment or no! whereas, upon our side, many stragglers have appeared in all divisions, even among those who believed the consequence of their dissent would be the worst we could fear; for which the courage, integrity, and moderation, of those at the helm cannot be sufficiently admired; though I question whether, in good politicks, the last ought always to be imitated.

If your lordship will please to consider the behaviour of the tories during the long period of this reign while their adversaries were in power, you will find

find it very different from that of your party at present. We opposed the grant to the duke of Marlborough till he had done something to deserve so great a reward; and then it was granted, *nemine contradicente*. We opposed repealing the test; which would level the church established with every snivelling sect in the nation. We opposed the bill of general naturalization, by which we were in danger to be overrun by schismaticks and beggars. The scheme of breaking into the statutes of colleges, which obliged the fellows to take holy orders; the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell; the hopeful project of limiting clergymen what to preach; with several others of the same stamp, were strenuously opposed, as manifestly tending to the ruin of the church. But you cannot give a single instance, where the least violation hath been offered to her majesty's undoubted prerogative, in either house, by the lords or commons of our side. We should have been glad indeed to have seen affairs in other management; yet we never attempted to bring it about by stirring up the city, or inviting foreign ministers to direct the queen in the choice of her servants, much less by infusing jealousies into the next heir. Endeavours were not publickly used to blast the credit of the nation, and discourage foreigners from trusting their money in our funds: nor were writers suffered openly, and in weekly papers, to revile persons in the highest employments. In short, if you can prove where the course of affairs, under the late ministry, was any way clogged by the church party, I will freely own the latter to have so far acted against reason and duty. Your lordship finds I would argue from hence, that even the warmest heads on your

side, and those who are deepest engaged, have no tolerable excuse for thwarting the queen upon all occasions; much less you, my lord, who are not involved in their guilt or misfortunes, nor ought to involve yourself in their resentments.

I have often wondered with what countenance those gentlemen, who have so long engrossed the greatest employments, have shared among them the bounties of the crown and the spoils of the nation, and are now thrown aside with universal odium, can accost others, who either never received the favours of the court, or who must depend upon it for their daily support; with what countenance, I say, these gentlemen can accost such persons in their usual style: "My lord, you were always with us; you "will not forsake your friends: you have been still "right in your principles: let us join to a man, and "the court will not be able to carry it!" and this frequently in points where whig and tory are no more concerned, than in the length or colour of your periwigs. Why all this industry to ply you with letters, messages, and visits, for carrying some peevish vote, which only serves to display inveterate pride, ill nature, and disobedience, without effect? Though you are flattered, it must possibly make the crown and ministry so uneasy, as to bring on the necessity of a change; which however is at best a design but ill becoming a good subject, or a man of honour. I shall say nothing of those who are fallen from their heights of power and profit, who then think all claim of gratitude for past favours cancelled. But you, my lord, upon whom the crown has never cast any peculiar marks of favour or displeasure, ought better to consider the duty you owe your sovereign,

vereign, not only as a subject in general, but as a member of the peerage, who have been always the strenuous asserters of just prerogative against popular encroachments, as well as of liberty against arbitrary power! So that it is something unnatural, as well as unjust, for one of your order to oppose the most mild and gracious prince that ever reigned, upon a party pique, and in points where prerogative was never disputed.

But, after all, if there were any probable hopes of bringing things to another turn by these violent methods of your friends, it might then perhaps be granted that you acted at least a politick part: but surely the most sanguine among them could hardly have the confidence to insinuate to your lordship the probability of such an event during her majesty's life. Will any man of common understanding, when he has recovered his liberty after being kept long in the strictest bondage, return of his own accord to gaol, where he is sure of being confined for ever? This her majesty and millions of her subjects firmly believe to be exactly the case; and whether it be so or no, it is enough that it is so believed: and this belief is attended with as great an aversion for those keepers as a good christian can be allowed to entertain, as well as with a dread of ever being again in their power; so that, whenever the ministry may be changed, it will certainly not be to the advantage of your party, except under the next successor, which I hope is too remote a view for your lordship to proceed by; though I know some of your chiefs who build all their expectations upon it.

For indeed, my lord, your party is much deceived, when they think to distress a ministry for any long

time, or to any great purpose, while those ministers act under a queen who is so firmly convinced of their zeal and ability for her service, and who is at the same time so thoroughly possessed of her people's hearts. Such a weight will infallibly at length bear down the balance: and, according to the nature of our constitution, it ought to be so; because, when any one of the three powers whereof our government is composed proves too strong for the other two, there is an end of our monarchy. So little are you to regard the crude politicks of those who cried out, "The constitution was in danger," when her majesty lately increased the peerage; without which it was impossible the two houses could have proceeded, with any concert, upon the most weighty affairs of the kingdom.

I know not any quarrels your lordship, as a member of the whig party, can have against the court, except those which I have already mentioned; I mean, the removal of the late ministry, the dismission of the duke of Marlborough, and the present negotiations of peace. I shall not say any thing farther upon these heads; only as to the second, which concerns the duke of Marlborough, give me leave to observe, that there is no kingdom or state in christendom where a person in such circumstances would have been so gently treated. But it is the misfortune of princes, that the effects of their displeasure are frequently much more publick than the cause: the punishments are in the face of the world, when the crimes are in the dark; and posterity, without knowing the truth of things, may perhaps number us among the ungrateful populace of Greece and Rome, for discarding

carding a general, under whose conduct our troops have been so many years victorious; whereas it is most certain, that this great lord's resolution against peace upon any terms whatsoever did reach the ministry at home as much as the enemy abroad: nay, his rage against the former was so much the more violent of the two, that, as it is affirmed by skilful computers, he spent more money here upon secret service in a few months, than he did for many years in Flanders. But, whether that be true or false, your lordship knows very well, that he resolved to give no quarter, whatever he might be content to take when he should find himself at mercy. And the question was brought to this issue, whether the queen should dissolve the present parliament, procure a new one of the whig stamp, turn out those who had ventured so far to rescue her from insolence and ill usage, and invite her old controllers to resume their tyranny with a recruited spirit of vengeance? or, whether she should save all this trouble, danger, and vexation, by only changing one general for another?

Whatever good opinion I may have of the present ministry, I do not pretend, by any thing I have said, to make your lordship believe that they are persons of sublime abstracted Roman virtue: but, where two parties divide a nation, it usually happens, that, although the virtues and vices may be pretty equal on both sides, yet the publick good of the country may suit better with the private interest of one side than of the other. Perhaps there may be nothing in it but chance; and it might so have happened, if things were to begin again, that the junto and their

adherents would have found it their advantage to be obedient subjects, faithful servants, and good churchmen. However, since these parts happen to be acted by another set of men, I am not very speculative to inquire into the motives; but, having no ambition at heart to mislead me, I naturally side with those who proceed most by the maxims wherein I was educated. There was something like this in the quarrel between Cæsar and Pompey: Cato and Brutus were the two most virtuous men in Rome; the former did not much approve the intentions of the heads on either side; and the latter, by inclination, was more a friend to Cæsar: but, because the senate and people generally followed Pompey, and as Cæsar's party was only made up of the troops with which he conquered Gaul, with the addition of some profligate deserters from Rome, those two excellent men, who thought it base to stand neuter where the liberties of their country was at stake, joined heartily on that side which undertook to preserve the laws and constitution, against the usurpations of a victorious general, whose ambition was bent to overthrow them.

I cannot dismiss your lordship without a remark or two upon the bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into the grants since 1688, which was lately thrown out of your house, for no other reason than the hopes of putting the ministry to a plunge. It was universally known, that the lord treasurer had prevailed to wave the tack in the house of commons, and promised his endeavours to make the bill pass by itself in the house of lords. I could name at least five or six of your noble friends, who, if left

to the guidance of their own opinion, would heartily concur to an entire resumption of those grants; others assure me they could name a dozen: yet, upon the hope of weakening the court, perplexing the ministry, and shaking the lord treasurer's credit in the house of commons, you went on so unanimously, that I do not hear there was one single negative in your whole list, nor above one whig lord guilty of a suspicious absence, who, being much in your lordship's circumstances, of a great patrimonial estate, and under no obligations to either side, did not think himself bound to forward a point, driven on merely to make the crown uneasy at this juncture, while it no way affected his principles as a whig, and which I am told was directly against his private judgment. How he has since been treated as an apostate and betrayer of his friends, by some of the leaders and their deputies among you, I hope your lordship is ashamed to reflect on: nor do I take such open and sudden declarations to be very wise, unless you already despair of his return, which, I think, after such usage, you justly may. For the rest, I doubt, your lordship's friends have missed every end they proposed to themselves in rejecting that bill. My lord treasurer's credit is not any way lessened in the house of commons. In your own house, you have been very far from making a division among the queen's friends; as appeared manifestly a few days ago, when you lost your vote by so great a majority, and disappointed those who had been encouraged to hire places, upon certain expectations of seeing a parade to the Tower *. Lastly, it may probably happen,

* "We got a great victory last Wednesday [May 28], in the "house

happen, that those who opposed an inquisition into the grants will be found to have hardly done any very great service to the present possessors. To charge those grants with six years purchase to the publick, and then to confirm the title by parliament, would, in effect, be no real loss to the owners, because, by such a confirmation, they would rise in value proportionably, and differ as much as the best title can from the worst. The adverse party knew very well, that nothing beyond this was intended; but they cannot be sure what may be the event of a second inspection, which the resentment of the house of commons will probably render more severe, and which you will never be able to avert when your number lessens, as it certainly must; and when the expedient is put in practice, without a tack, of making those grants part of a supply. From whence it is plain, that the zeal against that bill arose, in a great measure, from some other cause, than a tenderness to those who were to suffer by it.

I shall conclude, my lord, with putting you in mind, that you are a subject of the queen, a peer of the realm, and a servant of your country; and, in any of these capacities, you are not to consider what

" house of lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and " the whigs had desired their friends to take places, to see lord " treasurer carried to the Tower." Journal to Stella, May 31, 1712.—The motion was, " To address her majesty, that she " would be pleased to send orders to her general [the duke of " Ormond] to act, in concert with her allies, offensively against " France, in order to obtain a safe and honourable peace." This passing in the negative, a protest was entered, and signed by twenty-seven lords; but the reasons for it were ordered to be expunged from the journals on the 13th of June following.

you

you dislike in the persons of those who are in the administration, but the manner of conducting themselves while they are in: and then I do not despair but your own good sense will fully convince you, that the prerogative of your prince, without which her government cannot subsist; the honour of your house, which has been always the great asserter of that prerogative; and the welfare of your country, are too precious to be made a sacrifice to the malice, the interest, and the ambition, of a few party leaders.

A SUPPOSED LETTER FROM THE PRETENDER TO A WHIG LORD *.

ST. GERMAINS,

MY LORD WHARTON, JULY 8, 1712.

I THANK you heartily for your letter; and you may be firmly assured of my friendship. In answer to what you hint that some of our friends suspect; I protest to you, upon the word of a king, and my lord Middleton † will be my witness that I never

* Published with an intent to throw the odium of a design to bring in the pretender, on the whigs.

† Charles Middleton, the second earl of that title, and baron Clairmont, was secretary of state for Scotland from the year 1684 to the revolution; when he followed king James into France, and was attainted by the Scots parliament in 1695.

held the least correspondence with any one person of the tory party. I observe, as near as I can, the instructions of the king my father; among whose papers there is not one letter, as I remember, from any tory, except two lords and a lady, who, as you know, have been for some years past devoted to me and the whigs. I approve of the scheme you sent me, signed by our friends. I do not find 24's name to it: perhaps he may be sick, or in the country. Middleton will be satisfied to be groom of the stole; and if you have Ireland, 11 may have the staff, provided 15 resigns his pretensions; in which case, he shall have six thousand pounds a year for life, and a dukedom. I am content 13 should be secretary and a lord; and I will pay his debts when I am able.

I confess, I am sorry your general pardon has so many exceptions; but you and my other friends are judges of that. It was with great difficulty I prevailed on the queen to let me sign the commission for life, though her majesty is entirely reconciled. If 2 will accept the privy seal, which you tell me is what would please him, the salary should be doubled: I am obliged to his good intentions, how ill soever they may have succeeded. All other parts of your plan I entirely agree with; only as to the party that opposes us, your proposal about Z may bring an odium upon my government: he stands the first excepted; and we shall have enough against him in a legal way. I wish you would allow me twelve more domesticks of my own religion; and I will give you what security you please, not to hinder any designs you have, of altering the present

present established worship. Since I have so few employments left me to dispose of, and that most of our friends are to hold theirs for life; I hope you will all be satisfied with so great a share of power. I bid you heartily farewell; and am your assured friend.

A PRETENDED

LETTER OF THANKS

FROM

LORD WHARTON

TO THE

LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH,

IN THE NAME OF

THE KITCAT CLUB.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

REMARKS ON THE BISHOP'S PREFACE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1712.

" Do you know that Grub street is dead and gone last week? " No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it " close the last fortnight, and published at least seven papers * of " my own, beside some of other people's; but now every single " half sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The Observator is " fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flyingpost; " the Examiner is deadly sick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles " its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen " the red stamp the papers are marked with? methinks the stamp- " ing is worth a halfpenny."

Journal to Stella, Aug. 7, 1712.

* One of these was probably the pamphlet here reprinted.

A

LETTER

TO

THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH *.

MY LORD,

IT was with no little satisfaction I undertook the pleasing task, assigned me by the gentlemen of the Kitcat club †, of addressing your lordship with thanks for your late service so seasonably done to our sinking cause, in reprinting those most excellent

* Dr. William Fleetwood.

† This club, which consisted of the most distinguished wits and statesmen among the whigs, was remarkable for the strictest zeal toward the house of Hanover. They met at a little house in Shire lane, and took their title from the real name of a pastrycook who excelled in making mutton pies, which were regularly a part of their entertainment. The portraits of this society, drawn by sir Godfrey Kneller, were all at Barnes, in the possession of the late Mr. Jacob Tonson, whose father was a member. Sir Godfrey's own portrait is among them, of a smaller size than the others. From these portraits, " Kitcat" became a technical term in painting.—Dr. King, who was undoubtedly a first rate writer *de re culinaria*, has pointed out the merits of their proveditor, in his admirable Art of Cookery,

" Immortal made as Kitcat by his Pies!"

discourses,

discourses, which you had formerly preached with so great applause, though they were never heard of by us till they were recommended to our perusal by the Spectator, who some time since, in one of his papers *, entertained the town with a paragraph out of the Postboy, and your lordship's extraordinary preface.

The world will perhaps be surprised, that gentlemen of our complexion, who have so long been piously employed in overturning the foundations of religion and government, should now stoop to the puny amusement of reading and commending sermons. But your lordship can work miracles, as well as write on them; and I dare assure your lordship and the world, that there is not an atheist in the whole kingdom (and we are no inconsiderable party) but will readily subscribe to the principles so zealously advanced and so learnedly maintained in those discourses.

I cannot but observe with infinite delight, that the reasons your lordship gives for reprinting those immortal pieces are urged with that strength and force which is peculiar to your lordship's writings, and is such as all who have any regard for truth, or relish for good writing, must admire, though none can sufficiently commend.

In a word, the preface is equal to the sermons: less than that ought not, and more cannot, be said of it. In this you play the part of a prophet, with the same address as that of a preacher in those; and,

* The Spectator, No. 384, May 21, 1712. The preface was severely reprehended by the Examiner, No. 26, May 29; and more humourously in the remarks annexed to this letter.

in a strain no ways inferiour to Jeremiah, or any of those old pretenders to inspiration, sagely foretel those impending miseries which seem to threaten these nations, by the introduction of popery and arbitrary power. This a man of less penetration than your lordship, without a spirit of divination, or going to the devil for the discovery, may justly, "fear and "presage, from the natural tendency of several "principles and practices which have of late been so "studiously revived." I know your lordship means those long since exploded doctrines of obedience, and submission to princes, which were only calculated to make "a free and happy people slaves and "miserable." Who but asses, and packhorses, and beasts of burden, can entertain such servile notions? What! shall the lives and liberties of a freeborn nation be sacrificed to the pride and ambition, the humour and caprice of any one single person? Kings and princes are the creatures of the people, meer state pageants, more for show than use; and shall we fall down and worship those idols, those golden calves of our own setting up? No, never, as long as I can hold a sword, or your lordship a pen.

It was suitable to that admirable foresight, which is so conspicuous in every part of your lordship's conduct, to take this effectual method of delivering yourself "from the reproaches and curses of poste-"rity, by publickly declaring to all the world, that "though, in the constant course of your ministry, "you have never failed, on proper occasions, to re-"commend the loving, honouring, and reverencing "the prince's person," so as never to break his royal shins, nor tread upon his heels; yet you never intended men should pay any submission or obedience

to

to him any longer than he acted according to the will and pleasure of his people. This, you say, is the opinion of Christ, St. Peter, and St. Paul: and, faith, I am glad to hear it; for I never thought that they had been whigs before. But, since your lordship has thus taught them to declare for rebellion, you may easily persuade them to do as much for prophaneness and immorality; and then they, together with your lordship, shall be enrolled members of our club. Your lordship, a little after, (I suppose, to strengthen the testimony of the aforementioned authors) takes care to tell us, that "this "always was, and still is, your own judgment in "these matters." You need not fear we should suspect your constancy and perseverance; for my lord Somers, that great genius, who is the life and soul, the head and heart, of our party, has long since observed, that we have never been disappointed in any of our whig bishops; but they have always unalterably acted up, or, to speak properly, down to their principles.

It is impossible for me, my lord, in this short address, to do justice to every part of your incomparable preface: nor need I run riot in encomium and panegyrick, since you can perform that part so much better for yourself; for you only give those praises, which you only can deserve; as you have formerly proved in the dedication of your "Essay upon "Miracles *," to Dr. Godolphin †, where you declare your work to be the most perfect of any upon that subject, in order to pay a very uncommon com-

* Which was first published in 1701.

† Vice provost of Eaton, and residentiary of St. Paul's.

pliment

pliment to your patron, by telling him you had prevailed with your modesty to say so much of your performance, because you would not be thought to make so ill a compliment to him, as to present him with what you had not a great esteem for yourself.

Though I cannot go through the whole preface, yet I think myself obliged in gratitude to thank your lordship in a more particular manner for the last part of it, where you display the glories of the whig ministry in such strong and lasting colours, as must needs cheer and refresh the sight of all whig spectators, and dazzle the eyes of the tories. Here your lordship rises, if possible, above yourself. Never was such strength of thought, such beauty of expression, so happily joined together. Heavens! such force, such energy, in each pregnant word! such fire, such fervour, in each glowing line! One would think your lordship was animated with the same spirit with which our hero fought. Who can read, unmoved, these following strokes of oratory? "Such "was the fame, such was the reputation, such was "the faithfulness and zeal, to such a height of mili- "tary glory, such was the harmony and consent, "such was the blessing of God," &c. O! the irresistible charm of the word such! Well, since Erasmus wrote a treatise in praise of Folly *; and my lord Rochester an excellent poem upon Nothing, I am resolved to employ the Spectator, or some of his

* The "*Moriæ Encomium*" Erasmus wrote, within the compass of a week, at the house of his friend More, with whom he lodged on his arrival in England. A copy of it was sent to France, and printed there with abundance of faults; yet it took so well, that in a few months it went through seven editions.

fraternity (dealers in words), to write an encomium upon Such. But, whatever changes our language may undergo (and every thing that is English is given to change), this happy word is sure to live in your immortal preface. Your lordship does not end yet; but, to crown all, has another such in reserve, where you tell the world, "We were just entering on the "ways that lead to such a peace as would have "answered all our prayers," &c. Now, perhaps, some snarling tory might impertinently inquire, when we might have expected such a peace? I answer, when the Dutch could get nothing by the war, nor we whigs lose any thing by a peace; or, to speak in plain terms (for every one knows I am a free speaker as well as a freethinker), when we had exhausted all the nation's treasure (which every body knows could not have been long first), and so far enriched ourselves, and beggared our fellow subjects, as to bring them under a necessity of submitting to what conditions we should think fit to impose; and this too we should have effected, if we had continued in power. But, alas! just in that critical juncture, when (as we thought) our designs were ripe for execution, the scene changed: "God, for our sins," as your lordship wisely observes, "permitted the "spirit of discord" (that is, the doctrine of obedience and submission to princes) "to go forth, and, by "troubling the camp, the city, and the country "(and O that it had spared the places sacred to his "worship!) to spoil, for a time, this beautiful and "pleasing prospect, and give us in its stead, I know "not what ....." O exquisite! how pathetically does your lordship complain of the downfall of whiggism,

whiggism, and Daniel Burgess's meeting house * ! The generous compassion your lordship has shown upon this tragical occasion makes me believe your lordship will not be unaffected with an accident that had like to have befallen a poor whore of my acquaintance about that time, who, being big with whig, was so alarmed at the rising of the mob, that she had like to have miscarried upon it; for the logical jade presently concluded (and the inference was natural enough) that, if they began with pulling down meeting houses, it might end in demolishing those houses of pleasure where she constantly paid her devotion; and, indeed, there seems a close connexion between extempore prayer and extempore love. I doubt not, if this disaster had reached your lordship before, you would have found some room in that moving parenthesis, to have expressed your concern for it.

I come now to that last stroke of your lordship's almighty pen; I mean that expressive dash . . . . . which you give when you come to the new ministry, where you break off with an artful aposiopesis, and, by refusing to say any thing of them yourself, leave your readers to think the worst they possibly can. Here your lordship shows yourself a most consum-

* The mob that attended Dr. Sacheverell to his trial attacked Mr. Burgess's meeting house, Feb. 28, 1709-10; and, having pulled down the pulpit, pews, &c. made a bonfire of them in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and would have thrown the preacher in, if they had found him. A proclamation was issued, March 2, offering a reward of a hundred pounds, for apprehending any of the rioters. It appears that the only two who were discovered (whose names were Damaree and Purchase) were unhappy ignorant whigs, who did not even know which party their conduct was assisting: they both received the queen's pardon.

mate orator, when even your very silence is thus eloquent.

Before I take my leave, I cannot but congratulate your lordship upon that distinguishing mark of honour which the house of commons has done your preface, by ordering it to be burnt*. This will add a never failing lustre to your character, when future ages shall read, how a few pages of your lordship's could alarm the representative body of the nation. I know your lordship had rather live in a blaze, than lie buried in obscurity; and would at any rate purchase immortality, though it be in flames. Fire, being a mounting element, is a proper emblem of your lordship's aspiring genius.

I shall detain your lordship no longer; but, according to your example, conclude with a short prayer (though praying, I confess, is not my talent)—May you never want opportunities of thus signalizing yourself; but be "transmitted to posterity," under the character of one who dares sacrifice every thing that is most dear to you (even your own darling labours) to promote the interest of our party; and stand sainted in the whig calendar, as a martyr for the cause! This is the sincere wish of the greatest (next yourself) of your lordship's admirers, WHARTON.

* This was performed May 12, 1712. See an admirable letter on that occasion to bishop Burnet, June 17, 1712, in the preface to bishop Fleetwood's works.—The vote was carried in the house by a majority of 119, against 54; among the dissenting voices, were sir Peter King, sir Joseph Jekyll, Mr. Lechmere, and others of the long robe. "The complaint" (says the bishop) "was made "by Hungerford, and seconded by Manley (people that indeed "should have been ordered to have burnt it), and thirded by what "we call the court; and carried by numbers, without a wise word "said against it."—The dean's "Remarks on the Bishop's Preface," formerly printed at the end of this tract, will be found in vol. XVI. p. 339.

A MODEST

A

MODEST INQUIRY

INTO THE

REASONS OF THE JOY

EXPRESSED BY

A CERTAIN SET OF PEOPLE,

UPON THE

SPREADING OF A REPORT

OF

HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

FIRST PUBLISHED, FEB: 4, 1713-14.

This tract was written by Mrs. Manley, with the assistance of Dr. Swift *.

* On the 24th of December, 1713, the queen was taken with an ague, of which her majesty had two fits. It was immediately reported "that "a dangerous illness had seized the queen at Windsor; and that, during "the consternation under it, the lord treasurer who had held no correspond-"ence with Lambeth for above two years, wrote a letter to the archbishop, "giving an account of the dubious state of her majesty's health, and pro-"mising farther information as occasion should require; and that his "grace returned an answer in writing, expressing his affection and duty to "the queen, and his prayers for her full and perfect recovery, and his hopes "that she might be soon able to return to London, for the better satisfac-"tion of the minds of the people." See "The Wisdom of looking back-"ward, 1715," p. 326.—The Examiner, on the 8th of January following, took up the matter in a jocular manner, by way of laughing at the whigs; and heavily incensed that party, as appears by Abel Boyer's account of it in the Political State.

A MODERT

A

MODEST INQUIRY, ETC.

THAT this inquiry is made by a private person, and not by her majesty's attorney general; and that such notorious offenders have met only with an expostulation, instead of an indictment; will at once be an everlasting proof of the lenity of the government, and of the unprovoked and groundless barbarity of such a proceeding. Amid the pious intercessions of her majesty's dutiful subjects at the throne of grace, for her health and recovery; that others of them should receive the news of her death with joy, and spread it with industry, will hardly appear probable to any, except to those who have been witnesses of such vile practices, not only in her majesty's capital city, but in several other places of the kingdom; not only near Charing cross, but at some other market crosses: that their passion on such an occasion should prove too unruly even for the caution demanded in the belief of news still uncertain, for the severity of the laws, and for the common decency that is due to the fall even of the greatest enemy: that not only those who were sharers of the common blessings of her mild government, but such as had been warmed by its kinder influences; not only those

who owed their honour, their riches, and other superfluities, but even the necessaries of life to her bounty; such as ate her bread, wore her raiment, and were protected under the shelter of her roof; should not be able for a moment to stifle their eager and impatient ingratitude: that this behaviour should not only appear in those vile and detestable places which are dedicated to faction and disorder; but that it should infect her majesty's palaces and chapels (where the accustomed devotion for her health and prosperity was derided): these, I say, are facts that might demand a full proof, could I not appeal to their own consciences, and the uncontestable evidence of credible persons.

I will, for once, suppose some foreigner, unacquainted with our temper and affairs, to be disturbed in his walks by some of the revels at Charing cross upon this occasion, or by chance to stumble into a neighbouring coffeehouse: would not his curiosity prompt him to address himself to the company, after the following manner?

"Gentlemen, Though I am no Englishman, I "rejoice as much at the fall of a tyrant as any of "you. Surely this queen Anne exceeded both "Nero and Caligula in acts of cruelty. May I beg "you to relate to me some particulars? As for you, "gentlemen, who express such unusual joy, no "doubt but there are at this time multitudes of your "relations and friends in prison; who were to be "executed the next day, if this lucky accident had "not prevented it."

Give me leave to imagine some poor disconsolate honest gentleman, at the same time, accidentally among them, thus answering this foreigner: "Alas!

"sir,

" sir, this good queen, whom they now report to
" be dead, during a reign of twelve years, never
" shed one drop of blood for any misdemeanours
" against herself."

For. Well, sir, allowing what you have said to be true; may not the late administration have been rendered merciful by the indulgence of those entrusted with the execution of the laws; and yet, the queen, of whom we are speaking, have been in her own nature a wicked and cruel person?

Gent. Alas! sir, quite the contrary; this excellent queen was the greatest pattern of all princely and christian virtues that ever adorned a throne; just, patient, firm, devout, charitable, affable, compassionate, the sincerest friend, the kindest mistress, the best wife!

For. Perhaps she was of a different religion; inclined to popery, which has been for many years held in the utmost detestation in this country.

Gent. Sir, this pious princess, as she was early educated in the religion of her country; so, amid a court corrupted both in principles and manners, she gave constant proofs of her unshaken perseverance in it; and, by her unblemished life, proved as great an ornament to the church of which she was a member, as she was a steady professor of its doctrine, and constant frequenter of its devotions. To the protestant religion she sacrificed her most tender interests. Where is that boasted patriot, who acted a more generous part for the good of his country in the most perilous times? And, since Providence set the crown upon her head, in what single instance has she departed from those maxims?

For. I confess, then, I am at a loss to find out the cause of so great an exultation for the death of

so

so excellent a princess: but it has sometimes happened, by the connivance of good monarchs, that their people have been oppressed; and that perhaps might be your case in the late reign.

Gent. So much otherwise, that no annals can produce a reign freer from oppression. Our gracious queen "never accepted the persons of the "wicked, nor overthrew the righteous in judgment. "Whose ox or whose ass did she take? She was al-"ways ready to relieve, but never to oppress, the "poor, the fatherless, and the afflicted. Her heart "was not lifted up above her brethren; nor did she "turn aside from the commandment, to the right or "to the left." Her compassionate mind pitied even those countries which suffered by the power of her victorious arms. Where are the least effects of the pride and cruelty of queen Anne to be discovered? So impossible is it to brand her government with any instance of severity, that perhaps it may be more justly censured for excess of clemency; a clemency, the continuance whereof had once brought her into the utmost distress, till that tender regard, which she had always shown for the liberties of her subjects, taught them in return to struggle as hard for the liberty of their sovereign; even for that common right of all mankind, the liberty of choosing her own servants.

For. Give me leave to make another supposition. Princes sometimes turn liberality into profusion, squander their treasure, and empoverish their people. May nothing of this kind be laid to the charge of the deceased queen?

Gent. You cannot but have heard, that, when she came to the crown, she found a dangerous war prepared for her, in which it pleased God to bless her

her with unexpected success. When the purposes seemed to be answered for which it was undertaken, she thought fit to stop the vital streams of the blood and treasure of her people, and to put a period to a war, that now served only to gratify the covetousness or ambition of those she was confederated with, as well as the vast designs of a faction at home; and, with peace, to endeavour to settle such a commerce as might in some measure reimburse her subjects of the vast treasure they had expended. Alas! here is her crime: touching those points she "is now "called in question" by those gentlemen. As for her own expenses, I wish they had reached as far as the necessaries and conveniences of life, which, some can testify, she has often denied herself, that she might have to give to those who were in want. If ever her liberality exceeded its just bounds, it was to a set of men who would now use the riches they enjoy by her bounty, to insult her. Devotion and business were all the pleasures of her life: when she had any relaxation from the latter, it was only by some painful attack of the gout. The cares of government, no doubt, had prejudiced her constitution: but monsters sure are they, that can rejoice for the loss of a life worn out in their own service. I hope you will have the goodness to believe there are but few of us who deserve this infamous character. The bulk of her subjects, and many good christians besides in other parts of the world, are, no doubt, daily offering up their ardent prayers and vows for the preservation of so precious a life.

For. From what you have said, I readily condemn the unseasonable joy of those gentlemen: but mankind are governed by their interests. You Englishmen

lishmen seldom disguise your passions. A monarch may have a thousand good qualities; but particular men, who do not feel the benign influence of them, may be tempted, perhaps, to wish for a change.

Gent. Give me leave to whisper you: That man of quality, whom you see in such an ecstacy, enjoys by her majesty's bounty one of the most advantageous places of the kingdom.—That other gentleman's coach, that stands there at the door, was bought with her majesty's money.—The laced coat, the hat and feather, that officer wears, were purchased with her pay; and you see her arms on his gorget.—This noble person's relations have been brought from the lowest degree of gentlemen, and surfeited with riches and honours, by her majesty: so that she may truly complain; "She has nourished and brought up "children, but they have rebelled against her."

For. Truly, sir, I am amazed at what you say; and yet there appears so much candour and confidence in your assertions, that I can hardly suspect the truth of them. I have travelled through many a desolate country, and heard the groans of many an afflicted people, who would have thought themselves blessed, if the united virtues of this lady had been parcelled out among all their governors. Those virtues of princes that most dazzle the eyes of mankind, are often dearly paid for by their people, who are forced to purchase them a place in the annals of fame at the dear price of their blood and treasure: and I believe they would seldom find fault with them for being peaceably inclined. I am a stranger; and, in such a disorderly night as this, may meet with some affront: so must bid you farewell; hoping you will find this melancholy news contradicted.

I may

I may appeal to any impartial reader, whether there is any thing forced or unnatural in this dialogue; and then desire him to pass his judgment upon the proceedings of those who rejoiced at her death. But to return to my inquiry.

The circumstances of queen Elizabeth much resemble those of her present majesty; with this difference, that queen Elizabeth was forced upon many great and remarkable pieces of severity, from which it has pleased God to free her present majesty; I hope, as a particular blessing upon her reign, and indulgence to her merciful temper. Though there were many factions at that time, both of the papists and puritans, to neither of which she gave much quarter, so that her very life was often conspired against by many sets of villains among the papists; though she had no posterity to revenge her quarrels, but, on the contrary, her ministry had most reason to be afraid of the vengeance of the successor; yet she carried the respect and duty of her subjects with her even to the grave. By the wise and close management of her ministry, her being sick of the smallpox at Hampton Court was concealed from the people till she was almost well. Had they known it, it would have been the constant subject of their devotions, as every little disorder of hers was. Whether from the fear of punishment, a regard to decency, love to their country, or the sense of their duty and allegiance, which were not extinguished in those days; none of those multitudes, which had suffered great hardships, durst mutter, or ever dreamed of showing the least malice or insolence to her, even in her old age, and the very last scene of her life: and yet she was a true friend to

peace,

peace, it being her constant maxim, "That it was "more glorious to prevent a war by wisdom, than "to finish it by victories." When she had a mind to break off in the middle of a successful war, in which she was engaged against a more formidable power, and a more hopeful candidate for universal monarchy, than any that has since appeared; a war that was managed without the help of destructive funds, and large issues of English treasures to foreign states; a war that was carried on with the proper force of the nation, viz. their fleets, and rather served to bring in great quantities of bullion, than to carry it out: I say, when she had a mind to make peace, I do not hear that every little retailer of politicks presumed to tell her, that it was not yet time to lay down her arms; that Spain was not yet sufficiently reduced; that the balance of Europe was not perfectly settled. Indeed, her captain general for that war seemed to reason at the council board with too much warmth for the continuance of it; but I do not hear that her lord treasurer was disgraced for advertising him at that time, "that the blood-"thirsty man should not live half his days;" a prophecy but too truly verified. When she resolved to bring down the haughty spirit of that great man, I do not read that many people soothed him in his ambitious projects; except his flatterers, Blunt and Cuffe, to whom he spoke these remarkable words upon the scaffold, "Ask pardon of God and the "queen; for you were the persons that chiefly pro-"voked me to this disloyalty." And happy had it been for him, had he hearkened to the lord keeper, who advised him to submit to the queen his sovereign, and to remember that passage of Seneca:

"If

" If the law punish one who is guilty, he must sub-
" mit to justice; if one who is innocent, he must
" submit to fortune."

I do not find one single address from either House of Parliament, advising queen Elizabeth to vest her captain general in the Low Countries with more power. On the contrary, it is recorded to her lasting honour, That she wrote to him, " to allay his aspi-
" rings; that she admired how a man whom she had
" raised out of the dust should so contemptuously
" violate her commands;" desiring the States to devest him of that absolute authority, to which she had set such bounds as he should not pass.

When this prudent queen had demanded and obtained from the Dutch the town of Flushing, castle of Ramekins, and the isle of Brill, to be surrendered to her as cautionary for repayment of the sums she might expend in their service; I do not find any Englishman at that time pleading the cause of the distressed provinces (which then indeed was allowed to be a proper style), complaining of the narrowness of their frontier, and remonstrating against this as a hard bargain: nor do I remember that her successor was thanked by the nation for giving up those cautionary towns, which she thought as safe in her own hands as in those of the best of her allies*.

This excellent queen was sometimes, indeed, attacked with pamphlets; particularly by one, entitled " The Gulf wherein England will be swallowed by
" the French Marriage:" for which, Stubs† and

Page

* This transaction is related very circumstantially in Howell's Letters, p. 32.

† John Stubs, of Lincoln's Inn, gent., a most rigid puritan, author of " A Discovery of a gaping Gulf for England by
" another

Page (the one the author, the other the disperser) lost each their right hand. And, to show that men in those days had both a sense of their duty and their guilt; when Stubs had his right hand cut off, he immediately uncovered his head with the other, and cryed, "God save the queen!" I never read that, during the time of the execution, they were protected by a mob of chimneysweepers hired by their partisans.

What cause shall we then assign of this tumultuous and excessive joy of the party: their industry to spread, and their eagerness to believe, what they so much wished? Were all the glories and blessings of queen Anne's reign so soon to be forgotten? Were their protestations of loyalty and affection nothing else but petitions for preferment? or did they proceed only from the fear of Newgate and Tyburn? Might not all her cares and labours that (in her circumstances) could have no other end but the welfare of her people, have deserved one pitying tear? Could not even (allowing their own supposition) her mistaken zeal for restoring the peace and commerce of her subjects, her tenderness to their exhausted purses, and her care to transmit their liberties safe to posterity, plead for one relenting thought? Might not some regard have been paid to her personal virtues, and to the rare example she has left behind her, of the constant practice of all christian duties amid the grandeur and temptations of a court? No! All these things, it seems, were to be the subject of mirth,

"another French Marriage, if the Lord forbid not the Banns, by "letting her Majesty Queen Elizabeth see the Sin, &c. thereof;" printed 1579, 8vo. See Cambden's Annals of Queen Elizabeth, under the year 1581. Wood says, that Thomas Cartwright, the Coryphæus of the puritans of his time, was supposed to have been concerned in writing this pamphlet.

ridicule,

ridicule, and of the songs of drunkards; and the death of the noble, the pious, the fortunate queen Anne, our countrywoman, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, was to be celebrated as a festival of joy!

And is the death then of this excellent princess become so absolutely necessary at this time for the welfare of her people? I should rather imagine, even allowing their fears and jealousies to be well founded, that some degrees of prudence, temper, and tenderness for their fellow-subjects, might induce them to reason after the following manner.

"That it is good to put an evil day far off; "that none can be more terrible than that which "brings confusion, disorder, and perhaps a civil "war; that Providence may find a way to disappoint "our fears. It is possible the spirit of faction may "abate, and that even these formidable enemies "of the succession may vanish, or return to a "sense of their duty and danger: that France "may fall under the government of a minor, and "have business enough at home: nay, it is "possible, the pretender himself may die before "her present majesty: and, considering the change-"able condition of British affairs, it is not improbable "that the whigs may recover their credit both "at court and in the country; and then to be sure "all things must go well. Nay, who can tell "but that the successors may think it their interest "to be kings of Britain, rather than kings of the "whigs?" All or any one of those things are fully as probable as that the queen, lords, and commons, should agree to alter the present establishment; and much more so than that her present majesty should

devest herself of her crown and dignity in favour of a popish successor. Let her live then; and let us still hope, that Providence, which has honoured her to be the instrument of great blessings as well to Europe as her own people, may continue to do so still. How short and obscure are the views of mankind, when they look into futurity! We are at least as often obliged to Providence for denying, as for granting, what we most earnestly desire. Out of respect to my country, I would fain believe the number of such miscreants to be but few. What would all the rest of the world think of us else? Would not they look upon us as the most ungrateful, factious, fickle race of mortals under the sun? Histories are full of the dismal effects of the government of tyrannical princes, and of their fatal ends; and they are justly set up as beacons, to warn others of the same rank from the rocks and shelves whereon they have split. But are there no memoirs of the undutifulness of subjects, and the fatal consequences of their factious and ungovernable tempers? I am afraid, the general current of history will inform us, that tyrannical princes have been more punctually obeyed than the good and the merciful. Princes read history, as well as subjects. They are quick sighted enough to make inferences to justify, what they are but too much inclined to, the undue exercise of their power. "Is it not plain," say they, "that monarchs too often suffer by their indulgence? "that the rigorous exercise of power is the only "foundation of obedience? To what purpose then "is it to court the fallacious breath of the changeable "multitude?" I am afraid too many of them reason after this manner; and that the tyranny of bad princes

princes is often founded upon the misbehaviour of subjects to good ones. Let such, therefore, consider what misery their factious and disobedient temper may bring upon their posterity, not only from the direct influence and tendency of it, but also by the appointment of divine Providence.

For shame, then, let us not verify the description which the ambassador made of us; who, being desired by his master to give a character of the English nation, as a full answer to his demand, presented him with a medal; on the one side of which the English monarch was pictured as a lion, and all his people about him like lambs; and, on the reverse, the monarch like a lamb, and all the people like lions*.

Let us proceed now to guess at the source of this unseasonable exultation. I begin with the common cant of the whole party, the fear of a popish successor and popery. The loss of the duke of Gloucester, and the want of hopes of posterity from her present majesty, are misfortunes never enough to be lamented: but is it not a very ungenerous way of proceeding, instead of comforting and supporting their prince under this calamity, to insult and despise her for it? to multiply their affronts and indignities, because she wants posterity, who might possibly revenge them? May such ignoble and base sentiments be far from the thoughts of every truehearted Briton! and may He, who has commanded us "not to add affliction to the "afflicted," never avenge such inhuman and unjust dealings! But still I am to seek how the fear of a popish successor should operate in joy for the death

* We do not recollect to what ambassador this story is applicable.

of a protestant possessor! This appears no less unaccountable than other parts of their system of politicks; a short view of which seems to be this:

That the protestant succession is in the utmost danger.

That, in order to strengthen it, a bad understanding must be kept up between the successor and her present majesty, the ministry, and all who are vested with power and authority in the nation.

For this end, the successor must be persuaded that those are his mortal enemies; and the ministry, on the other hand, must be told, that he is coming to hang them all up.

That they hope the ministry are firm friends to the pretender; that they ought to be so, having no other game to play; and that they should be sorry to find them otherwise inclined.

That, at this moment, the queen is expiring; and the guards gone down as far as Dover to meet the pretender. Now rejoice, all truehearted whigs, at the happy prospect of the glorious scene that discloses itself for Great Britain!

From these premises, I think, it will be very hard for the most sagacious man alive to infer, which of three things is most in favour with these gentlemen who are so transported; viz. whether the protestant successor, the pretender, or confusion? I think so far is plain, that either their suspicion of the danger of the protestant succession is counterfeit, or that they are for one of the other. And indeed what can one gather from their mad and extravagant discourse, but that it is all grimace? "Popery is breaking in "like a torrent. Mass will be quickly said in "churches. Clergymen's wives are taking their

"last

"last leave of their husbands," &c. Good God! that ever I should live to see the protestant cause abandoned by a queen (who has sacrificed for the sake of it what was perhaps dearer than her life,) by the nobility, clergy, and gentry, of the nation; and the sole defence of it left to Ridpath, Dick Steele, and their associates, with the apostles of Young Man's coffeehouse! Before I leave this head, I would desire these gentlemen, who are constantly making such malicious insinuations against men of honour and probity, to remember, the oath of abjuration (what they so often quote, and what every honest man will keep) contains faith and true allegiance to their present sovereign, in as strong terms as the renunciation of the pretender; and that he, who violates the first part of the oath, gives but a small security for his observation of the latter, unless they think that which was last swallowed must be always uppermost.

Another cause of their joy upon the spreading of this false news is, their discontent at the peace. And in this indeed the queen has reason to rejoice, that has no enemies but such as are enemies to peace. But is not the hopes of a new war an admirable subject for joy, a most endearing token of their love to the successor, and one of their new methods of keeping up his interest, to represent him to the people as bringing over war in his train? It is foreign to my present purpose to enter into a full discussion of this subject: but the quarrelling with the peace, because it is not exactly to our mind, seems as if one that had put out a great fire should be sued by the neighbourhood for some lost goods, or damaged houses; which happened, say they, by his making

too much haste. Let me advise them in general, not to disrelish blessings because they may want some ingredients, which their extravagant and sickly appetites seem to demand; to leave some part of the government of the world to its Maker, and not to believe that he is confined to the narrow maxims of every whimsical politician; not to think it impossible, that the same powers that have restored the balance of Europe, in opposition to so great a force, are able to preserve it; and that we have no reason to be in such mighty dread of a nation now impoverished and dispirited (and probably in the eve of a long minority, with all the confusion that attends it,) whom we have humbled in all its pomp and glory.

May I presume to descend from those high topicks, and to suppose that the sublime and publick spirit of these patriots may have a little alloy of a baser passion; and that self-interest had some share in this extraordinary festival? Far be it from me to deny them the due use of so humane a passion! Let the hopes of seeing better days produce a secret satisfaction: but may they not be so affected, without being brutal and barbarous? They might have enjoyed the pleasant prospect of the approaching favours of the new monarch, without insulting the ashes of the dead. May that reign be glorious and happy! But I shall always believe, that insulting the memory of her present majesty will be understood as an ill compliment to her successor. The fatal event of her death, it is true, put an end to their allegiance; but not to the obligations to decency and gratitude. I have heard that allegiance and protection are reciprocal; but never that allegiance

and

and preferment were so. If this principle be admitted, we need go no farther for the list of her majesty's good subjects, than Chamberlayne's "Present State of Britain." But even in this particular the rejoicing party have of all mankind the least reason to complain, whose present insolence and pride are the creatures of her majesty's bounty and indulgence; who have no other grievance, that I know of, than, when they have "taken our cloak, "that we will not give them our coat also." And even under this ministry, the opposite party, who are loud in their complaints and reviling against it, may appear, upon a right computation, to have their quota of all the offices of the kingdom. Let them for once show their modesty, and not grudge the nation the little that is left; and since they have so great a share in possession, and think themselves sure of all in reversion, suffer the poor tories to hold their part during the period of the queen's life.

There remains still another cause, which I am afraid operates as strongly as any of those already mentioned: it is a common observation, that the offended party often forgives; but the offending party seldom. It is one of the corrupt sentiments of the heart of man, to hate one the more for having used them ill; and to wish those out of the way, who, we believe, ought in justice to revenge the injuries we have done them. I leave the application to themselves.

Thus, I think, I have briefly enumerated the causes of their joy; viz.

A prospect of a new foreign war.

A fair chance for a civil war.

The expectation of the monopoly of the government.

The hopes of having the tories all hanged: and,

Their consciousnes that they ought to be so themselves.

At the same time, far be it from me to charge all who are called by the name of whigs with such villanous inclinations and designs; among whom, I know, there are many worthy and excellent persons. I would not willingly be guilty of a breach of charity, which I could wish all parties were possessed of in a greater measure. I would have every body, who is conscious of his guilt in any of the forementioned particulars, to reflect seriously upon what I have hinted at; both those who "cursed "the queen in their heart," and those who "cursed "her" in the open streets; but, of all others, their guilt is of the deepest die, who have personal obligations to her majesty. For my part, it was with the utmost detestation that I observed some, who owed much to his late majesty king William, treat his memory with scorn and indifference. Gratitude, as much despised and disused as it is, will ever continue to be a reputable virtue, as long as mankind live in society; nay, even if they should return to the woods.

The melancholy occasion of her majesty's sickness had this in common with other ill accidents; that some advantage could be made of it, in discovering the impotent malice and factious purposes of some, who would otherwise have been more cautious in disguising their inclinations, till they believed they might discover them with safety, and thereby make a merit with the more abandoned part

of

of their faction*. God be thanked, her majesty wants not those faithful subjects, who will defend both her person and reputation against the felonious attempts of such impious wretches, and who would serve her in the last moments of her life with as much fidelity and zeal, as if she had twenty sons and daughters to inherit after her. Her times are in the hands of that Almighty Being whose minister she is, and in whom she comfortably puts her trust; who will not shorten the period of her life one moment, for all the impatient curiosity of those people who are daily inquiring, "When will she "die?" So long as they keep off their hands, let them wish as much as they think fit: and, when it shall please God to give her the happy change of an earthly for a heavenly crown, let this be written upon her tomb: "That, in compassion to the "miseries of Europe, and the sufferings of her "own subjects, after a bloody and expensive war, "which had lasted twenty years, she concluded a "peace: and, that she might transmit the liberties "of her people safe to posterity, she disbanded "her army: by which glorious achievement, she "acquired the hatred of a faction, who were fond "of war, that they might plunder their fellow sub-"jects at pleasure; and of an army, that they might "do this with impunity."

* It is a very remarkable circumstance that the publick funds rose considerably on the report of the queen's death, and immediately sunk again on her recovery. Stocks rose in like manner when her majesty's decease actually happened. See Mr. Ford's Letter, of August 5, 1714, vol. XI, p. 395.

THE

THE

RIGHT OF PRECEDENCE

BETWEEN

PHYSICIANS AND CIVILIANS

INQUIRED INTO.

"Tu major, tibi me est æquum parere, Menalca."

VIRG.

"Fidis offendar medicis? irascar amicis?" HOR.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1720.

THE

RIGHT OF PRECEDENCE

BETWEEN

PHYSICIANS AND CIVILIANS.

I HAVE waited hitherto with no little impatience, to see some good effect of that debate, which I thought was happily started at a late meeting of our university*, upon the subject of precedence between professors of law and physick. And, though I cannot join in opinion with the worthy gentleman who first moved in it, I must needs say, the motion was seasonable, and well became him: for, beside that he intended an honour to a faculty he was promoted above †, and was so self-denying as to wave all debates of that nature as long as he was a party concerned in the motion, he did what in him lay to put an end, by authority, to a point in controversy, which had long divided the gentlemen of those two faculties; and I am very much mistaken if the same

* Trinity College, Dublin.

† Some eminent civilian, probably, who had recently received preferment.

person does not hereafter prove as much a friend to piety and learning in his other designs, as he has been already in this, to the peace and agreement of learned men.

But, to my great disappointment, little more has been said upon the subject, since the first debate, than what has been argued in private, more for the entertainment of single gentlemen, than the use and information of mankind. I have heard that the matter is brought to a compromise; and professors in both faculties have agreed to yield precedence to one another, according to their standing and the date of their commencement.

But this to me appears no satisfactory way of deciding a point of such importance. And, to speak freely, it is but drawing a skin over a wound, and giving it a face of a soundness; when there lies filth and purulence within, which will another time break out with more pain and greater danger.

The time is approaching, when it will be proper once more to bring this affair upon the carpet; and I am humbly of opinion, that the point is of such consequence, that it ought not to subside, as it has done of late; it should neither rest upon that slight baffle it received at its first appearance in publick, nor be hushed up in silence, under the pretence of any private accommodation, which the parties concerned have since come to, for the sake of civility and good manners in company.

I am one of those who love peace upon a good foundation; and do, for that reason, no less admire truth, upon which alone a lasting peace can be founded. And, as I am qualified to introduce this matter at the next meeting of our university, and

fully determined to do so, I thought it reasonable to give this friendly notice to all parties, that they study the point, and make themselves masters of it, and give it so thorough a canvassing in what manner they think fit, as to leave no room for exception and wrangling when the question comes to be solemnly debated in that assembly.

But, before I come to the merits of the cause itself, you must give me leave to make one observation in the way, concerning the importance of precedence in general; which may prove of singular use to mankind, who are for the most part unapprised of it.

As I remember there fell a very rash expression from a certain gentleman (with whom it is not usual to be unguarded) who appeared an advocate for physicians, when the motion was first made to thrust them from their place. He was pleased to call it a womanish debate, if I took him right; but, as much a friend as I am to his person and cause, I will not follow him in that opinion; and will farther say, the expression was mean, and beneath the dignity of his character. There is an unkind reflection couched in it upon a sex, by which much of the decencies of life and little morals are supported; and it does not agree with that taste of gallantry which he is thought to have, and is very consistent with his profession; and is even ungrateful in a man of that faculty, which is more in favour with the ladies than any other except divinity.

But, not to insist upon this, I cannot think as that expression implies, that the matter is at all beneath the consideration of the greatest and most learned of men. On the contrary, I think the question

was

was well moved; and, since it has been moved, every one should endeavour to find on which side of the argument the advantage lies; and I wonder that in this interval of parliament and business (the usual vacation of this kingdom) something has not been offered before this time for the quieting men's minds. It is a difference among his majesty's subjects, which it becomes every healing spirit to compose, and is a duty both of religion and loyalty.

I would ask, is precedence, or distinction of place, of no moment among men? Are women only concerned in it? Does society owe nothing of conveniency to it? Is it indifferent, whether a man sits at a lady's elbow, or her pert chaplain's? near a soup at the head of the table, or beef at the bottom? Is there no advantage in the first plate, or the earliest compliment of the glass, or the respect of waiters, or in ruling the books at a quarter sessions, and being honoured with the cushion in the face of one's country? Is it of no consequence to be in the eye of the government? and does not precedence contribute to that at a Tholsel * entertainment? What are academical degrees so dearly purchased for, but place? and can a professor answer it to his trust or interest, to disparage precedence? For what other reason in nature but precedence, did a great man of my acquaintance lately become a double grand compounder for his degree? and another, undeceive mankind, or rather deceive women, and suffer himself to be pronounced a venerable man in spite of his youthful looks? Shall not the solemn doctor —— in his chariot take place of

* Where the corporation of Dublin hold their meetings.

plain

plain Mr. —— in his? and have the heels of him in preferment, according to the start he has in precedence?

Give me leave to say, that the notion of the insignificancy of place has been of infinite prejudice to many worthy men, and of as great advantage to others, who have juster thoughts of it. While dignity sinks with its own weight, the scum of mankind will naturally rise above it.

I have a pious concern upon me for all the important mistakes of mankind, and this among the rest; as to which, I have observed strong prejudice runs counter to the nature of things, and the principles of truth and reason. Sure I am, nature directs every person and thing to maintain its situation, or rather not so much to keep its own place, as to aspire and displace others. And the reason is plain, because that is a tendency to the uppermost point, and an approach to perfection; and therefore, contrary to common opinions, I have ever thought there is piety in pride and ambition, and that it is virtue to be emulous and aspiring. And when I hear, as in my time I have many, conceited declamations against pride; I suspect it is with the design of a monopoly, and to engross it; as I have known an ingenious schoolboy spit in his mess of porridge, not to abuse the good creature, but to secure it all to himself*. What is that dominion so early given to mankind, but superiority of power and place? and then to act up to it, is not womanish, but manly. And if that was a precept, I will take upon me to say,

* The same thought (not an overdelicate one, it must be owned) occurs in the close of our author's Epistle to Mr. Gay.

there is not one point of duty so universally and exactly observed.

And society has so great consideration of place, that we find wise provisions made for the regulating of it, and for settling the due preeminence of all degrees of men, and an office of heraldry for that purpose, which may be found in almost every house of quality. I could go farther than this, but for this reason, that it is out of my way, and none of my business, to determine the force of great examples, and make conclusions upon Scripture; and perhaps my friend's best apology is, that the Bible is out of the road of his profession and study: but I will say thus much, that as I have observed divines to be so far scriptural in their carriage, as to take "the right "hand of fellowship" on all occasions, and carry their disputes about place as high as any other sort of men; so their practice (such is my deference) is to me the best gloss upon duty, and my conviction, and should be his. And this plainly determines the point against him, and shows the importance of precedence; and then it will follow in logick, that, if taking place be matter of moment, to dispute about place is not womanish or trivial.

And, this allowed, I am inclined to believe, that, upon this religious principle, all our late promotions of nobility have proceeded; and that so many gentlemen have procured themselves titles, not, as some have injuriously thought, that they might take place of their betters, but out of a sense of duty; and while some (alas! too many) ignorantly despise them for their worthless ambition, I regard them with another eye, and honour them for their piety, and courage, and conscience, and even condescension in

being made great: and do from my heart pity such as cannot be greater, without being less. Indeed the roll of our nobility is at present very voluminous; but no matter for that. If there were more of them, such is the ductility of my respects, I could, with a smaller quantity of esteem, do honour to them all. I make the same account of nobility of all dates, as I do of books; I value the old, as usually more exact, and genuine, and useful, though commonly unlettered, and often loose in the bindings; and I value the new, because——but the notion is obvious, and I leave my reader to pursue it. I was led into this comparison from the *curiosa felicitas* of those, whose way it is to paste their arms and titles of honour on the reverse of title pages, which shows the affinity of the two. My love to the nobility has made me sometimes seriously lament the great damp which must have fallen on honour and laudable ambition, had the peerage bill succeeded in England; but I had this consolation, that, had the sluice been shut there, the flood of honour had risen the higher here *, and overflowed this my native kingdom.

I could here, according to custom, produce, in favour of this uncommon position, many bright authorities; and have now before me above a score of quotations, gathered with infinite labour from St. Chrysostom, by his index; but, to the discouragement of my learning, the Greek types are not ready, and will not be set till the twentieth of next month, when the following editions of this work shall be enriched with learned languages, in great variety. The author of a late state sermon should have waited

* In Ireland.

as I do, rather than suffer his learning to look asquint as it does, and make so frightful a figure from the press. I am master of the stochastick art; and by virtue of that I divine, that those Greek words in that discourse have crept from the margin into the text, otherwise than the author intended; and indeed some of those Greek maggots are so uneasy in, and ashamed of, their place, that they seem to be upon the crawl backward.

I hope what has been offered will clear this case of conscience, and is sufficient to show any man of candour, and who loves and searches after truth as I do, the importance of place and precedency among men; that the peace, and order, and honour, of society is owing to it: and, as women have been remarkably strenuous in asserting these rights, I do hereby take upon me to return them the thanks of mankind (asking pardon for the professor's misbehaviour), and do wish them perseverance and success in all their laudable attempts of that nature. Let them enjoy the wall and the right hand of us from this day forward: not in consideration of their weakness, or out of our courtesy, but in their own right, as patriots, and stout defenders of the privileges of their own and our sex.

But to proceed. It were perhaps a proper method, in this, as in other debates concerning precedency, to appeal to the herald's office, and be determined by usual and stated rules there, how place in this case is to be given or taken; but a certain lord has assured me upon his honour, that nothing concerning the present question is there taken notice of; and whatever orders may be delivered in heraldry about personal precedence, there is nothing said as to faculties,

ties, except only this, that doctors in divinity, and those not specialists, as we use to call them, i. e. such as have received that degree by the special indulgence and undeserved favour and grace of the university, shall have a place immediately above esquires that are not of noble families.

Upon which observation, if it be true, as I fear it is, I have reason to apprehend some disturbance in the country, among the ladies there; therefore I do present my most humble service to madam ——, wife to a very reverend divine, D. D. *speciali gratiâ*, who has of many years past, to my knowledge, in mistake of her husband's right, taken place at table of a certain justice of the peace's lady; and do advise her, that, in order to maintain her precedency, she would once more send her spouse up to a commencement, and engage him to perform his acts, and be readmitted, and take up his large cautionary bonds, for her own and her children's advantage.

And I would farther observe, for the use of men who love place, without a title to it either by law or heraldry; as some have a strange oiliness of spirit, which carries them upward, and mounts them to the top of all company (company being often like bottled liquors, where the light and windy parts hurry to the head, and fix in froth)—I would observe, I say, that there is a secret way of taking place without sensible precedence, and consequently without offence. This is a useful secret; and I will publish it here, from my own practice, for the benefit of my countrymen, and the universal improvement of mankind.

It is this. I generally fix a sort of first meridian in

my thoughts before I sit down: and, instead of observing privately, as the way is, whom in company I may sit above, in point of birth, age, fortune, or station; I consider only the situation of the table by the points in the compass, and the nearer I can get to the east (which is a point of honour for many reasons, for "*porrecta majestas ad ortum solis*") I am so much the higher; and my good fortune is to sit sometimes, or for the most part, due east, sometimes N. b. E. seldom with greater variation; and then I do myself honour, and am blessed with invisible precedence, mystical to others; and the joke is, that by this means I take place (for place is but fancy) of many that sit above me; and while most people in company look upon me as a modest man, I know myself to be a very assuming fellow, and do often look down with contempt on some at the upper end of the table. By this craft I at once gratify my humour (which is pride), and preserve my character; and this I take to be the art of life. And, sticking to this rule, I generally possess a middle place in company, even in the vulgar account, and am at meat, as wise men would be in the world,

Extremi primorum, etremis usque priores.

And, to this purpose, my way is to carry a little pocket compass in my left fob, and from that I take my measures imperceptibly, as from a watch, in the usual way of comparing time before dinner; or, if I chance to forget that, I consider the situation of the parish church, and this is my never failing regulator.

I know some people take another way for this, and place themselves nearest the dish they like best; and

their

their ambition is gratified where their appetite is so. Eating well is commonly, and with justice, called good living; and their rule is that of Horace,

Ut quocunque loco fueris, vixisse libenter
Te dicas ——

And it must be allowed, as a standard, their honour lies in their stomach; as indeed I have always thought that, contrary to vulgar notions, the seat, not of honour only, but of most great qualities of the mind, as well as of the disorders of the body.

Give me leave to explain myself. I think I can reduce to this one principle all the properties of the mind; and, by the way, as I take our grand devourer of fire to have the best stomach of any man living, I conclude him the greatest person our age or any other has produced, not excepting Cato's daughter; nor shall time, although *edax rerum*, ever digest the memory of one who has a better appetite than even time itself. But to go on: Does not the stomach make men ambitious, covetous, amorous, obsequious, and timeserving? What made a certain judge keep his place on the bench when his brethren left it, but his sense of honour; i. e. his keen appetite? Does not the stomach alone carry all debates in both houses, and support parties, and make court-parasites lose their dinners sometimes, that they and theirs may dine the better all their lives after? Do not we use to say a man of honour stomachs an indignity? Is not English feeding the foundation of English bravery? and good claret, of *fierté* and French sprightliness?

In short, courage, honour, wit, and sense, and all arts and sciences, take their rise here; and this an

ancient has observed, "*magister artis ingeniique* "*largitor venter:*" which, if it be true, I will take upon me to declare our vulgar saying, "that men "have guts in their brains," is a vulgar errour, and should be rectified, and that rather their brains are in their guts; and when we see some men less courageous, witty, or learned, than others, we should pity their bad stomachs or indigestion, rather than their incapacity or indisposition of brain: I am so sensible of this, that I have of many years disused, as an absurdity, that saying to a simple fellow, "God help your head!" but I wish him, with more propriety, a good stomach, or a better dinner.

I could here chemico-mechanically resolve men's parts into their feeding, and show what sort of humours and genius must necessarily proceed from particular sorts of meats, and explain a great deal of the heathen mythology by it; but this I reserve for a treatise by itself. Yet this I will say, that a writer's stomach, appetite, and victuals, may be judged from his method, style, and subject, as certainly as if you were his messfellow, and sat at table with him. Hence we call a subject dry, a writer insipid, notions crude and indigested, a pamphlet empty or hungry, a style *jejune*, and many such like expressions, plainly alluding to the diet of an author; and I make no manner of doubt but Tully grounded that saying of "*helluo librorum*" upon the same observation.

Now, I say, it is evident, if this be true, that every man at meat is most honoured when he is most humoured, or when he sits nearest to that which pleases his palate best; and consequently that is the first place to him upon that principle, and such men must be

be allowed to have the truest taste of honour of all others. I have observed, these sort of people have generally a great propensity to roast beef; and it will be granted, that to sit even at the foot of the table next a surloin, which is a dish of dignity, and of old hereditary knighthood, is, in strictness of heraldry, more honourable than a place next the biggest plain country squire at the upper end; and I have often chosen it.

But to return from this useful digression: The noble personage aforementioned, who honoured me with his sentiments upon this abstruse point, must be allowed to have as good a local memory as any lord in the kingdom; and has never been known once to mistake, or forget, or recede from, that place of distinction which is due to him. He could settle the forms of a royal interment, and adjust the ceremonies of a coronation, if occasion were; and I must add, but that he has more honour than to be officious, he could have determined that late controverted point of an English bishop's place among ours, and had saved the house, had he been called upon, the trouble and delays of referring to the English precedents *.

I say, his lordship (who is expert in heraldry, and as communicative of that useful knowledge as becomes noble spirits) has assured me, there is no notice taken in that science of any distinction of place for learned faculties; and for mechanical ones, such as appear on collar days, or riding the franchises †,

* The dependance of the whole Irish peerage on that of Britain was a subject then in agitation.

† A well known cavalcade in Dublin.

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they are below the thoughts of a man of quality. He pretends not to know what by-laws, or private compacts of precedency, there may be between goldsmiths and grocers, vintners and shoemakers.

I have now before me a table of precedence, given me by the same noble hand, reaching down from a prince of the blood to a country squire, and regarding every branch of their families in the minutest manner; which I reserve for my own use, and am envious enough to deny it to the world, and the rather, that it is to be found in Mackenzie and Gwillim, and may be had for half a crown in the office.

The case being so, there can be no other way, as I conceive, of deciding a question of precedency between the two faculties of law and physick, but by inquiring into their antiquity and dignity; and whichsoever of them shall appear to be most ancient and most useful to the world, I presume, the world will, in justice, think fit to have the greater honour for, and give the precedence to.

I take it for granted, that priority of time, *cæteris paribus*, gives a preference of place; and this naturally, or by common consent; for that I take to be the meaning of nature in most cases, viz. what is found reasonable in itself, and has been always agreed to by mankind, and is confirmed by constant and uninterrupted practice; and this I desire some young preachers to take good notice of, and get by rote. I likewise, by the way, take upon me, now I think of it, to advise a certain deacon of my acquaintance, to read doctor Cumberland* all through, and twice before

* This learned divine, born July 15, 1632, was educated at St.

before he presumes to plead "the law of nature" in the pulpit; to learn mathematicks, before he pretends to demonstrate there; to peruse Aristotle, Tacitus, and the State Tracts, before he meddles with politicks; and be able to act Eteocles, before he attempts Greek quotations in his sermons. What if Jocasta or Antigone should hear a mispronunciation from the pulpit; or any other of those young Greeks who so lately did an honour to Euripides, transported their audience into Thebes, and inspired the old bachelors on the foremost bench with that παιδοποιὴν ἡδονὴν which they so handsomely represented!

I say, time gives a natural right of precedence by common consent; and hence age is honoured above youth, and by it. The very heathens thought it indecency, and a trespass in point of manners, "si juvenis seni non assurrexerit," if a young man did not rise up, and give way to an older; and the canonists, I hope, will be ingenuous enough to own, though in this argument against their brethren the civilians, that it was a rule of the primitive church, that a deacon should not sit in the presence of a presbyter. In a word, wisdom and experience, which are divine qualities, are the properties of age, and make it honourable, and youth in the want of them contemptible.

St. Paul's School, and thence removed to Magdalen College, Cambridge. He was presented to the rectory of Bramton in Northamptonshire in 1657, and had the living of Alhallows in Stamford given to him in 1667. From this private station he was unexpectedly elevated to the bishoprick of Peterborough, May 15, 1691; and enjoyed that preferment with the highest reputation till his death, Oct. 9, 1718.

But

But I do not say this to mortify or discourage young men. I would not by any means have them despise themselves, for that is the ready way to be despised by others; and the consequences of contempt are fatal. For my part, I take self-conceit and opinionativeness to be of all others the most useful and profitable quality of the mind. It has, to my knowledge, made bishops, and judges, and smart writers, and pretty fellows, and pleasant companions, and good preachers.

It is a sure way of being agreeable to the ladies, who ever judge of men as they observe men do of themselves. If all men were to have the same opinion of themselves that others have of them, there would not be, out of mere shame, above two sermons next sunday in this large city*; nor five lawyers to go through with the business of next term. Self-conceit supports the dignity of church and state; and I pronounce him an enemy to the publick who is so to that.

Much less do I intend any trouble to young clergymen of the court or city by the foregoing remark; as if, because deacons of old used to stand before presbyters, that now it were fit to rise when they come in, or give the civility of the hat or wall to any rusty rum in the street; I know the inconvenience of that mistaken piece of old breeding to both parties, and think it prudently laid aside. It is respect to an old parson, not to oblige him to uncover in the cold, and unsocket his head with both hands, and so daggle his gown out of ceremony; it is the same respect to a spruce bob, to let it lie quiet and undisturbed in its hatcase. I know no reason

* Dublin.

why

why powder and oil should submit to grease and grayness, that a white wig should lower to hoary hair, or a brushed beaver strike to a Carolina hat with stays.

I cannot forbear here to applaud the present refinement of ecclesiasticks in their habits, and say they are more primitive and regular in their dress than those of any age before them. A clergyman ought to be κοσμιος, *i. e.* not (as we read) of good behaviour, but well dressed, as, indeed, nothing contributes more to polite behaviour than good clothes. This is a various reading. And here I observe, for the use of young stagers in divinity, that nothing will bring them into greater repute for deep learning, than to enterprise in criticism, and adventure betimes to change the common reading of any text in the Bible. This single word is, in my opinion, enough to vindicate their silks and velvets against all the fanaticks in christendom, and our own canons to back them.

It is an old observation, that piety is mostly supported by the female sex; so that whatever is agreeable to them is for the advantage of religion; and consequently the clergy should dress, in respect to the ladies, *i. e.* for the good of the church: and indeed I have known some of the younger sort, that could not preach with a ruffled band, or a wig out of curl; and a certain lady of my acquaintance, very religious, and who had a good taste of men, always made a judgment from the air and dress of the preacher, and never relished any doctrine that came not recommended with a scarf and a diamond ring. I am not one that "ambitiosa recidet ornamenta," would strip the young clergy, and re-

trench their decencies of dress; so far from it that I wish them with all my heart greater elegance, and finer apparel. Well fare the heart of that sprightly youth, a deacon of this church, who I foresee shall first adventure to hoop his canonical coat, and border his band or shirt with mechlin lace, or a modest fringe.

But to return from this incident to my subject again (from which a vast impetuous force of wit and learning, and love of my country, have led me devious): The nicest logicians will allow it a fair way of arguing, in all cases, to refer to things what is true as to persons; and therefore I conclude, if physick be a faculty more ancient than that of civil law, then it literally goes before it, *i. e.* takes place of it; and I hope it will not be denied, that physick is as old as the occasion of it, as old, indeed, within a few days, as mankind, which can by no means be said of the other (in comparison) upstart profession, unless any one will be so hardy to affirm, there was a doctor's commons or bishop's court in Paradise. And if any man should insist to know the year and day of the rise of physick, I take him to be ignorant of religion and history, and will disdain an answer; though I could tell him not only what the first distemper was, and that epidemical, viz. a falling sickness; but also who it was that cured it; but I do not think fit to satisfy dulness and ignorance so far.

I have ever blamed St. Jerom in my heart, for indiscretion, that when some pragmatical deacons set up for equality with presbyters, he, to humble them, made presbyters equal in effect to bishops: and I could do something of the same kind in the present dispute; and show those assuming civilians, that they can with so little reason arrogate a place above physicians, or an equality with them, that, in my humble

ble opinion, some faculties, which they have in contempt, are superiour to them in point of time, which I have already proved to be the natural ground of precedency; and it is enough here but to name the excellent faculties of musick and poetry, whose antiquity, I think, no man of sense or modesty will call in question.

But having mentioned poetry, I must go aside a little, to salute my worthy friend the professor * of, or (to speak more properly) the reader in, that faculty in Oxford; who has befriended the world so much by his incomparable performances of that kind, especially his latest: I will own, he has taught me, and I believe some other gentlemen who had lost their Latin, the true grammatical construction of Virgil; and deserves, not our acknowledgments only, but those of Eaton and Westminster. I am sensible, construction is as necessary to the relish and use of

* Dr. Joseph Trapp was elected poetry professor in 1708, and published his lectures under the title of "Prælectiones Poeticæ;" the first volume of which is dedicated to Mr. secretary St. John; to whose father, in the early part of his life, he had been chaplain. He was also made chaplain to the son by Swift's recommendation, Journal to Stella, July 17, 1712; and had been chaplain to the lord chancellor of Ireland in 1711, in which year he published "A Character of the present Set of Whigs;" which Swift, who conveyed it to the printer, calls "a very scurvy piece;" see the Journal to Stella, May 14, 1711. In a short time after, he printed at Dublin a poem on the duke of Ormond, which was republished at London, "and the printer sold just eleven of them;" see Journal, Aug. 24, 1711. Our author, having mentioned to Stella, that Trapp and Sacheverell had been to visit him, adds, "Trapp "is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judg- "ment in things of wit and sense is miraculous!" Journal, March 17, 1711-12. He was an agreable and pathetick preacher; and published several volumes of sermons. He died Nov. 22, 1747.

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an author, as chewing is to taste and digestion. However, I must take upon me to admonish him of one great mistake; and I know that the modesty of the man, and the good nature familiar to him, and which shines as much in his conversation, as wit and true poetry do in his works, will bear it from a friend: he has more than once, as I remember, put jasmine for sweet marjoram, the true version; but as this, and a few more, are his only variations from the letter of the original, it may well be excused; my fear is, that school boys may come to suffer by his mistake. I dare venture to affirm, in favour of that good potherb, that sweet marjoram is not improper either in broth or heroicks.

Though I think what has been urged is sufficient to weigh in favour of the faculty I have here espoused; yet, upon occasion, I could allow all this to go for nothing, and place the controversy upon another footing, and argue from the natural dignity of medicine itself, and the universal use and benefit of it to mankind; for it is well known, that physick has been always necessary to the world, and what mankind cannot be without. It has been requisite in all ages and places; which is more than can be asserted in behalf of law, either civil or canon. I do not believe they know any thing of these in China or the mogul's country; but we know they do of physick, which prevails in the east, which supplies us with great part of our *materia medica;* and no Englishman ought in gratitude to forget, that the great genius and honour of England was cured of a fit of the gout* by a salutary moss from the east.

* Sir William Temple; see his "Essay upon the Cure of the Gout," by the application of a moss called Moxa, Temple's works, 8vo. vol. III, p. 246.

But

But that is not all: The force of physick goes farther than the body, and is of use in relieving the mind under most of its disorders: and this I dare venture to affirm, having frequently made the experiment upon my own person with never failing success; and this I did by the direction of my worthy parish minister, who is indeed an excellent divine, and withal an able physician; and a good physician, only to be the better divine. That good man has often quieted my conscience with an emetick, has dissipated troublesome thoughts with a cordial or exhilarating drops, has cured me of a love fit by breathing a vein, and removed anger and revenge by the prescription of a draught, thence called bitter; and, in these and other instances, has convinced me, that physick is of use to the very soul, as far as that depends on the crasis of the body:

——— *Mentem sanari corpus ut ægrum*
Cernimus, et flecti Medicinâ posse videmus.

LUCRET.

And I am so fully persuaded of this, that I never see a wretch go to execution, but I lament that he had not been in the hands of a good physician, who would have corrected those peccant humours of his body which brought him to that untimely death.

Now can any thing like this be pleaded in behalf of one or the other of the two laws we are dealing with, or of both together? By the way, I must observe here, that these two laws, civil and canon, are put in couples for their unluckiness, and, I think, they ought to be muzzled too. And here lies the disadvantage of the present dispute: physick, we know, is a plain simple thing: now that this single

faculty, without one friend on earth to take its part and be a second, should dispute with a pair at once, is as if one poor bloodhound should engage with a couple of mastiffs; or that a man should fight a gentleman and his lackey, or with a single rapier against sword and pistol: it is very foul play, and standers by should interpose, so hard are the terms of this debate; but there is no help for it: these two fast friends can scarce be parted, and are seldom found asunder; they must rise and fall together. My lord Bacon used to say, very familiarly, "When I rise, "my a—— rises with me." I ask pardon for the rudeness of the allusion; but it is certain that the canon law is but the tail, the fagend, or footman, of the civil, and, like vermin in rotten wood, rose in the church in the age of its corruption, and when it wanted physick to purge it.

But I am weary of proving so plain a point. To me it is clear beyond contradiction, that the antiquity and dignity of physick do give it the precedence of civil law and its friend. I could here very easily stop the mouths of ecclesiastical civilians, by an example or two of great authority; but I hope they will take the hint, and save me the trouble: and for lay-professors, I will only say, he that is not convinced, has little sense, not only of religion (perhaps that is their least consideration), but of good manners and loyalty, and good fellowship. The blood of the *de Medicis* * flows in the best veins in Europe; and I know not how far any slight offered to the faculty may exasperate the present king of France, or the grand duke, to a resentment prejudicial to our wines,

* See the history of the house of MEDICIS.

and the publick peace, and the present posture of affairs. All that love their country, and right good Florence, will perceive by this on which side of the argument they ought to appear.

And now, for the universal peace of mankind, I make the following rule, to be observed by all professors in each faculty, and their understrappers: I decree, that a doctor of physick shall take place of a doctor of laws; a surgeon, of an advocate; an apothecary, of a proctor of office; and a toothdrawer, of a register in the court. I intended this for a parallel; but here it fails me, and the lines meet *.

I shall now only observe farther, that as the case seems desperate on the side of civilians in point of reason, so I hear they have another game to play, and are for appealing to authority; as I have known a schoolboy, fairly beaten at cuffs, run with a bloody nose to complain to his master. I am credibly informed, there is a design on foot to bring in heads of a bill in favour of civilians, next session of parliament; but how generous that sort of proceeding is, I leave the world to judge. I am but one; and will certainly oppose any such motion in my place; though, from the number of civilians in the house, I have reason to apprehend, it will be to little purpose. The college, a true *alma mater*, has dubbed most of us doctors, and has been more wise than christian in her favours of that kind; for she has not given, hoping for nothing again.

But here I enter my protest against all designs that may any way prejudice so great and illustrious a body

* Alluding to Dr Sacheverell's mathematicks in a sermon before the university of Oxford, wherein he makes two parallel lines meet in a centre.

of men, as our college of physicians are; and I shall take care to draw out the substance of this argument, and present it, in short heads, to each member at a proper time; and not without some hopes that reason may weigh them.

In the mean time, I hope a worthy gentleman, a member of our house, will stand up on that occasion, and assert the rights of a faculty, which he has entered into, and does an honour to: it must be remembered to his credit, that, being equally skilled in physick and civil law, and, perhaps, in divinity as well as either, he chose to commence in medicine, having chiefly qualified himself for that noble faculty by repeated travels, and enriched his mind with many curious observations, which the world may, in time, expect incredible benefit from.

If any man thinks fit to reply to this argument, and rectify any mistakes in it; I desire him to preserve his temper, and debate the matter with the same coolness that I have done; that no blood may be drawn in the controversy, nor any reason given me to complain of "*civilis vulnera dextræ*." As conviction chiefly engaged me on the side of physicians; so, in some measure, a sense of gratitude for a faculty, to which I owe the comforts of life, and perhaps life itself; having received from it unspeakable ease in the two inveterate distempers of the spleen and the gout.

THE

THE TATLER.

VOL. V. N° I.

" Quis ergo sum saltem, si non sum Sosia? Te interrogo."
PLAUT. AMPHYTRUO.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1710-11*.

IT is impossible perhaps for the best and wisest among us, to keep so constant a guard upon our

* Jan. 2, 1710-11, Dr. Swift tells Stella, " Steele's last Tatler " came out to day. You will see it before this comes to you, and " how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. " Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but, to say " truth, it was time; for he grew cruel dull, and dry. To my " knowledge, he had several GOOD HINTS to go upon; but he was " so lazy, and weary of the work, that he would not improve " them."—Jan. 11, he adds, " I am setting up a new Tatler: " little Harrison whom I have mentioned to you. Others have " put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this " morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on " Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much ap- " prove his manner; but the scheme is Mr. secretary St. John's " and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I " recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the " matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me: " and I am tired with correcting his trash." In this number the judicious reader will readily recognise the letter of Humphry Wagstaff; and though the whole paper is not the production of our author, he at least adopted it by his corrections.

temper, but that we may at one time or other lie open to the strokes of fortune, and such incidents as we cannot foresee. With sentiments of this kind I came home to my lodgings last night, much fatigued with a long and sudden journey from the country, and full of the ungrateful occasion of it. It was natural for me to have immediate recourse to my pen and ink; but before I would offer to make use of them, I resolved deliberately to tell over a hundred, and when I came to the end of that sum, I found it more advisable to defer drawing up my intended remonstrance, till I had slept soundly on my resentments. Without any other preface than this, I shall give the world a fair account of the treatment I have lately met with, and leave them to judge whether the uneasiness I have suffered be inconsistent with the character I have generally pretended to. About three weeks since, I received an invitation from a kinsman in Staffordshire, to spend my Christmas in those parts. Upon taking leave of Mr. Morphew, I put as many papers into his hands as would serve till my return, and charged him at parting, to be very punctual with the town. In what manner he and Mr. Lillie have been tampered with since, I cannot say; they have given me my revenge, if I desired any, by allowing their names to an idle paper, that in all human probability, cannot live a fortnight to an end.

Myself, and the family I was with, were in the midst of gayety, and a plentiful entertainment, when I received a letter from my sister Jenny, who, after mentioning some little affairs I had entrusted to her,

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goes on thus: "The enclosed, I believe, will give "you some surprise, as it has already astonished "every body here: who Mr. Steele is, that sub- "scribes it, I do not know, any more than I can com- "prehend what could induce him to it. Morphew "and Lillie, I am told, are both in the secret. I "shall not presume to instruct you, but hope you "will use some means to disappoint the ill nature of "those who are taking pains to deprive the world of "one of its most reasonable entertainments. I am, "*&c.*"

I am to thank my sister for her compliment; but be that as it will, I shall not easily be discouraged from my former undertaking. In pursuance of it, I was obliged upon this notice to take places in the coach for myself and my maid with the utmost expedition, lest I should, in a short time, be rallied out of my existence, as some people will needs fancy Mr. Partridge has been, and the real Isaac Bickerstaff have passed for a creature of Mr. Steele's imagination. This illusion might have hoped for some tolerable success, if I had not more than once produced my person in a crowded theatre; and such a person as Mr. Steele, if I am not misinformed in the gentleman, would hardly think it an advantage to own, though I should throw him in all the little honour I have gained by my Lucubrations. I may be allowed, perhaps, to understand pleasantry as well as other men, and can (in the usual phrase) take a jest without being angry; but I appeal to the world, whether the gentleman has not carried it too far, and whether he ought not to make a publick recantation, if the credulity of some unthinking people should force me to insist upon it. The follow-

ing letter is just come to hand, and I think it not improper to be inserted in this paper.

" TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

" Sir, I am extremely glad to hear you are come " to town; for in your absence we were all mightily " surprised with an unaccountable paper, signed " Richard Steele, who is esteemed by those that " know him, to be a man of wit and honour; and " therefore we took it either to be a counterfeit, or " perfect christmas frolick of that ingenious gentle- " man. But then, your paper ceasing immediately " after, we were at a loss what to think: if you " were weary of the work you had so long carried " on, and had given this Mr. Steele orders to sig- " nify so to the publick, he should have said it in " plain terms; but as that paper is worded, one " would be apt to judge, that he had a mind to " persuade the town that there was some analogy " between Isaac Bickerstaff and him. Possibly there " may be a secret in this which I cannot enter into: " but I flatter myself that you never had any thoughts " of giving over your labours for the benefit of man- " kind, when you cannot but know how many " subjects are yet unexhausted, and how many " others, as being less obvious, are wholly un- " touched. I dare promise, not only for myself, " but many other abler friends, that we shall still " continue to furnish you with hints on all proper " occasions, which is all your genius requires. I " think, by the way, you cannot in honour have " any more to do with Morphew and Lillie, who " have gone beyond the ordinary pitch of assurance, " and transgressed the very letter of the proverb, by

" endeavouring

" endeavouring to cheat you of your christian and " surname too. Wishing you, sir, long to live, for " our instruction and diversion, and to the defeat- " ing of all impostors *, I remain,

" Your most obedient humble servant,

" and affectionate kinsman,

" HUMPHRY WAGSTAFF."

THE TATLER. N° 2 †.

" Alios viri reverentia, vultusque ad continendum populum mire " formatus: alios etiam, quibus ipse interesse non potuit, vis scri- " bendi tamen, &c. magni nominis autoritas pervicere."

TULL. EPIST.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1710-11.

I REMEMBER Menage tells a story of monsieur Racan, who had appointed a day and hour to meet a certain lady of great wit whom he had never seen, in order to make an acquaintance between them. " Two of Racan's friends, who had heard of the ap- " pointment, resolved to play him a trick. The

* " Jan. 13. To day little Harrison's new Tatler came out; " there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must " understand that, upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or " three scrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on still, " and to day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be " disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors."

† " I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler, to mor- " row." Journal, Jan. 15, 1710.

" first went to the lady two hours before the time, " said his name was Racan, and talked with her an " hour; they were both mightily pleased, began a " great friendship, and parted with much satisfac- " tion. A few minutes after comes the second, and " sends up the same name; the lady wonders at " the meaning, and tells him, Mr. Racan had just " left her. The gentleman says, it was some ras- " cally impostor, and that he had been frequently " used in that manner. The lady is convinced, " and they laugh at the oddness of the adventure. " She now calls to mind several passages which con- " firm her that the former was a cheat. He appoints " a second meeting, and takes his leave. He was no " sooner gone, but the true Racan comes to the " door, and desires, under that name, to see the " lady. She was out of all patience, sends for him " up, rates him for an impostor, and, after a thou- " sand injuries, flings a slipper at his head. It was " impossible to pacify or disabuse her; he was " forced to retire; and it was not without some " time, and the intervention of friends, that they " could come to an eclaircissement." This, as I take it, is exactly the case with Mr. Steele, the pretended TATLER from Morphew, and myself, only (I presume) the world will be sooner undeceived than the lady in Menage. The very day my last paper came out, my printer brought me another of the same date, called the Tatler, by Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., and, which was still more pleasant, with an advertisement at the end, calling me the Female TATLER: it is not enough to rob me of my name, but now they must impose a sex on me, when my years have long since determined me to be of none at all.

There

There is only one thing wanting in the operation, that they would renew my age, and then I will heartily forgive them all the rest. In the mean time, whatever uneasiness I have suffered from the little malice of these men, and my retirement in the country, the pleasures I have received from the same occasion will fairly balance the account. On the one hand I have been highly delighted to see my name and character assumed by the scribblers of the age, in order to recommend themselves to it; and on the other, to observe the good taste of the town, in distinguishing and exploding them through every disguise, and sacrificing their trifles to the supposed manes of Isaac Bickerstaff, esquire. But the greatest merit of my journey into Staffordshire is, that it has opened to me a new fund of unreproved follies and errours, that have hitherto lain out of my view, and, by their situation, escaped my censure: for, as I have lived generally in town, the images I had of the country were such only as my senses received very early, and my memory has since preserved with all the advantages they first appeared in.

Hence it was that I thought our parish church the noblest structure in England, and the esquire's place-house, as we called it, a most magnificent palace. I had the same opinion of the almshouse in the churchyard, and of a bridge over the brook that parts our parish from the next. It was the common vogue of our school, That the master was the best scholar in Europe, and the usher the second. Not happening to correct these notions by comparing them with what I saw when I came into the world; upon returning back, I began to resume my former imaginations, and expected all things should appear

in

in the same view as I left them when I was a boy: but to my utter disappointment, I found them wonderfully shrunk, and lessened almost out of my knowledge. I looked with contempt on the tribes painted on the church walls, which I once so much admired, and on the carved chimneypiece in the esquire's hall. I found my old master to be a poor ignorant pedant; and, in short, the whole scene to be extremely changed for the worse. This I could not help mentioning, because though it be of no consequence in itself, yet it is certain, that most prejudices are contracted and retained by this narrow way of thinking, which in matters of the greatest moment are hardly shook off; and which we only think true, because we were made to believe so before we were capable to distinguish between truth and falsehood. But there was one prepossession, which I confess to have parted with, much to my regret: I mean the opinion of that native honesty and simplicity of manners, which I had always imagined to be inherent in country people. I soon observed it was with them and us, as they say of animals; That every species at land has one to resemble it at sea; for it was easy to discover the seeds and principles of every vice and folly that one meets with in the more known world, though shooting up in different forms. I took a fancy, out of the several inhabitants round to furnish the camp, the bar, and the Exchange, and some certain chocolate and coffeehouses, with exact parallels to what, in many instances, they already produce. There was a drunken quarrelsome smith *, whom I have

* "Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood—" as it is happily expressed in Mr. Gray's fine elegy; to whom this Tatler might possibly have suggested a hint.

a hundred

a hundred times fancied at the head of a troop of dragoons. A weaver, within two doors of my kinsman, was perpetually setting neighbours together by the ears. I lamented to see how his talents were misplaced, and imagined what a figure he might make in Westminster hall. Goodman Crop, of Compton farm, wants nothing but a plum and a gold chain, to qualify him for the government of the city. My kinsman's stableboy was a gibing companion, that would always have his jest. He would often put cowitch in the maid's bed, pull stools from under folks, and lay a coal upon their shoes when they were asleep. He was at last turned off for some notable piece of roguery; and, when I came away, was loitering among the alehouses. Bless me, thought I, what a prodigious wit would this have been with us! I could have matched all the sharpers between St. James's and Covent garden, with a notable fellow in the same neighbourhood (since hanged for picking pockets at fairs), could he have had the advantages of their education. So nearly are the corruptions of the country allied to those of the town, with no farther difference than what is made by another turn of thought and method of living!

THE TATLER. N° 28 *.

Morte carent animæ; semperque priore relicta
Sede, novis domibus vivunt habitantque receptæ.
Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
Panthoïdes Euphorbus eram——— OVID. Met.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1710.

From my own Apartment, March 22.

MY other correspondents will excuse me, if I give the precedency to a lady, whose letter, among many more, is just come to hand.

" Dear

* The merit of this Tatler is our only authority for ascribing it to Dr. Swift; though it must be owned, that reason is of the less weight, as Mr. Harrison was certainly assisted in this undertaking by the accomplished St. John and the witty Henley. The other numbers which we have selected, with those already inserted in vol. V, are the acknowledged productions of our author, and are all that can with certainty be ascribed to him; though there is no doubt but he furnished hints for many others, both to Steele and Harrison.—Two very elegant poems, which first made their appearance in that paper, are printed in vol. VII. " The Descrip-" tion, of a City Shower," p. 58, and " A Description of the " Morning," p. 57. And in the same volume p. 66, will be found a *jeu d'esprit* from Mr. Harrison's Tatlers, which seems to have been the united product of a knot of wits.—Feb. 11, he says, " When I came home this evening, I expected that little jacka-" napes Harrison would have come to get help about his Tatler for " Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week, which I allow " him to come." The publication was continued till May 19, 1711; when fifty-two papers were collected into a FIFTH VOLUME, not unworthy a place in any library which contains the former volumes. Mr. Harrison, the apparent publisher, was a young gentleman

" Dear Isaac,

" I burn with impatience to know what and who " you are. The curiosity of my whole sex is fallen " upon me, and has kept me waking these three " nights. I have dreamed often of you within this " fortnight, and every time you appeared in a dif- " ferent form. As you value my repose, tell me in " which of them I am to be

" Your admirer,

SYLVIA."

It is natural for a man who receives a favour of this kind from an unknown fair, to frame immediately some idea of her person, which, being suited to the opinion we have of our own merit, is commonly as beautiful and perfect as the most lavish imagination can furnish out. Strongly possessed with these notions, I have read over Sylvia's billet; and notwithstanding the reserve I have had upon this matter, am resolved to go a much greater length than I yet ever did, in making myself known to the world, and in particular to my charming correspondent. In order

gentleman high in esteem; and (as Swift expresses it) " a little " pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good " nature;" but had at that time no other income than forty pounds a year, as governor to one of the duke of Queensberry's sons. He fortunately attracted the favour of Dr. Swift; whose generous solicitations with Mr. St. John obtained for him the very reputable employment of secretary to lord Raby, then ambassador at the Hague. A letter from him while at Utrecht is printed in vol. XI, p. 2,8, to which Dr. Birch has annexed some curious particulars of Mr. Harrison; who did not long enjoy his rising fortune; dying Feb. 14, 1712-13. See the Journal to Stella, of that and the following day; where Dr. Swift laments his loss with the most unaffected sincerity of heart.

to

to it I must premise, That the person produced as mine in the playhouse last winter did in nowise appertain to me. It was such a one however as agreed well with the impression my writings had made, and served the purpose I intended it for; which was to continue the awe and reverence due to the character I was vested with, and at the same time to let my enemies see how much I was the delight and favourite of this town. This innocent imposture, which I have all along taken care to carry on, as it then was of some use, has since been of regular service to me, and, by being mentioned in one of my papers, effectually recovered my egoity out of the hands of some gentleman who endeavoured to wrest it from me. This is saying in short what I am not: what I am, and have been for many years, is next to be explained. Here it will not be improper to remind Sylvia, that there was formerly such a philosopher as Pythagoras, who among other doctrines, taught the transmigration of souls; which if she sincerely believes, she will not be much startled at the following relation.

I will not trouble her, nor my other readers, with the particulars of all the lives I have successively passed through since my first entrance into mortal being, which is now many centuries ago. It is enough that I have in every one of them opposed myself with the utmost resolution to the follies and vices of the several ages I have been acquainted with; that I have often rallied the world into good manners, and kept the greatest princes in awe of my satire. There is one circumstance which I shall not omit, though it may seem to reflect on my character; I mean, that infinite love of change which has ever appeared in the disposal of my existence. Since the days

days of the emperor Trajan, I have not been confined to the same person for twenty years together; but have passed from one abode to another much quicker than the Pythagorean system generally allows. By this means I have seldom had a body to myself, but have lodged up and down wherever I found a genius suitable to my own. In this manner I continued some time with the top wit of France; at another with that of Italy, who had a statue erected to his memory in Rome. Toward the end of the seventeenth century I set out for England; but the gentleman I came over in dying as soon as he got to shore, I was obliged to look out again for a new habitation. It was not long before I met with one to my mind; for, having mixed myself invisibly with the literati of this kingdom, I found it was unanimously agreed among them, That nobody was endowed with greater talents than Hiereus; or consequently, would be better pleased with my company. I slipped down his throat one night as he was fast asleep; and the next morning, as soon as he awaked, he fell to writing a treatise that was received with great applause, though he had the modesty not to set his name to that nor to any other of our productions. Some time after he published a paper of predictions, which were translated into several languages, and alarmed some of the greatest princes in Europe. To these he prefixed the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., which I have been extremely fond of ever since, and have taken care that most of the writings I have been concerned in should be distinguished by it; though I must observe, that there have been many counterfeits imposed upon the publick by this means. This extraordinary man being

called out of the kingdom by affairs of his own, I resolved however to continue somewhat longer in a country where my works had been so well received, and accordingly bestowed myself with Hilario *. His natural wit, his lively turn of humour, and great penetration into human nature, easily determined me to this choice, the effects of which were soon after produced in this paper, called the Tatler. I know not how it happened, but in less than two years time Hilario grew weary of my company, and gave me warning to be gone. In the height of my resentment, I cast my eyes on a young fellow, of no extraordinary qualifications †, whom for that very reason I had the more pride in taking under my direction, and enabling him by some means or other to carry on the work I was before engaged in. Lest he should grow too vain upon this encouragement, I to this day keep him under due mortification. I seldom reside with him when any of his friends are at leisure to receive me, by whose hands however he is duly supplied. As I have passed through many scenes of life, and a long series of years, I choose to be considered in the character of an old fellow, and take care that those under my influence should speak consonantly to it. This account, I presume, will give no small consolation to Sylvia, who may rest assured, That Isaac Bickerstaff is to be seen in more forms than she dreamt of; out of which variety she may choose what is most agreeable to her fancy. On Tuesdays, he is sometimes a black proper young gentleman, with a mole on his left cheek ‡. On Thursdays,

* Mr. Steele. † Mr. Harrison.

‡ Probably Dr. Swift, the Hiereus of the preceding page; and the Obadiah Greenhat of the Tatler, N° 59.

a decent

a decent well looking man, of a middle stature, long flaxen hair, and a florid complexion*. On Saturdays, he is somewhat of the shortest, and may be known from others of that size by talking in a low voice, and passing through the streets without much precipitation.

*** Having copied those Tatlers which could properly be ascribed to the dean: it is but justice to mention FOUR, which (having been said to be his) he has thus disclaimed.—"The Tatler [237] upon "Milton's Spear is not mine." Journal to Stella, Nov. 1, 1710.—"The Tatler of the shilling [249] "was not mine, more than the hints and two or three "general heads for it. I have much more im- "portant business on my hands." Nov. 8.—"You "are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I "did neither write that on Noses [260] nor Re- "ligion [257]; nor do I send him of late any hints "at all." Jan. 1, 1710-11.

THE EXAMINER†. N° 46.

THURSDAY JUNE 14, 1711.

"Melius non tangere clamo."

WHEN a general has conquered an army, and reduced a country to obedience, he often finds it necessary

* Perhaps Mr. Henley.

† In Vol. III, p. 249, this Examiner is referred to as No. 45, in conformity to the numbers there used; but it should certainly have been called, as it originally was, No. 46.

necessary to send out small bodies, in order to take in petty castles and forts, and beat little straggling parties,

On the third of August 1710, appeared the first number of The Examiner, the ablest vindication of the measures of the queen and her new ministry. "About a dozen of these papers," Dr. Swift tells us, "written with much spirit and sharpness, some by secretary St. John, since lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr. Atterbury, since bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr. Prior, Dr. Freind, &c. were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was, that I should continue it; which I did accordingly eight months. But, my style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her majesty's death." The original institutors are supposed to have employed Dr. King as their publisher, or ostensible author, before they prevailed on their great champion to undertake that task. Mr. Oldmixon thought that Mr. Prior had a principal hand in the early numbers; and it is well known that he wrote No. 6, professedly against Dr. Garth. Dr. King was the author of No. 11, October 12: and of No. 12, October 19. Who was the author of No. 13, does not appear; but it is remarkable that, when the Examiners were first collected by Mr. Barber into a volume, No. 13 was omitted; the original 14 being then marked 13; and so on to 45 inclusive, which is marked 44; and this misarrangement has of course been continued by Dr. Hawkesworth and Mr. Sheridan. No. 14, which was published Nov. 2, was written by Dr. Swift, who aided in writing a part of No. 46, when Mrs. Manley took it up, and finished the first volume. Mr. Prior, however, was by many still considered as the author, as appears by the Journal to Stella, Feb. 9, 1710-11.—In a subsequent letter, Nov. 3, 1711, Swift says "The first thirteen Examiners were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three and thirty were all by one hand; that makes forty-six: then the author, whoever he was, laid it down, on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. The printer is going to print them in a small volume; it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds

to

parties, which are otherwise apt to make head, and infest the neighbourhood. This case exactly resembles mine. I count the main body of the whigs entirely subdued; at least, till they appear with new reinforcements, I shall reckon them as such; and therefore do now find myself at leisure to examine inferiour abuses. The business I have left is, to fall on those wretches that will be still keeping the war on foot, when they have no country to defend, no forces to bring into the field, nor any thing remaining, but their bare good will toward faction and mischief: I mean the present set of writers, whom I have suffered, without molestation, so long to infest the town. Were there not a concurrence from prejudice, party, weak understanding, and misrepresentation, I should think them too inconsiderable in themselves to deserve correction. But as my endeavour has been to expose the gross impositions of the fallen party, I will give a taste, in the following petition, of the sincerity of these their factors, to show how little those writers for the whigs were

to him." In a note on this passage, Mr. Deane Swift has observed, "that the doctor's memory failed him a little; and that he should have said, the first twelve were written by several hands, and the next thirty-two by one person."—The dean, however, was right. The original volume of Examiners consists of fifty-two numbers. It appears above, the last six were written by a woman [Mrs. Manley]; consequently Dr. Swift ended with No. 46. Our author, in the Journal of July 15, says, "I do not like any thing in the Examiner after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th." And on the 22d of June (the day after No. 47 was published) he says, "Yesterday's was a sad Examiner; and last week's was very indifferent, though some scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given hints."—But, as that paper will best speak for itself, we shall not apologize for copying the first part of No. 46, to complete those which have been inserted in our third volume.

 guided

guided by conscience or honour, their business being only to gratify a prevailing interest.

" To the right honourable the present ministry; the " humble petition of the party writers to the late " ministry,

" HUMBLY SHOWETH,

" That your petitioners have served their time to " the trade of writing pamphlets and weekly papers, " in defence of the whigs, against the church of " England, and the christian religion, and her ma- " jesty's prerogative, and her title to the crown: " That, since the late change of ministry, and meet- " ing of this parliament, the said trade is mightily " fallen off, and the call for the said pamphlets and " papers much less than formerly; and it is feared, " to our farther prejudice, that the Examiner may " discontinue writing, whereby some of your peti- " tioners will be brought to utter distress, forasmuch " as, through false quotations, noted absurdities, and " other legal abuses, many of your petitioners, to " their great comfort and support, were enabled to " pick up a weekly subsistance out of the said " Examiner.

" That your said poor petitioners did humbly " offer your honours to write in defence of the late " change of ministry and parliament, much cheaper " than they did for your predecessors; which your " honours were pleased to refuse.

" Notwithstanding which offer, your petitioners " are under daily apprehension, that your honours " will forbid them to follow the said trade any " longer; by which your petitioners, to the num-

" ber

" ber of fourscore, with their wives and families,
" will inevitably starve, having been bound to no
" other calling.

" Your petitioners desire your honours will ten-
" derly consider the premises, and suffer your
" said petitioners to continue their trade (those
" who set them at work being still willing to
" employ them, though at lower rates;) and
" your said petitioners will give security to
" make use of the same stuff, and dress in
" the same manner, as they always did, and
" no other. " And your petitioners, &c."

In the SPECTATOR, No. 575, August 2, 1714, the following article was proposed by Dr. Swift:

" The following question is started by one of the schoolmen: Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?"

CHARACTER OF HERODOTUS.

THE underwritten is copied from Dr. Swift's (dean of St. Patrick's) own handwriting in an edition of Herodotus, by Paul Stephens, the gift of the earl of Clanricard to the library of Winchester college.

" Judicium de Herodoto post longum tempus " relecto. Ctesias mendacissimus Herodotum men- " daciorum arguit, exceptis paucissimis, (ut mea fert " sententia) omnimodo excusandum. Cæterum di- " verticulis abundans hic pater historicorum filum " narrationis ad tædium abrumpit: unde oritur (ut " par est) legentibus confusio, et exindè oblivio. Quin " et forsan ipsæ narrationes circumstantiis nimium " pro re scatent. Quod ad cætera, hunc scriptorem " inter apprimè laudandos censeo, neque Græcis " neque Barbaris plus æquo faventem aut iniquum: " in orationibus ferè brevem, simplicem, nec nimis " frequentem. Neque absunt dogmata e quibus eruditus lector prudentiam tam moralem quam civilem " haurire poterit.

" J. SWIFT *."

" Julii 6, 1720."

* Attestation of dean Swift's printer.

" I do hereby certify that the above is the handwriting of the " late Dr. Jonathan Swift, D. S. P. D., from whom I have had " many letters, and printed several pieces from his original MSS.

" Dublin, " GEORGE FAULKNER."

" August 21, 1762."

SKETCH

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER

OF

ARISTOTLE*.

ARISTOTLE, the disciple of Plato, and tutor to Alexander the Great. His followers were called peripateticks, from a Greek word which signifies to walk, because he taught his disciples walking. We have not all his works, and some of those which are imputed to him are supposed not genuine. He writ upon logick, or the art of reasoning; upon moral and natural philosophy; upon oratory, poetry, &c. and seems to be a person of the most comprehensive genius that ever lived.

* This fragment is preserved in the Essay of Deane Swift, esq., who tells us, "he transcribed it without any variation; and that "he found it by accident in a little book of instructions, which "Dr. Swift was pleased to draw up for the use of a lady, enjoining "her to get it all by heart."—Having mentioned the character given by the dean of this philosopher in the Battle of the Books, Mr. Swift observes, "The portrait of Aristotle is equally strong "and masterly; he stooped much, and made use of a staff; that is, "he thought, he considered, he ruminated; he pondered deeply "on the most intricate and abstruse points relating to the sciences; "and, by the force of reasoning, which is meant by his staff, he "cleared his way through briars and thorns, until he struck into "the road which leads to science and philosophy. The remaining "part of Aristotle's portrait is only the representation of an ab- "stracted scholar, worn away and decayed with years, hard study, "nocturnal lucubrations, and the want of bodily exercise." Essay, page 283.

REMARKS

REMARKS

ON THE

CHARACTERS

OF THE

COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

[THE ORIGINAL CHARACTERS* ARE PRINTED IN ROMAN; SWIFT'S REMARKS† IN ITALICKS.]

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A TALL, handsome man for his age, with a very obliging address, of a wonderful presence of mind,

so

* These characters, drawn up in the name of John Macky, (but written by Mr. Davis, an officer in the customs) were annexed to Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky, esq., during the reigns of king William, queen Anne, and king George I; printed in 1739, from a MS., said to be attested by his son, Spring Macky, esq.

† Dr. Swift's notes are transcribed from a copy formerly belonging to John Putland, esq., a near relation to the dean, who took them from Swift's own handwriting. This volume afterward came into the possession of Philip Carteret Webb, esq.; and is now the property of Thomas Astle, esq., a gentleman to whom the publick are indebted for some very accurate and curious publications

and

so as hardly ever to be discomposed; of a very clear head, and sound judgment; very bold, never daunted for want of success; every way capable of being a great man, if the great success of his arms, and the heaps of favours thrown upon him by his sovereign, do not raise his thoughts above the rest of the nobility, and consequently draw upon him the envy of the people of England. He is turned of 50 years of age. *Detestably covetous.*

DUKE OF ORMOND.

With all the qualities of a great man, except that of a statesman, hating business. He is about 40 years of age. *Fairly enough writ.*

DUKE OF SHREWSBURY.

Never was a greater mixture of honour, virtue [*none*], and good sense, in any one person, than in him: a great man, attended with a sweetness of behaviour, and easiness of conversation, which charms all who come near him: Nothing of the stiffness of a statesman, yet the capacity and knowledge of a piercing wit. He speaks French and Italian as well as his native language: And although but one eye, yet he has a most charming countenance, and is the most generally beloved by the ladies of any gentleman in his time. He is turned of 40 years old.

and whose valuable collections are rendered infinitely more so by that obliging readiness with which he communicates them at all times, when they are likely to promote the success of any literary undertaking.

DUKE

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Is of a middle stature, well shaped, a very black complexion, a lover of musick and poetry; of good judgment [*not a grain; hardly common sense*]; but, by reason of a great hesitation in his speech, wants expression. He is about 42 years old.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Has been the finest and handsomest gentleman of his time; loves the ladies, and plays; keeps a noble house, and equipage; is tall, well made, and of a princely behaviour. Of nice honour in every thing, but the paying his tradesmen. Past 60 years old. *A very poor understanding.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

He is a nobleman of learning, and good natural parts, but of no principles. Violent for the high church, yet seldom goes to it. Very proud, insolent, and covetous; and takes all advantages. *This character is the truest of any.*

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM.

He has the exteriour air of business; and application enough to make him very capable. In his habit and manners very formal; a tall, thin, very black man, like a Spaniard, or Jew; about 50 years old. *He fell in with the whigs, was an endless talker.*

EARL OF ROMNEY.

He was the great wheel on which the revolution rolled. *He had not a wheel to turn a mouse.* Of great

great honour and honesty, with a moderate capacity. *None at all.*

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

He has one only daughter, who will be the richest heiress in Europe. *Now countess of Oxford; cheated by her father.*

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

He is a gentleman good natured to a fault; very well bred, and has many valuable things in him; is an enemy to business, very credulous, well shaped, black complexion, much like king Charles; not 30 years old. *A shallow coxcomb.*

DUKE OF BOLTON.

Does not make any figure at court. *Nor any where else. A great booby.*

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

He is a man of honour, nice in paying his debts; and living well with his neighbours in the country, does not much care for the conversation of men of quality, or business. Is a tall, black man, like his father the king; about 40 years old. *He was a most worthy person, very good natured, and had very good sense.*

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Grandson to king Charles II; a very pretty gentleman; has been abroad in the world; zealous for the constitution of his country. A tall black man, about 25 years old. *Almost a slobberer, without one good quality.*

SIR

SIR NATHAN WRIGHTE,

LORD KEEPER.

Is son of a clergyman *; a good common lawyer, a slow chancellor, and no civilian. Chance more than choice brought him the seals. *Very covetous.*

JOHN, [*Ralph,*] DUKE OF MONTAGU.

SINCE the queen's accession to the throne, he has been created a duke, and is near 60 years old. *As arrant a knave as any in his time.*

MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

ONE of the best beloved gentlemen, by the country party, in England. *A very poor understanding.*

LORD SOMERS.

OF a creditable family in the city of Worcester. *Very mean; his father was a noted rogue.* He is believed to have been the best chancellor that ever sat in the chair. *I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue; he had violent passions, and hardly subdued them by his great prudence.*

LORD HALIFAX.

HE is a great encourager of learning and learned men, is the patron of the muses, of very agreeable conversation, a short fair man, not 40 years old. *His encouragements were only good words and good dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another.*

* His father was rector of Thurcaston, in Leicestershire.

EARL

EARL OF DORSET.

One of the finest gentlemen in England in the reign of king Charles II, of great learning [*small, or none*], extremely witty, and has been the author of some of the finest poems in the English language; especially satire. The Mæcenas and prince of our English poets. One of the pleasantest companions in the world, when he likes his company [*not of late years, but a very dull one*]. He is very fat, troubled with the spleen, and turned of 50 years old.

EARL RIVERS.

He was one of the greatest rakes in England in his younger days; but always a lover of the constitution of his country; is a gentleman of very good sense, and very cunning; brave in his person, a lover of play, and understands it perfectly well; has a very good estate, and improves it every day; something covetous; is a tall handsome man, and of a very fair complexion. He is turned of 40 years old. *An arrant knave in common dealings, and very prostitute.*

EARL OF PORTLAND.

He is supposed to be the richest subject in Europe, very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal in every thing else, of a very lofty mien, and yet not proud; of no deep understanding, considering his experience, neither much beloved nor hated by any sort of people, English or Dutch. He is turned of 50 years old. *As great a dunce as ever I knew.*

EARL

EARL OF DERBY.

On his brother's death he came to the house of peers, where he never will make any great figure, the sword being more his profession; he is a fair complexioned man, well shaped, taller than the ordinary size, and a man of honour. He is turned of 40 years old. *As arrant a* ********* *as his brother.*

EARL OF PETERBOROW.

He affects popularity; and loves to preach in coffeehouses, and publick places; is an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; has a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor. A well shaped thin man, with a very brisk look, near 50 years old. *This character is for the most part true.*

EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

This gentleman is endued with a great deal of learning, virtue [*no*], and good sense [*no*]; very honest, and zealous for the liberty of the people.

EARL OF STAMFORD.

Is one of the branches of the Greys, a noble family in England. He does not want sense; but by reason of a defect in his speech, wants elocution, is a very honest man himself, but very suspicious of every body that is not of his party, for which he is very zealous; jealous of the power of the clergy, who, he is afraid, may some time or other, influence our civil government. From a good estate he is become very poor, and much in debt; he is something above the middle stature, and turned of 50 years old. *He looked*

looked and talked like a very weak man; but it was said he spoke well in council.

EARL OF THANET.

He is a good country gentleman, a great assertor of the prerogatives of the monarchy and the church; a thin, tall, black, redfaced man, turned of 60 years old. *Of great piety and charity.*

EARL OF SANDWICH.

Of very ordinary parts; married the witty lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expensive; a tall, thin, black man, about 35 years old. *As much a puppy as ever I saw, very ugly, and a fop.*

EARL OF RANELAGH.

He is a bold man, and very happy in jests and repartees; and has often turned the humour of the house of commons, when they have designed to have been very severe. He is very fat, black, and turned of 60 years old. *The vainest old fool I ever saw.*

LORD LUCAS.

He is every way a plain man, yet took a great deal of pains to seem knowing and wise; every body pitied him, when the queen turned him out, for his seeming good nature, and real poverty; he is very fat, very expensive, and very poor; turned of 50 years old. *A good plain humdrum.*

EARL OF WINCHELSEA.

He loves jests and puns [*I never observed it*], and

that sort of low wit; is of short stature, well shaped, with a very handsome countenance. *Being very poor, he complied too much with the party he hated.*

LORD POULET OF HINTON.

He is certainly one of the hopefullest gentlemen in England; is very learned, virtuous, and a man of honour, much esteemed in the country, for his generous way of living with the gentry, and his charity to the poorest sort. He makes but a mean figure in his person, is of a middle stature, fair complexion, not handsome, nor 30 years old. *This character is fair enough.*

LORD TOWNSHEND.

Is a gentleman of great learning, attended with a sweet disposition; a lover of the constitution of his country; is beloved by every body that knows him [*I except one*]; and when once employed in the administration of publick affairs, may show himself a great man. He is tall and handsome; about 30 years old.

LORD DARTMOUTH.

He sets up for a critick in conversation, makes jests, and loves to laugh at them; takes a great deal of pains in his office, and is in a fair way of rising at court; is a short thick man, of a fair complexion, turned of 34 years old. *This is fair enough writ; but he has little sincerity.*

LORD WHARTON.

One of the completest gentlemen in England; has a very clear understanding, and manly expression,

sion, with abundance of wit. He is brave in his person, much of a libertine, of a middle stature, fair complexion, and 50 years old. *The most universal villain I ever knew.*

LORD MAHON.

He is brave in his person, bold in his expressions, and rectifies as fast as he can the slips of his youth by acts of honesty; which he now glories in more, than he was formerly extravagant. *He was little better than a conceited talker in company.*

EARL OF KENT;

Is the first branch of the ancient family of Grey. The present gentleman was much esteemed, when lord Ruthen; was always very moderate, has good sense, and a good estate; which, with his quality, must make him always bear a considerable figure in the nation; he is a handsome man, not above 40 years old. *He seems a good natured man, but of very little consequence.*

EARL OF LINDSAY.

A fine gentleman, has both wit and learning. *I never observed a grain of either.*

EARL OF ABINGDON.

A gentleman of fine parts, makes a good figure in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham, is very high for the monarchy and church, of a black complexion, past 40 years old. *Very covetous.*

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

He is very subtle and cunning, never entered into

the measures of king William; nor ever will, in any probability, make any great appearance, in any other reign. He is above 60 years old. *If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard he was the greatest knave in England.*

EARL OF BERKELEY.

A GENTLEMAN of learning, parts, and a lover of the constitution of his country; a short fat man, 50 years old. *Intolerably lazy and indolent, and somewhat covetous.*

EARL OF FEVERSHAM.

A THIRD son of the family of Duras in France; he came over with one of the duke of York's family; is a middle-statured brown man, turned of 50 years old. *He was a very dull old fellow.*

EARL OF GRANTHAM.

HE is a very pretty gentleman, fair complexioned, and past 30 years old. *And good for nothing.*

LORD DE LA WARR.

A FREE jolly gentleman, turned of 40 years old. *Of very little sense; but formal, and well stocked with the low kind of lowest politicks.*

LORD LEXINGTON.

HE is of good understanding, and very capable to be in the ministry; a wellbred gentleman, and an agreeable companion; handsome, of a brown complexion; 40 years old. *A very moderate degree of understanding.*

LORD

LORD GREY OF WERK.

A SWEET disposed gentleman; he joined king William at the revolution, and is a zealous assertor of the liberties of the people; a thin, brown, handsome man, middle stature, turned of 40 years old. *Had very little in him.*

LORD CHANDOS.

WAS warm against king William's reign, and does not make any great figure in this; but his son Mr. Bridge's* does; being a member of the house of commons, one of the counsellors to the prince, and a very worthy gentleman. *But a great compiler with every court.*

LORD GUILDFORD;

Is son to the lord keeper North, has been abroad, does not want sense, nor application to business, and his genius leads him that way. He is fat, fair, of middle stature, and past 30 years old. *A mighty silly fellow.*

LORD GRIFFIN;

HAVING followed king James's fortunes, is now in France. He was always a great sportsman, and brave; a good companion, turned of 60 years old. *His son was a plain drunken fellow.*

LORD CHOLMONDELEY.

THIS lord is a great lover of country sports; is

* Afterward duke of Chandos.

handsome in his person, and turned of forty years old. *Good for nothing, as far as ever I knew.*

LORD BUTLER OF WESTON.

EARL of Arran in Ireland, and brother to the duke of Ormond; of very good sense, though seldom shows it. Of a fair complexion, middle stature, toward 40 years old. *This is right; but he is the most negligent of his own affairs.*

MR. MANSEL.

HE is a gentleman of a good deal of wit and good nature; a lover of the ladies, and a pleasant companion; is very thin, of a fair complexion, middle stature, and turned of 30 years old. *Of very good nature, but a very moderate capacity.*

ROBERT HARLEY, ESQ.,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HE is skilled in most things, and very eloquent [*a great lie*]; was bred a presbyterian, yet joins with the church party in every thing; and they do nothing without him.

MR. BOYLE,

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Is a good companion in conversation; agreeable among the ladies; serves the queen very assiduously in council; makes a considerable figure in the house of commons; by his prudent administration, obliges every body in the exchequer; and in time may prove a great man. Is turned of 30 years old. *Had some very scurvy qualities, particularly avarice.*

SIR

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND,

POSTMASTER GENERAL.

He is a gentleman of a very sweet, easy, affable disposition; of good sense, extremely zealous for the constitution of his country, yet does not seem over forward; keeps an exact unity among the officers under him, and encourages them in their duty, through a peculiar familiarity; by which he obliges them, and keeps up the dignity of being master. He is a handsome man, middle stature, toward 40 years old. *A fair character.*

MR. SMITH,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

A gentleman of much honour, a lover of the constitution of his country; a very agreeable companion in conversation, a bold orator in the house of commons *, when the interest of his country is at stake; of a good address, middle stature, fair complexion, turned of 40 years old. *I thought him a very heavy man.*

CHARLES D'AVENANT, LL. D.

He was very poor at the revolution; had no business to support him, all the reign of king William; yet made a good figure. He is a very cloudy-looked man, fat, of middle stature, about 50 years old. *He was used ill by most ministers; he ruined his estate, which put him under a necessity to comply with the times.*

* He was some time speaker of the house of commons.

MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.,

COMMISSIONER OF TRADE.

On the queen's accession to the throne, he was continued in his office, is very well at court with the ministry, and is an entire creature of my lord Jersey's, whom he supports by his advice. Is one of the best poets in England, but very factious in conversation; a thin, hollow looked man, turned of 40 years old. *This is near the truth.*

THOMAS TENISON,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A plain, good, heavy man, now much in years, and wearing out; very tall, of a fair complexion, and 70 years old. *The most good for nothing prelate I ever knew.*

GILBERT BURNET,

BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

Of a very good family in Scotland, of the name of Burnet, his father was lord [*laird*] of Cremont. He is one of the greatest [*Scotch*] orators of the age he lives in. His History of the Reformation and his Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, show him to be a man of great learning; but several of his other works show him to be a man neither of prudence nor temper; his sometimes opposing, and sometimes favouring, the dissenters, has much exposed him to the generality of the people of England; yet he is very useful in the house of peers, and proves a great pillar, both of the civil and ecclesiastical constitution, against the encroachments of a party that would de-

stroy

stroy both. He is a large, bold looked man, strong made, and turned of 50 years old. *His characters are miserably wrought, in many things mistaken, and all of them detracting, excepting of those who were friends to the presbyterians. His own true character would take up too much time for me (who knew him well) to describe it* *.

GEORGE STEPNEY, ESQ.,

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE EMPEROR.

A GENTLEMAN of admirable natural parts, very learned, one of the best poets [*scarce of a third rate*] now in England, and perhaps equal to any that ever was.

MR. METHUEN,

AMBASSADOR TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

A MAN of intrigue, but very muddy in his conceptions, and not quickly understood in any thing. In his complexion and manners, much of a Spaniard; a tall, black man, 50 years old. *A profligate rogue, without religion or morals; but cunning enough, yet without abilities of any kind.*

LORD RABY,

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

HE is a young gentleman de bon naturel, handsome, of fine understanding [*very bad, and cannot spell*], and with application, may prove a man of business. He is of low stature [*he is tall*], well shaped, with a good face, fair complexioned, not 30 years old.

* In the valuable library of the marquis of Lansdown, is a copy of Burnet's History, with marginal remarks by Swift.

MR.

MR. HILL,

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE DUKE OF SAVOY;

Is a gentleman of good family in Shropshire. He was designed for the church, and took deacon's [*priest's*] orders; but having a genius for business, and falling into the acquaintance of my lord Ranelagh, when tutor to my lord Hyde, he was sent into Flanders as paymaster general to the English troops there. He is a gentleman of very clear parts, and affects plainness and simplicity [*au contraire*] in his dress, and conversation particularly. He is a favourite to both parties [*to neither*]; and is beloved for his easy access, and affable way by those he has business to do with. He is a thin, tall man [*short, if I remember right*], taller than the ordinary stature, near 50 years old.

SIR LAMBERT BLACKWELL,

ENVOY TO THE GREAT DUKE OF TUSCANY.

He affects much the gentleman in his dress, and the minister in his conversation; is very lofty, yet courteous, when he knows his people; much envied by his fellow merchants; of a sanguine complexion, taller than the ordinary size, about 40 years old. *He seemed to be a very good natured man.*

MR. [*Dr.*] AGLIONBY,

ENVOY TO THE SWISS CANTONS.

He has abundance of wit, and understands most of the modern languages well; knows how to tell a story to the best advantage; but has an affected manner of conversation; is thin, splenetick, and tawny

tawny complexioned, turned of 60 years old. *He had been a papist.*

MR. D'AVENANT,

AGENT AT FRANKFORT.

A VERY giddy headed young fellow, with some wit, about 25 years old. *He is not worth mentioning.*

LORD CUTTS.

HE has abundance of wit, but too much seized with vanity and self-conceit; he is affable, familiar, and very brave; towards 50 years old. *The vainest old fool alive.*

LORD GALLWAY.

ONE of the finest gentlemen in the army, with a head fitted for the cabinet, as well as the camp; is very modest, vigilant, and sincere; a man of honour and honesty [*in all directly otherwise*], without pride or affectation; wears his own hair, is plain in his dress and manners; toward 60 years old. *A deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave; a damnable hypocrite, of no religion.*

EARL OF ORKNEY.

HE is a very wellshaped black man; is brave; but, by reason of a hesitation in his speech, wants expression. Married Mrs. Villiers, and got a good estate by her; is turned of 40 years old. *An honest good natured gentleman, and has much distinguished himself as a soldier.*

SIR CHARLES HARO,

LIEUTENANT GENERAL.

At the revolution he had a company in the foot guards, was afterward lieutenant colonel to that regiment; was made colonel to the fusiliers, and gradually advanced to the post he now has, which he well deserves, being of good understanding, and abundance of learning; fit to command, if not too covetous; he is a short, black man, 50 years old. *His father was a groom; he was a man of sense, without one grain of honesty.*

COLONEL MATTHEW AYLMER *,

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

He has a very good head, indefatigable and designing; is very zealous for the liberties of the people, makes a good figure in the parliament, as well as the fleet; is handsome in his person, turned of 50 years old. *A virulent party man, born in Ireland.*

REAR ADMIRAL BYNG.

Is one of the best sailors in England, and a fine gentleman in every thing else; of a good family and estate in Bedfordshire, understands all the several branches of the navy thoroughly; is a fair complexioned man, and toward 50 years old. *Of a good old Kentish family.*

JAMES, DUKE OF HAMILTON.

On the queen's accession to the throne, he made strong efforts to get into the administration; but has

* Afterward lord Aylmer.

not

not yet succeeded, though he is well received at court; he is brave in his person, with a rough air of boldness; of good sense, very forward and hot for what he undertakes; ambitious and haughty, a violent enemy; has been very extravagant in his manner of living, but now grows covetous; he is supposed to have some thoughts toward the crown of England, when the queen dies; being descended from the house of Stuart, and having a great interest in that kingdom, by his relations and dependants. He has a great estate, and three brothers earls, Selkirk, Orkney, and Ruglen; a fourth a commander at sea; he is of a middle stature, well made, of a black coarse complexion, a brisk look, toward 50 years old. *He was made master of the ordnance, a worthy, good natured person, very generous, but of a middle understanding; he was murdered by that villain Macartney, an Irish Scot.*

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Few of his years have a better understanding, nor a more manly behaviour. He has seen most of the courts of Europe, is very handsome in his person, fair complexioned; about 25 years old. *Ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot; has no principle, but his own interest and greatness. A true Scot in his whole conduct.*

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

Representative of the ancient and noble family of Graham; great grandson to the famous Montrose, who was hanged and quartered for Charles I; and grandson, by the mother, to the duke of Rothes. He inherits all the great qualities of these two families;

lies; with a sweetness of behaviour, which charms all those who know him; has improved himself in most foreign courts; is very beautiful in his person, and about 25 years old. *Now very homely, and makes a sorry appearance.*

EARL OF SUTHERLAND.

A VERY honest man, a great assertor of the liberties of the people; has a good, rough sense; is open and free; a great lover of his bottle, and his friend; brave in his person, which he has shown in several duels; too familiar for his quality, and often keeps company below it. Is a fat, fair complexioned man; 45 years old. *A blundering, rattlepated, drunken sot.*

SECRETARY JOHNSTOUN,

NOW LORD REGISTER.

HE is very honest [*a treacherous knave*], yet something too credulous and suspicious; endued with a great deal of learning and virtue; is above little tricks, free from ceremony; and would not tell a lie for the world. [*One of the greatest knaves even in Scotland*]. Very knowing in the affairs of foreign courts, and the constitution of both kingdoms; a tall, fair man, and toward 50 years old.

MR. CARSTAIRS.

A PRESBYTERIAN minister, who fled from Scotland, after the insurrection for religion, in the reign of Charles II. He is the cunningest, subtle dissembler in the world, with an air of sincerity; a dangerous enemy, because always hid: an instance of which

was

was secretary Johnstoun, to whom he pretended friendship, till the very morning he gave him a blow; though he had been worming him out of the king's favour for many months before; he is a fat, sanguine complexioned fair man, always smiling where he designs most mischief; a good friend, when he is sincere; turned of 50 years old. *A true character; but not strong enough by a fiftieth part.*

EARL OF MARR.

He is a very good manager in his private affairs, which were in disorder when his father died; and is a staunch countryman, fair complexioned, low stature, and 30 years old. *He is crooked; he seemed to be a gentleman of good sense and good nature.*

ANDREW FLETCHER.

A gentleman of a fair estate in Scotland, attended with the improvement of a good education. He has written some excellent tracts, but not published in his name; and has a very fine genius; is a low thin man, brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look, and 50 years old. *A most arrogant, conceited pedant in politicks, cannot endure the least contradiction in any of his visions or paradoxes.*

EARL OF MIDDLETON.

He was against the violent measures of king James's reign; and, for that reason, made no great figure at court while that prince was upon the throne; yet he continued firm to his majesty's interest to the last; was proof against all the offers made him by king William; and after being frequently imprisoned

prisoned in England, followed king James to France; when he had the chief administration given him. He is one of the politest gentlemen in Europe; has a great deal of wit, mixed with a sound judgment, and a very clear understanding; of an easy, indifferent address, but a careless way of living. He is a black man, of a middle stature, with a sanguine complexion; and one of the pleasantest companions in the world. Toward 60 years old. *S.r William Temple told me, he was a very valuable man; and a good scholar. I once saw him.*

EARL OF WEEMS.

He has not yet been in the administration; is a fine personage, and very beautiful; has good sense, and is a man of honour. About 30 years old. *He was a black man, and handsome for a Scot.*

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE

CONTINUED.

TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY*.

MOOR PARK,

GENTLEMEN, FEBRUARY 14, 1691-2.

SINCE every body pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Englishman, and put in my share among the rest. Being last year in Ireland (from whence I returned about half a year ago†), I heard only a loose

* This letter is printed in the fourth volume of the Athenian Oracle, ed. 3, p. 111. The ode, which accompanied it, is printed in vol. VII, p. 10. in which the ingenious author refers to a former ode written by him, and addressed to king William when in Ireland. Mr. Deane Swift, in his Essay on the Life of his Kinsman, informs us that this latter piece was also printed in the same publication. It however is not to be found in the last, nor in several other editions of that work; but will be given in the poetical part of this volume, p. 405.

† By this expression, and some particulars which follow, it appears that Dr. Swift, on his return from Ireland, did not immediately go back to Moor Park; as, in a letter to Mr. Kendal,

loose talk of your society; and believed the design to be only some new folly just suitable to the age, which God knows I little expected ever to produce any thing extraordinary. Since my being in England, having still continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago, passing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman first showed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while after I came to this place, upon a visit to *****†, where I have been ever since, and have seen all the four volumes with their supplements; which answering my expectation, the perusal has produced what you find enclosed.

As I have been somewhat inclined to this folly, so I have seldom wanted somebody to flatter me in it. And for the ode enclosed, I have sent it to a person of very great learning and honour, and since to some others, the best of my acquaintance (which I thought very proper, to ensure it for a greater light); and they have all been pleased to tell me, that they are sure it will not be unwelcome, and that I should beg the honour of you to let it be printed before your next volume (which I think is soon to be published); it being so usual before most books of any great value among poets: and before its seeing

dated only three days before this to the Athenian Society, we find he had been but seven weeks with sir William. The intermediate time, from the subject of the letter to Mr. Kendal, appears to have been principally passed with his mother at Leicester, from which place he made Oxford in his way to Moor Park.

† His great patron sir William Temple.

the

the world, I submit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I entreat therefore one of you would descend so far, as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure upon it: which as I cannot but expect it from gentlemen who have so well shown, upon so many occasions, that greatest character of scholars in being favourable to the ignorant; so, I am sure, nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier. I am, gentlemen, your ever most humble, and most admiring servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO VARINA*.

MADAM, APRIL 29, 1696.

IMPATIENCE is the most inseparable quality of a lover, and indeed of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business. Every one who hunts after pleasure, or fame, or fortune,

* Sister to Mr. Waryng, Swift's chamber-fellow at college.—See Sheridan's Life of Swift, vol. I, p. 283.—This letter was first printed in Mr. George Monck Berkeley's Literary Relicks, 1789.—A second letter to Miss Waryng, May 4, 1700, has already appeared in vol. I, p. 278. Three other letters, directed to her at Belfast, are existing; though we are unable to give more than their dates; December 20, 1695, from Dublin; June 29, 1696, and August 28, 1697, from Moor Park.

is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game: and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. I find myself hugely infected with this malady, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends, is in perpetual danger to be removed for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honourable action could furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doating upon her cruelty, and me upon the cause of it. This fully convinces me of what we are told, that the miseries of man's life are all beaten out on his own anvil. Why was I so foolish to put my hopes and fears into the power or management of another? Liberty is doubtless the most valuable blessing of life; yet we are fond to fling it away on those who have been these 5000 years using us ill. Philosophy advises to keep our desires and prospects of happiness as much as we can in our own breasts, and independent of any thing without. He that sends them abroad is likely to have as little quiet as a merchant whose stock depends upon winds, and waves, and pirates, or upon the words and faith of creditors, every whit as dangerous and inconstant as the other.

I am a villain if I have not been poring this half hour over the paper merely for want of something

to

to say to you:—or is it rather that I have so much to say to you, that I know not where to begin, though at last its all very likely to be arrant repetition?

Two strangers, a poet and a beggar, went to cuffs yesterday in this town, which minded me heartily to curse both employments. However, I am glad to see those two trades fall out, because I always heard they had been constant cronies: but what was best of all, the poet got the better, and kicked the gentleman beggar out of doors. This was of great comfort to me, till I heard the victor himself was a most abominable bad rhymer, and as mere a vagabond beggar as the other, which is a very great offence to me; for starving is much too honourable for a blockhead. I read some of his verses printed in praise of my lady Donegall, by which he has plainly proved that Fortune has injured him, and that he is dunce enough to be worth five thousand pounds a year. It is a pity he has not also the qualifications to recommend himself to your sex. I dare engage no ladies would hold him long in suspense with their unkindness: one settlement of separate maintenance, well engrossed, would have more charms than all the wit or passion of a thousand letters. And I will maintain it, any man had better have a poor angel to his rival than the devil himself if he was rich.

You now have had time enough to consider my last letter, and to form your own resolutions upon it. I wait your answer with a world of impatience; and if you think fit I should attend you before my journey, I am ready to do it. My lady Donegall tells me that it is feared my lord deputy will not live

many days; and if that be so, it is possible I may take shipping from hence, otherwise I shall set out on Monday fortnight for Dublin, and, after one visit of leave to his excellency, hasten to England: and how far you will stretch the point of your unreasonable scruples to keep me here, will depend upon the strength of the love you pretend for me. In short, madam, I am once more offered the advantage to have the same acquaintance with greatness that I formerly enjoyed, and with better prospect of interest. I here solemnly offer to forego it all for your sake. I desire nothing of your fortune; you shall live where and with whom you please till my affairs are settled to your desire: and in the mean time I will push my advancement with all the eagerness and courage imaginable, and do not doubt to succeed.

Study seven years for objections against all this, and by Heaven they will at last be no more than trifles and putoffs. It is true you have known sickness longer than you have me, and therefore perhaps you are more loath to part with it as an older acquaintance: But listen to what I here solemnly protest, by all that can be witness to an oath, that if I leave this kingdom before you are mine, I will endure the utmost indignities of fortune rather than ever return again, though the king would send me back his deputy. And if it must be so, preserve yourself, in God's name, for the next lover who has those qualities you love so much beyond any of mine, and who will highly admire you for those advantages which shall never share any esteem from me. Would to Heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me:

me: they hale me a thousand ways, and I am not able to bear them. It is so, by Heaven: The love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and scorned me from the beginning. It was your pity opened the first way to my misfortune; and now your love is finishing my ruin: and it is so then. In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina; and (I wonder) will she weep at parting, a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection to me? and will my friends still continue reproaching me for the want of gallantry, and neglecting a close siege? How comes it that they all wish us married together, they knowing my circumstances and yours extremely well, and I am sure love you too much, if it be only for my sake, to wish you any thing that might cross your interest or your happiness? Surely, Varina, you have but a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honourable, unlimited love; yet either nature and our ancestors have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible you can be yet insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and exalted? Trust me, Varina, Heaven has given us nothing else worth the loss of a thought. Ambition, high appearances, friends, and fortune, are all tasteless and insipid when they come in competition; yet millions of such glorious minutes are we perpetually losing, for ever losing, irrecoverably losing, to gratify empty forms and wrong notions, and affected coldnesses and peevish humour. These are the unhappy incumbrances which we who are distinguished from the vulgar do fondly create to torment ourselves. The only felicity permitted to hu-

man life we clog with tedious circumstances and barbarous formality. By Heaven, Varina, you are more experienced, and have less virgin innocence than I. Would not your conduct make one think you were highly skilled in all the little politick methods of intrigue. Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches, but cannot improve. We have all of us the seeds of it implanted in ourselves, and they require no helps from courts or fortune to cultivate and improve them. To resist the violence of our inclinations in the beginning, is a train of selfdenial that may have some pretences to set up for a virtue: but when they are grounded at first upon reason, when they have taken firm root and grown up to a height, it is folly—folly as well as injustice, to withstand their dictates; for this passion has a property peculiar to itself, to be most commendable in its extremes; and it is as possible to err in the excess of piety as of love.

These are the rules I have long followed with you, Varina; and had you pleased to imitate them, we should both have been infinitely happy. The little disguises, and affected contradictions of your sex, were all (to say the truth) infinitely beneath persons of your pride and mine; paltry maxims that they are, calculated for the rabble of humanity. O, Varina, how imagination leads me beyond myself and all my sorrows! It is sunk, and a thousand graves lie open!—No, madam, I will give you no more of my unhappy temper though I derive it all from you.

Farewell, madam; and may love make you a

while forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose him that has resolved to die as he has lived,

All yours, JON. SWIFT.

I have here sent you Mr. Fletcher's letter, wherein I hope I do not injure generosity or break trust, since the contents are purely my own concern. If you will pardon the ill hand and spelling, the reason and sense of it you will find very well and proper.

FROM THE EARL OF BERKELEY*.

CRANFORD, FRIDAY NIGHT, 1706-7.

I HOPE you continue in the mind of coming hither to morrow; for upon my sincerity, which is more than most people's, I shall be heartily glad to see you as much as possible before you go to Ireland. Whether you are or are not for Cranford, I earnestly entreat you, if you have not done it already, that you would not fail of having your bookseller enable the archbishop of York to give a book† to the queen;

* He had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General in 1689; and in 1699 and 1700 one of the lord justices of Ireland, where Dr. Swift had been his chaplain. This letter is endorsed by Dr. Swift "old earl of Berkeley, about 1706 or 1707." He died Sept. 24, 1710.

† Swift's Project for the Advancement of Religion, and the Reformation of Manners.

for

for with Mr. Nelson*, I am entirely of opinion, that her majesty's reading of that book of the project for the increase of morality and piety, may be of very great use to that end.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, DUBLIN, JUNE 3, 1710.

I AM just now come from Finglass, where I have been drinking your health, and talking of you, with one who loves and admires you better than any man in the world, except your humble servant. We both agree in a request, that you will set out for Dublin as soon as possible. To tell you truly, I find the place disagreeable, and cannot imagine why it should appear so now more than it did last year. You know I look upon every thing that is like a compliment as a breach of friendship; and therefore shall only tell you, that I long to see you; without assuring you, that I love your company and value your conversation more than any man's, or that I am, with the most inviolable sincerity and esteem, Dear sir,

Your most faithful, most humble,
and most obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

* Robert Nelson, esqr., the worthy and pious author of many excellent religious publications.

FROM

FROM MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

DEAR DOCTOR, NOV. 17, 1711.

I ASK pardon for my mistake *, and I send you the right paper. I am, in sickness and in health, ever your faithful friend, and obedient servant,

H. ST. JOHN.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE,

THURSDAY MORNING, TWO O'CLOCK,
JAN. 5, 1712-13.

THOUGH I have not seen, yet I did not fail to write to lord treasurer. *Non tua res agitur*, dear Jonathan. It is the treasurer's cause †; it is my cause; it is every man's cause, who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity of showing that true esteem, that sincere affection, and honest friendship for you, which fill the breast of your faithful friend,

BOLINGBROKE.

* This alludes to the short letter, printed in vol. xi, p. 197.

† This seems to relate to the promotion of Dr. Swift, in which lord Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, charges the lord treasurer with being extremely backward. See also Journal to Stella, April 7, 1713. Dr. Swift was made dean of St. Patrick's on the 23d of that month.

TO

TO THE REV. MR. WILLIAM DRAPER,

DEAN, NEAR BASINGSTOKE, HAMPSHIRE *.

SIR, LONDON, APRIL 13, 1713.

I AM ashamed to tell you how ill a philosopher I am, and that a very ill situation of my affairs for three weeks past, made me utterly incapable of answering your obliging letter, and thanking you for your most agreable copy of verses. The prints will tell you that I am condemned again to live in Ireland; and all that the court and ministry did for me was to let me choose my situation in the country where I am banished. I could not forbear showing both your letter and verses to our great men, as well as to the men of wit of my acquaintance; and they were highly approved by all. I am altogether a stranger to your friend Appian; and am a little angry when those who have a genius lay it out in translations. I question whether 'Res angusta domi' be not one of your motives. Perhaps you want such a bridle as a translation, for your genius is too fruitful, as appears by the frequency of your similes; and this employment may teach you to write like a modest man, as Shakspeare expresses it.

I have been minding my lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Harcourt, and sir William Windham, to solicit my

* First printed in Mr. Seward's Biographiana, 1799, from the original in the possession of that excellent instructor of youth, Dr. Valpey, of Reading.

lord

lord chancellor to give you a living, as a business which belongs to our society, who assume the title of rewarders of merit. They are all very well disposed, and I shall not fail to negotiate for you while I stay in England, which will not be above six weeks; but I hope to return in October, and if you are not then provided for, I will move Heaven and earth that something may be done for you. Our Society has not met of late, else I would have moved to have two of us sent in form to request a living for you from my lord chancellor; and, if you have any way to employ my services, I desire you will let me know it, and believe me to be very sincerely,

Sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM A QUAKER *.

WHEN THREE HUNDRED POUNDS WERE OFFERED FOR TAKING UP THE DRAPIER.

"AND the people said unto Saul, shall Jonathan "die, who hath wrought this great salvation in

* Another member of this pacifick tribe has testified his esteem for our author in a more substantial manner, if we may be allowed to say,

"A solid gammon weighs down empty praise."

See p. 266, of this volume.

"Israel?

" Israel? God forbid: As the LORD liveth, there " shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; " for he wrought with GOD this day. So the peo- " ple rescued Jonathan, that he died not *."

FROM SIR JOHN BROWNE.

DAWSON STREET,

REV. SIR, APRIL 4, 1728.

BY a strange fatality, though you were the only person in the world from whom I would conceal my being an author, yet you were unaccountably the only one let into the secret of it: the ignorant poor man who was entrusted by me to deliver out the little books †, though he kept the secret from all others, yet, from the nature of the subject, concluded that I could have no interest in concealing it from you, who were so universally known to be an indefatigable promoter of the welfare of Ireland. But, though the accident gave me some uneasiness at first; yet, when I consider your character, I cannot doubt (however slender the foundation of such a hope may be from any merits of my own) your generosity will oblige you to conceal what chance

* 1 Sam. chap. xiv, ver. 45.

† This treatise was, " A Memorial of the poor Inhabitants, " Tradesmen, and Labourers, of the Kingdom of Ireland;" to which Dr. Swift immediately published an answer, dated March 25, 1728; and printed in this collection, vol. ix, p. 209.

has

has revealed to you, and incline you to judge of me, not from the report of my enemies, but from what I appear in the little tracts which have waited on you.

I shall not presume, sir, to detain you with the narrative of the original and progress of the parliamentary accusations and votes against me; although, would you do me the honour to inquire, I could easily convince you, from my own particular case, that men have two characters, one which is either good or bad, according to the prevailing number of their friends or enemies; and one which never varies for either: one which has little or no regard to the virtue or vice of the subject, and one which regards that alone, is inherent (if I may say so) in the subject, and describes it what it really is, without regard either to friends or enemies.

All I shall beg of you is, to suspend your judgment upon it; since all parties allow that, although I had several summons from the committee for Monday, and many evidences on the road in obedience to their summons, yet I was tied down by the committee the preceding Saturday, and deprived of the benefit of all my evidences, notwithstanding any thing I could urge to the contrary. This, I hope, I may say without injury to Mr. Bingham: for sure he may be entirely innocent, and yet a magistrate under the immediate direction of the lord chief justice who takes examinations against him, examinations, that do not even contain matter to form an indictment upon, may be innocent also.

It shall suffice therefore to say, I went from Ireland loaded with the severest censures of the house of commons: injured, as I thought, and oppressed

to

to the greatest degree imaginable; robbed of that character which was dearer to me than life itself; and all that by an overbearing, overpowering interest.

I sought in England for that peace and protection which was denied me at home. My publick character followed me: my countrymen avoided me. The nature of man is sociable: I was forced to herd with strangers. A prime minister, engaged in the success of a scheme, wants no emissaries to spy out all that makes for him, and to fly with what they have found to their employer. I was unfortunately set by those sort of creatures: my sentiments on the state of our money matters were industriously sifted through me; and when that was done, before I knew any thing of the matter, I was served with his majesty's summons: in a hurry I ran out of town, and staid in the country awhile; but, on my return again, found another summons at my lodgings; and terrified by the dismal effects of power at home from risking a second shipwreck abroad, I yielded to it, and appeared at the cockpit.

It is true, my appearance at the cockpit, to those who knew me only by the votes of the house of commons, must have looked like a design of a revenge; and I had many and powerful enemies, who gave all my actions the worst colour. But, to take the matter impartially, sir, is there no allowance to be made for a mind already broken by the dismal effects of prevailing power, and filled with the apprehensions of second dangers? Is there no allowance for a man, young in the knowledge of the world, under all these fears and misfortunes, if he has yielded to the repeated summons of the council of England, in

which

which his majesty was present; and if he was there, after a long and strenuous opposition, forced to tell his sentiments, forced, sir, to tell his sentiments, not in the manner represented to the world, but in a manner the most cautious of giving room for a pretence to oppose the inclinations of our parliament *?

But, alas, the consequence!—You, sir, the defender of Ireland, were soon engaged against me on that account; and that fatal genius of yours, in an instant, ruined my character; but, even ruinbearing as it was, I blessed it: the cause which you undertook was dear to me; and, though fame is the last thing which one would sacrifice even for his country, yet I parted with that with pleasure, while you thought it necessary for the publick good so to do. But now the end is served, dear sir, may not the man have his mare again †?

Plato, being told that certain persons aspersed his character, and represented him abroad as a very ill man; instead of expostulating with his enemies and returning reproach for reproach, concealed himself, saying, "No matter, my friends; the whole life of "Plato shall give his accusers the lie."

Could I set before me a greater example? Under the general displeasure of my country, under all the censures which the restless malice of my enemies

* By this passage, compared with the Drapier's third Letter, it appears that sir John Browne was one of the four evidences examined by the privy council in England, on behalf of Wood's patent.

† It was probably on account of this letter, that the two passages respecting Browne in the Drapier's third Letter, which are restored in this edition, were struck out by the dean.

could devise, and under the keen edge of the drapier's wit; the only revenge in which I indulged myself was, by a steady love for my country, and by manifest acts of affection thereto, to be a silent reproach to the foul tongues of my enemies.

Permit then, sir, permit me in peace to take his great example; and no longer give way to the power of my enemies, by continuing to oppress me. They have already gained their cause by you: but I must say, it was not the sword of Ajax, but the armour of Achilles which he put on, that won the day.

The cause for which you undertook my ruin was the cause of my country: it was a good cause, and you shall ever find me of that side. You have carried it, and I know you will no longer be my enemy. But alas! as long as your works subsist, wherever they be read, even unto the end of time must I be branded as a villain? It is a hard sensence; and yet, unless the spear of Achilles, the same instrument which gave the wound, administer the remedy, it must be so.

In short, sir, you must be a man of honour, it is not possible that honour should be wanting, where all the distinguishing characteristicks of it are found: I cannot doubt it; and therefore I will let you fully into a secret, which accident has given you a part of; and I am sure you will keep it.

The source of all my misfortunes was the vote of the house of commons; but I have laboured however, as I always shall, to serve my country, and make myself agreeable to them: and, though the misfortune of a bad publick character deprived me of the private conversation of my countrymen, which

is

is the surest and best way to know our true interest; yet I flatter myself that my little essays may be useful, at least they may be no bad beginning; and you know it is easy to add to a work once begun. But, if the work is known to be mine, the very name will condemn it, and render it useless to my country *.

Whatever the faults may be, I have publickly applied to you to amend them, before the bearer's mistake made me determine this private application to you: And I must say, that I shall reckon it no small degree of honour, if you take that trouble upon you.

In the mean time, I shall beg the favour of you to keep a secret, which no other person but my printer, my bookseller, and the bearer, knows. I am,

Reverend sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN BROWNE.

* The dean, in his Answer to the Memorial, which was published before he had received this letter, says, "I received a paper "from you, whoever you are, without any name of author or "printer, and sent, I suppose, to me among others without any "distinction. It contains a complaint of the dearness of corn; "and some schemes for making it cheaper; which I cannot ap-"prove of." After objecting to several particulars in sir John Browne's plan, the dean adds, "Sir, upon the whole, your paper "is a very crude piece, liable to more objections than there are "lines: but, I think, your meaning is good, and so far you are "pardonable."

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR, MARKET HILL *, NOV. 16, 1728.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind intention in the purchase you mention; but it will not answer my design, because these lands are let in leases renewable for ever †, and consequently can never have the rent raised; which is mortal to all estates left for ever to a publick use, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and most corporations feel the smart of it.

I have been here several months, to amuse me in my disorders of giddiness and deafness, of which I have frequent returns—and I shall hardly return to Dublin till Christmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loss ‡. Such misfortunes seem to break the whole scheme of man's life §; and although time may lessen sorrow, yet it cannot

* The seat of sir Arthur Acheson, where the dean passed two summers. He had a farm near it, which was let to him by sir Arthur, and afterward called Drapier's hill, apparently from the poem, while Swift tenanted it.

† Accordingly, in his will, by which he devised his fortune to the building and endowing of an hospital for lunaticks, he restrained his executors from purchasing any lands that "were encumbered "with leases for lives renewable."

‡ The death of Mrs. Wallis.

§ Mr. Pope has so poetically expressed this idea, that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it: "I am sensibly obliged to "you, in the comfort you endeavour to give me upon the loss of a "friend. It is like the shower we have had this morning, that "just makes the drooping trees hold up their heads, but they re-"main

cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of so near a companion, nor hardly supply it with another *. I wish you health and happiness, and that the pledge † left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great sincerity, your most obliged and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

SIR, MARCH 6, 1728-9.

IF I am not a good correspondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I passed eight months in the country, with sir Arthur and my lady Acheson, and had at least half a dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks apiece; and, among other inconveniences, hindered me from visiting my chapter, and punishing enormities; but did not save me the charges of a visitation dinner. This disorder neither hinders my sleeping, nor much my walking; yet is the most mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a

" main checked and withered at the root: the benediction is but a " short relief, though it comes from Heaven itself. The loss of a " friend is the loss of life; after that is gone from us, it is all but " a gentle decay, and wasting and lingering a little longer." Letters to a Lady, p. 23.

* This sentiment, no doubt, came from the writer's heart. Stella, the incomparable Stella, was then no more!

† A son, afterward a barrister at law.

month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight: and, when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: but I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr. Whaley *; but, I hope, you remembered, that Daniel † is a damnable poet, and consequently a publick enemy

* Mr. Nathanael Whaley; who had a writ of errour depending in the house of lords, on a judgment which had been given in the court of king's bench in England, reversing a judgment of the court of king's bench in Ireland, in a cause wherein the archbishop of Armagh and Mr. Whaley were plaintiffs, and the king defendant. A doubt arising whether the writ was not abated, having been taken out in the lifetime of king George I, but not returnable till after that king's death; their lordships determined that it was abated, and therefore reversed the judgment, Feb. 26, 1728,9.—The following year, however, another writ of errour was in like manner brought, wherein his majesty king George II was made defendant; which was heard April 30, 1730, and determined likewise in favour of the archbishop and Mr. Whaley: very highly to dean Swift's satisfaction; who had applied to his friends on this occasion, as appears by the earl of Oxford's letter, March 4, 1729,30, printed in vol. XII, p. 336; who tells the dean, "I "obeyed your commands, and did Mr. Whaley all the little service "I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, "God knows. He comes again before us soon after Easter: he "seems to be in great hopes, I wish they may be well founded." In July following, his lordship writes, "I suppose master Whaley "is by this time got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of "his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of "law, of lawyers, and of lords, both spiritual and temporal." See p. 267, of this vol.

† Richard Daniel, dean of Armagh; who, Feb. 9, 1729-30, petitioned the house of lords for a speedy hearing of the archbishop's cause; alleging, "he had been detained in England "seventeen months, to attend its issue."

to

to mankind. But I despise the lords decree, which is a jest upon common sense: for what did it signify to the merits of the cause, whether George the old, or the young, were on the throne?

No: I intended to pass last winter in England, but my health said no: and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring: if not, pray God you may never be in jest! Dr. Delany shall attend you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cider in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And, when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say, "I am to blame, if I refuse the opportunity of going "with my lady Bolingbroke to Aix la Chapelle." I must tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. Gay is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances; and, I think, he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his opera* before it is acted; for I defy all

* The second part of the Beggar's Opera.

your subscriptions to amount to eight hundred pounds. And yet, I believe, he lost as much more, for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago, that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself; but they never went farther: and my lady Acheson made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shown to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot, but am sure it was bad or indifferent; and as to the Lady at Quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses, called, The Journal of a Dublin Lady, which I writ at sir Arthur Acheson's; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which doctor Sheridan had engaged in, called The Intelligencer, of which he made but sorry work, and then dropped it*. But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very *médiocre* in themselves; but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family jest. I do sincerely assure you, that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons which time has shown, and will show more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be

* See vol. VII, p. 417.

pleased

pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But, on Sunday evenings, it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray, come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies; and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle *, says, "she will be your nurse;" and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees: although, I believe, you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them, to make them proud. Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unlucky at every thing I send to England. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my lord Bolingbroke, lord Bathurst, lord Masham, and his lady my dear friend, and Mr. Pulteney, and the doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our sickly friend Gay, and my lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty †, who I hope will learn to love the world less, before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my lord Peterborow being ill. I am exceedingly his servant; and pray God recover his health! As for your courtier Mrs. Howard, and her mistress, I have nothing to say, but that they

* See a poem on Stella's birthday, 1722-3, vol. VII, p. 235;
† Mrs. Martha Blount.

have

have neither memory nor manners; else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised above two years ago: but, since I made them a present *, it would be mean to remind them. I am told, poor Mrs. Pope is ill. Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend.

This letter is an answer to Mr. Ford, whose hand I mistook for yours, having not heard from him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to stare; and it must not be lost, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders: for, reading the letter by candlelight, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. Ford, I thought it must be yours, because it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whaley, and lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it must be yours: so all the answering part must go for nothing.

FROM A QUAKER IN PHILADELPHIA.

CHILAD,

FRIEND JONATHAN SWIFT, MARCH 29, 1729.

HAVING been often agreeably amused by thy Tale, &c. &c. and being now loading a small ship for Dublin, I have sent thee a gammon, the product of the wilds of America; which perhaps may not be

* Of some Irish plaids; see Mrs. Howard's Letter, vol. XII, p. 211.

unacceptable

unacceptable at thy table, since it is only designed to let thee know that thy wit and parts are here in esteem at this distance from the place of thy residence *. Thou needest ask no questions who this comes from, since I am a perfect stranger to thee.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

DOVER STREET, JULY 15, 1730.

REV. SIR,

MR. Clayton telling me he was going for Ireland I could not forbear sending you a few lines by him, although I may punish you; yet it is so great a pleasure to me to think of you, and to converse with you even in this manner, that I must expect you will be so good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here; I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: this is my thought, that devoured we certainly shall be; but only this will be the difference, we shall have that great favour and instance of mercy, that we shall have the honour to follow you, and be the

* This is not the only proof of the dean's fame having early extended to the American continent. May 20, 1728, he tells Mr. Pope, "I have with great pleasure shown the New England news-"paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver. And I remember "Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one "Lemuel Gulliver, who had a cause there, and lost it on the ill "reputation of being a liar."

last

last devoured; and though this is so plain, and that demonstrable, yet we have so many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them every thing seems to go well as it should do; and are so pleased with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to say any thing to them. This is a very disagreeable subject, and I will therefore leave it.

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well: her stomach is rather better than it was; Peggy is very well: both desire you will accept of their humble service. You mention your law affairs: I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them: if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands.

I suppose master Whaley is, by this time, got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords both spiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: if you see him, my service to him.

I wish you would come over here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing you. Why should you not pass the winter here? I should think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord Bathurst has had a fever; but he is now well again. Pope I saw yesterday: he is pretty well. I am, with true respect and esteem, sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

FROM

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR DEAN, AUGUST 16, 1734.

A LITTLE before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. Hamilton has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of rabble; I live at Castle Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies: you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison: you drink benicarlo wine, I drink right French margose: you hear nothing but noise: With ravishing musick my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, & choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon goût. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I choose to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends.

I am yours to the day of judgment,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM

FROM THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

MARSTON IN SOMERSETSHIRE,
NOV. 2, 1734.

SIR,

YOU may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of corresponding with you while I staid in England, but that I waited to give you some account of the success of your kind and friendly negotiation for me in the letter you were so good to give me to lord Orrery, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befal me, so I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. Taylor's giving my mother and me so much money for our good will in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for

for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him to say; which surely was as much as any conscionable and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect: in short, his kind reception of me at Marston, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself toward me in every particular since I came to him, has been like lord Orrery himself: and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy dean of St. Patrick's, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less? *agnosco fontem;* for without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about: for which I shall say no more (being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit altâ mente repostum.* His lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from Ireland of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it

all

all off; if it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of Gulliver's Struldbrugs, immortal; but alas! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial.

What's past, we know, and what's to come, must be,
Or good or bad, is much the same to me;
Since death must end my joy or misery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach; and it is well if you do not think by this time that I imagine myself in Rathenny* pulpit instead of writing a letter to the dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to lord Orrery, at Marston, near Froome in Somersetshire. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours lady Acheson and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. Helsham and his lady, and with my very affectionate

* Mr. Philips's benefice, about three miles from Dublin.

love

love and service to all my Sunday companions at the deanery*.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life: but when I get to London (which I believe will not be till after Christmas, because as I am within ten or a dozen miles of Bath, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me) you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is posssible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of showing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, sir, your most obedient and much obliged humble servant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have seen your friend Mrs. Cope at Bath, and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

FROM ******.

SIR, MONTROSE, DEC. 17, 1734.

SOME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumstances a little

* It was customary for the doctor's friends and acquaintance to visit him on Sunday afternoons, and spend the evening with him; so that every one who was at leisure to go there, was sure of meeting variety of good company.

favouring it, I have resolved to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on some little amusements, and have had the pleasure in secret to see them pretty well received; but few here being much conversant in that study, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of those who have succeeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleased to furnish me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as soon as it is finished, you may expect a copy of the performance from, sir, your most humble servant,

* * * * * * †.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, DEC. 25, 1734.

R. HAMILTON is glad the venison got safe to you; it was carried by a county Cavan man in the 75th year of his age, who went off on Wednesday morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all

† As this letter seems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we choose to suppress the name, especially as we cannot tell what answer he received from Dr. Swift, or whether afterward he applied himself with success to Apollo and the Muses.

104 miles.—He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition——There's a county Cavan man for you.

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this Elysium of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as you yourself can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our Elysium, I mean to Castle Hamilton, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give——But you must take me along with you.——

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the Kevin Bayl * escaped the gallows, in spite of Bettisworth † and all his add hay rents——If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

Sunday we had a very hard frost—Yesterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain——Now fair again, but lowering.

We are just now going to dinner at captain Perott's,

* Dr. Swift used to call the people who lived in the liberty of St. Patrick's his subjects: and without dispute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.

† The right spelling of this name is Bettesworth, constantly pronounced as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Mr. Bettesworth affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by Dr. Sheridan alludes.

where your health is never omitted, both as dean and drapier——I forgot to tell you that there is a drapier's club fixed in Cavan of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of Ireland. Vid. Grierson's new map.—— There is another Cavan Bayl for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong box with Jane *, that I may put my money among yours.

FROM AN UNKNOWN GENTLEMAN †.

REV. SIR, JAN. 21, 1734-5.

THIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of Parnassus. Every body knows that Lewis the 14th built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalides; we in imitation have our Greenwich, Chelsea, and Killmainham; and it was but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have

* Dr. Swift's cookmaid.

† This letter is endorsed, "whimsical, and little in it."

no

no other way of subsistence *. The occasion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; viz. Whether Homer or Tacitus deserves most praise on the following account; Homer makes Helen give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in Ulysses, the hero of his second poem, he makes Antenor, the wisest of all Troy, interrupt her. The passage in Tacitus is as follows, viz. On this year died Junia, being the sixtieth after the Philippi battle, wife to Cassius, sister to Brutus, niece to Cato, the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c. *Sed præfulgebant Brutus & Cassius, eo ipso quod imagines eorum non visebantur.* These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory. Your most obedient humble servant.

T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct to the reverend Mr. Birch at Roscrea.

* The writer seems to allude to Swift's then designed hospital for idiots and lunaticks.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, APRIL 5, 1735.

MRS. Perott has this instant invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at Cavan. She is a lady the best housewife in Ireland, and of the best temper I ever knew. Here daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. Lingen * whether the duke of Dorset's letter be come in answer to the lords justices, that I may hurry to Dublin; for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle. I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The bishop of Killmore can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the lords justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

* One of the secretaries to the lords justices.

FROM

FROM LORD OXFORD.

DOVER STREET, JUNE 19,

GOOD MR. DEAN, 1735.

I COULD not suffer Mr. Jebb to pass into Ireland without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble servant, to inquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. Pope. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the state of your own health. I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you at least to entertain and amuse you: as for any other agreeable view I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but as I know you to be a truly good natured man, I hope you will come over; for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter: it has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to have given you an account that my daughter was safely brought to bed: we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well; desires your acceptance of her humble service: she,

among others, would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill state of health: I am afraid he cannot last very long: his son has, this spring, put to Westminster school two sons; he has three more and a daughter. Mr. Thomas Harley has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his seat in Herefordshire. The duke of Leeds is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has passed through. My nephew Robert Hay travelled with the duke, and is come home untainted, but much improved: he is returned to Oxford to follow his studies: he designs for holy orders. My two youngest nephews are still at Westminster school. Lord Dupplin has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promises. My sister lives in Yorkshire with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, &c. &c. Now I ask your pardon, dear sir, for saying so much of family affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Master Pope is pretty well: he is under persecution from Curll, who has by some means, (wicked ones most certainly) got hold of some of Pope's private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free a state, that there is no remedy against these evils.

It is now time to release you from this dull paper: but I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am, with true respect and esteem, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

Please

Please to be so good as to make my compliments to lord Orrery.

TO. DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR, JUNE, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream, or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling your stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbour Price; not always toy ling in your school. This dries ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a dump ling, and bab ling is our dare ling. Pray do not look as cow ling at me when I come, but, get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a fowl ling for fill ling my belly. I hope none of your townsfolks are bub ling you: Have you a bow ling green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old ay ling and yet you see I am now as crib ling. Can you buy me an am ling nag? I am bat ling for health, and just craw ling out. My breakfast is cut ling sand sugar to cure the curd ling of my blood. My new summer coat is cock ling already, and I am call ling for my old one. I am cob ling my riding shoes* and cur ling my riding periwig. My maids hens

* As Dr. Swift was, on all occasions, fond of walking, when he rode he wore strong jack spatterdashes, which he could slip off as soon as

hens keep such a cack ling, and chuck ling, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe ling, for which my groom is grum ling and grow ling, while the other servants are gob ling and gut ling, and the maids gig ling, and the dogs how ling. My bung ling tailor was tip ling from morning to night. Do you know drive ling Doll with her drab ling tail, and drag ling petticoat, and gog ling eyes; always gag ling like a goose, and hob ling to the alehouse, hand ling a mug and quarry ling and squab ling with porters, or row ling in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle ling pinner. Mr. Wall walks the streets with his strip ling boy, in his sham ling gait, as cuff ling for the wall, and just ling all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop ling gown, pill ling oranges, and pick ling cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark ling, you may find her twat ling with the neighbours, her nose trick ling, and spawl ling the floor, and then smug ling her husband.

A lady whose understanding was sing ling me out as a wit ling or rather a suck ling, as if she were tick ling my fancy, tang ling me with questions, tell ling me many stories, her tongue toe ling like a clapper; says she, an old man's dar ling is better than a young man's war ling. I liked her dad ling and plain deal ling: she was as wise as a goes ling or a duck ling, yet she counted upon gull ling and grave ling me. Her maid was hack ling flax and hum ling her mistress, and how ling in the Irish manner: I was fool ling and fiddle ling and fade ling an

as he alighted from his horse; and, to match these spatterdashes, he had shoes strong in proportion to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots.

hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss ling the curates, or mud ling in an alehouse, or muff ling his chops, or rump ling his band, or mum ling songs, though he be but a mid ling versifyer at best, while his wife in her mac ling lace is mull ling claret, to make her husband maud ling, or mill ling chocolate for her breakfast, or rust ling in her silks, or net ling her spouse, or nurse ling and swill ling her grandchildren and a year ling calf, or oil ling her pimple ling face, or set ling her head dress, or stif ling a f— to a fizz ling, or boy ling sowins for supper, or pew ling for the death of her kit ling, or over rue ling the poor doctor. As to madame votre femme, I find she has been coup ling her daughters; I wish she were to live upon a cod ling or a chit or ling. She has as mile ling countenance, which is yet better than as well ling belly: I wish she were to go a bull ling and begin with a bill ling, and then go to hick ling. She hath been long as cram ling for power, and would fain be a fond ling and delights in a fop ling, when she should be fur ling her sails, and fill ling her belly, or game ling about Cavan, or gall ling her company. Why do not you set her a truck ling with a vengeance, and use her like an under ling, and stop her ray ling, rat ling rang ling behaviour? I would cure her ram ling and rum ling; but, you are spy ling all, by rig ling into her favour, and are afraid of ruff ling her. I hear you are fell ling your timber at Quilca: you love to have a fee ling of money, which is a grove ling temper in you, and you are for shove ling it up like a lord ling, or rather like a star ling. I suppose now you are vail ling your bonnet to every squire. I wish you would grow a world ling, and not be

strow

strow ling abroad, nor always shake ling yourself at home. Can I have stable ling with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table ling for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz ling cloth and reel ling yarn, and unravel ling thread without stay ling it. Set the boys a race ling for diversion; set the scullion a rid ling the cinders without rife ling them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell ling, and the cowboy to draw small beer without spill ling or pall ling it: have no more piss to ling lads: Employ yourself in nay ling your broken stools. Whip all the libel ling rogues who are loll ling out their tongues, and kind ling quarrels, and rave eye ling their school-fellows, and stick ling with their seniors, and snuff ling in a jeer, and scraw ling on the school walls, and scut ling to the piehouse, and yawl ling and yell ling to frighten little children, and fowl ling the house for mischief sake, and grape ling with the girls. Pray take care of spy ling your younger daughters, or sty ling them pets *.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, CAVAN, JUNE 23, 1735.

I DO not yet hear of master Lucas from Castle Shane, for whom I have agreed, and have kept a

* The term *pet*, which is a contraction of the French *petite*, signifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation.

room.

room. If you see Dr. Coghill, perhaps he may resolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuse another in his place. I wish with all my soul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper season; as for the geese, they have ceased to be green, and are now old enough to see the world, which they do as far as our river will let them sail commodiously.

Our mutton is the best I ever tasted, so is our beef, our trouts, or pheasants, particularly the eels. Dear sir, I am almost persuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your disorder, but the good air will also get you a stomach, and of consequence new flesh, and good health. Your little starts to the country from Dublin, only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city poison; whereas being here with me in the midst of Arabia Felix, you draw in nothing but balsamick aromatick air, the meanest odour of which is that of our bean blossom and lily of the valley. Every one swears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger, and this I am almost persuaded to believe, because I labour more than ever, drink less, see fewer company, and have abundantly more spirits.

I have almost finished a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarse gravel; for I cannot afford a rollingstone; so that my garden walks will require a strong pair of German shoes. To my great grief I hear that my lord Orrery is landed, and I fear will not be in Dublin at my August vacation. You are too happy while he is in Dublin for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our Elysium. What would I give that some necro-

mancer

mancer would set you both down at Cavan upon an easy cloud, while my good wine lasts? If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my Mullan's wine come down for yourself, I do not think it would be amiss: for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beseech you to let me know the day you intend to set out, that I may meet you at Virginia; and be pleased to be there on a Saturday.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wish with all my soul I could take it as easily as you give it; but alas, I must say as Tasso did in a letter to his friend Antonio Constantini, *Il consiglio di V. S. è ottimo; ma io conosco grandissima difficoltà nell' eseguire lo.*

It is the fashion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the drapier's health. The reason I give you this caw shun is, that you may not ralph use it, when you come among us.

Ibis see itch yew tom eak my come plea meant to Mrs. Whiteway, and tell her no one in Ireland shall be more welcome to my house; do not fail to hawl her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's house; and she can live and joke with us the best of the day. Pray let me know her resolution, that I may settle my mind accordingly.

My next to you shall be in verse, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, because I declare solemnly, I am an utter stranger to what I intend, either, as to measure, rhyme, diction, or thought. May all happiness attend you. I am, dear sir, with all respect your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM

FROM LORD HOWTH.

KILLFANE, JULY 6, 1735.

I AM very much obliged to my good dean of St. Patrick's for the honour he did me in sitting for his picture; and have wrote to Dr. Grattan to give Mr. Bindon strict charge in the finishing of it: and when that is done to bring it to his house, for fear I should get a copy instead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you give me of your health, but do not in the least doubt but the change of air would be of service to you, and a most hearty welcome you may be sure of. The archbishop of Cashel told me he would wait on you the day after he went to Dublin; and does mightily admire he has not seen you oftener. I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours since I came last here. Every second day I am out six or seven hours an otter hunting. As to reading and working, my wife observes your directions: and could wish she would do the same as to exercise. She desires me to tell you that the liking she has to the baboon* is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest favourites. Your giant† will use

* The bishop of Ossory so called.

Could you see his grin, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Killkenny.

See Swift's Poem on the Bishops.

† Miss Rice, an exceeding tall young lady, and niece to my lord Howth.

her

her endeavours to make lord Bacon a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well satisfied to part with four. I am very sorry Mrs. Acheson is so much out of order: she is one I have a great regard for; and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's service and mine to her, and lady Acheson, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this summer I design drinking Ballispellin waters for a month. As for news we have no such thing here: only the baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then asks the tumbler Sikes how long they have been coming? So long, says Sikes. Ay, replies the baboon, and we shall be as long going back; so mounts his horse and away. Who durst say the church is in danger when we have so good bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the drapier. I am, good Mr. dean, your most assured and affectionate humble servant,

HOWTH.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JULY 16, 1735.

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from lord Lanesburough's agent yesterday, and it travels to you from this on Saturday next, by one John Donaldson, one of our nobility. You will get it, I believe, on Monday.

Monday. I have nothing to say to the 280l. you mention. That is, as I told you, the fine and rent of Drumlane, which I owe the bishop, and which will be paid him August 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchase, the other day, or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy? But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen and a school too? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I must employ somebody else. There is a long walk begun: stones a drawing home for an addition to my house: the schoolhouse repaired at the charge of the county: a gravel walk from the market cross to my house, at the town's expense: item, a gravel walk by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overseer of my improvements at Quilca, I am willing to employ you rather than another; therefore I expect your answer immediately, for the summer is flying off apace. My lord Orrery writ to me, that he would come from Munster to see me soon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourself to him; and I shall, perhaps, give you the character of a vigilant overseer, if I find you be not altered since you were last in my service.

Now to be serious. I shall send you some venison soon. You shall know next Monday when it sets out; and you are to dispose of it thus:

To Dr. Helsham, four cuts.

Dr. Delany, four.

Mrs. Helsham, one and a half.

Mrs. Whiteway, ditto.

Lady Acheson, because of her good stomach, three scruples.

Mr. Worrall, a pound and a quarter.

Pray let them be all wrapped up in clean paper, and sent to the several abovementioned persons. Dine upon the rest with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very easy trotter: she shall go up with the venison. Whether she will be shy at your city objects, I know not: here she is not in the least. Your best way will be to let your servant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, sprung of a good natured family. If you like, she costs you nothing but a low bow when you come to Cavan. I have a chaise just finished to the lining, in Dublin, made by a man so much in my debt: it will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: my scholars are to club and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones (freestone) are in my own fields, and building is dogcheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison! such mutton! such small beer! such chickens! such butter! such trouts! such pouts! such ducks! such beef! such fish! such eels! such turkies! such fields! such groves! such lakes! such ladies! such fruit! such potatoes! such raspberries! such bilberries! and such a boat as Mr. Hamilton's, were never yet seen in any one county yet!

God Almighty bless you, and send you safe to our Elysium. My service to Mrs. Whiteway, and to every body in Dublin, man, woman, and child.

I am,

I am, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL *.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, AUG. 14, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, our famous printer, goes in an hour to see Kilkenny and Cashel, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your grace may owe him a dozen shillings, and your town coffeehouse (if you have one) a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honour of being admitted to your grace by a line in my hand. I am not in fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuscripts scattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he served me; although I never let him touch or see one. He has the name of an honest man, and has good sense and behaviour. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver; and to bring me a faithful account when he returns; but chiefly about your health, and what exercise you

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton.

make use of to increase or preserve it. But he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude.

I am, with the greatest respect,
My lord, your grace's
Most obedient humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

TO LORD HOWTH *.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, AUG. 14, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, came to me just an hour before he was taking a journey to Kilkenny and Cashel, and desired I would write by him to your lordship and the archbishop, only to let your lordship know, that he is an honest man, and the chief printer; and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, because I cannot help it. For, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the consent of my friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopes, as a citizen, to be admitted to your lords and ladies in the country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuscripts in his hands; otherwise, perhaps there will be the works of the right hon. &c., and of my lady and

* William St. Lawrence, baron of Howth, died April 4, 1748, aged 60. His son, Thomas, was created earl of Howth and viscount St. Lawrence, Aug. 15, 1767.

th

the giant *, neatly bound next winter. My lady Acheson has not been well since she left the town; but her mother is almost perfectly cured, except the loss of her eye. I owe my lady Howth † a letter, I believe. I desire my most humble service to her and the giant. I have time to say no more, but that I am,

Your lordship's most obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

SEPT. 4, 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at Knowle with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other upon me, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing any thing I should; and am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to

* A very tall young lady, nearly related to lord Howth.

† Lucy, youngest daughter of lieutenant general Richard Gorges, was married to lord Howth, Aug. 2, 1728; and after that nobleman's death became the lady of Nicholas Weldon of Gravelment, esq.

go, next year, part of the journey to Ireland with their graces; which is also part of the road to Drayton, where I intend to stay till November, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his grace of Dorset and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; since I, that am the gobetween, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since lady Suffolk would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother George: for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I do not know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good one.

We are now full of expectation of his royal highness's wedding *. She has jewels bought for her, and clothes bespoke; and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and St. James's; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I do not at all know when the lady will come over.

Your friend Mrs. Floyd is grown fat and well, under the duchess of Dorset's care and direction at Knowle; and my saucy niece is gone for a few days (and I verily believe as far as she can decently help) to her father's. Our friend Curll has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. Pope's. He should have made those bitter silly verses on me to have been his too, instead of sir

* Frederick, then prince of Wales.

William Trumbull's, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so afraid of suppressing the press, that every body must suffer under that, and the lies of the newspapers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear dean.

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 20, 1735.

SOON after I came into England I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into France, upon a business of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place, where I have met with your letter of 21st of last month. Since you are so kind as to repeat the promise you made me when I was in Ireland, I shall expect the paper with the greatest impatience. While I was reading your letter, a person called on me, who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him: but he told me, it would be sent by another hand. I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the publick, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you inquire, is a member of our hall; but I have never yet seen him. He had left Oxford about the time I came from Dublin, to spend the summer vacation in Herefordshire. My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me that he is very sober, that he studies

hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the house. But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the hall: and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I do not know whether my lawsuit will force me into Ireland again the next term: as yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next spring, for Dublin is not a very good winter abode for a water drinker. However, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention *. It is now in such forwardness, that as I compute, it will be finished in six weeks at farthest. There are some alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest doctor † has good success in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he has no other remedy left, but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bons mots?* and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am, with great truth, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

* This alludes to The Toast, a satirical poem, to which Dr. King was instigated by some monstrous usage that he had received from his antagonists in the suit.

† Sheridan.

FROM

FROM MR. MOTTE.

HONOURED SIR, LONDON, OCT. 4, 1735.

MRS. Launcelot, who dined with me to day, and desired me to present her humble service, showed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension, that Mrs. Fenton's money has not been regularly paid, because you have not heard from me for above a twelvemonth. I hope I have accounted to your satisfaction for my silence in a letter which Mrs. Hyde delivered to you since the date of yours to Mrs. Launcelot: and as to Mrs. Fenton's annuity, I have punctually paid it, and shall continue to do so until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the first of November, and unless you forbid it before that time, I shall pay it. Mr. Fenton, her son, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am persuaded will return me the money, should it be paid him from any other quarter. I am surprised to find by Mrs. Hyde that my last, which was written the latter end of July, had so slow a passage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of September.

I have been so particular (I fear even to tediousness) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the sincere profession I there made, that I am, with all possible gratitude, truth, and sincerity,

sincerity, sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

TO MR. BENJAMIN MOTTE.

SIR, NOV. 1, 1735.

MR. Faulkner in printing those volumes did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder; and all my friends pressed him to print them, and gave him what manuscript copies they had occasionally gotten from me; my desire was that those works should have been printed in London, by an agreement between those who had a right to them. I am, sir, with great truth, your most humble and affectionate servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Those parts of the letter distinguished by inverted commas (" ") were written by Dr. Sheridan.

MADAM, NOV. 8, 1735.

NOVEMBER 3, to Dunshallan, twelve long miles, very weary; November 4, to Kells, sixteen miles, ten times wearier; the 5th, to Crosskeys, seventeen long miles,

miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all: Yet I baited every day, and dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland. Let the doctor do his part. "Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal "was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you "that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his "shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would "wear golashes, as I do, he would have no cause of "complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have "nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to "answer for them. I hope when the weather "mends, that every thing will be better, except "the two before mentioned. Now the dean is to "proceed." In short, but not literally in short, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanery, and see how the world goes there. The doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The doctor, since his last illness, complains that he has a straitness in his breast, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him

your

your advice, and I will write to your brother Helsham this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading. "Dear madam, I beg you "may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, "than Webber. I do assure you that my house, and "all about it, is clean in potentia. If you do not "understand so much logick, Mr. Harrison * will "tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing "but doing any thing wrong. Be pleased to send "me one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, "and I will send you in return a fat goose, under "cover to one of the club. The dean may say "what he pleases of my ay con O my; but I as-"sure you I have this moment in my house, a "quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a "duck, and a teal, beside some fowl in squadrons. "I wish you were here. Ask the dean if I have not "fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair "of tables. Now hear the dean." It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the doctor last writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss? with your clerk and schoolboy? So God bless you all. If the doctor has any thing more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at doctor Sheridan's in Cavan; but let a clubman frank it, as I do this. Mr. Rochfort is my franker: yours may be general ——, or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two

* Mrs. Whiteway's eldest son.

puppies

puppies have, in the whole journey, overpuppied their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf. "The devil a lie I writ, "nor will I write to the end of my life. May all "happiness attend you and your family. I am, with "all good wishes and affection, your most obedient "humble servant,

"THOMAS SHERIDAN.

"You were plaguy saucy, who did not like my "nuts: I do assure you my dog Lampey cracks "them; the dean is my witness."

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, NOV. 8, 1735.

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was pox on all Irish writers, and Irish letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lie? How does Dr. Sheridan? How do you like Cavan? And how do all the good victuals Dr. Sheridan promised you turn out? And now, sir, I beg you will be pleased * to suppose, that I began

* A cant expression, much used in those times upon all occasions, and here ridiculed.

my

my letter by entreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr. Sheridan would give sixpence I would ask who, rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and uncover, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now to write politely, when I change my subject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr. Waller has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. Throp. I do not know whether you heard any thing of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the house of commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the deanery, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of Curll. Dr. Sheridan has my free leave to read this, on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you answer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from Molly * never to have done with my demands on you: therefore write, or not write, (unless you command otherwise) you shall hear once a week from, sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

* Miss Harrison.

Molly

Molly is just come from the deanery: every thing is in good order. She saw Mrs. Ridgeway there. Young Harrison and his sister present you their most obedient respects.

FROM AN UNKNOWN LADY.

CASTLETOWN,

HON. SIR, NOVEMBER 9, 1735.

EXCUSE a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the enclosed poem, being the product of a woman's pen *. I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself; yet venture to desire your judgment of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The muse is my best companion; and if you compassionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must entreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which, if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view

* The poem is lost.

of

of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, honoured sir, your most humble servant,

M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs. Mary Moran, at Castletown, near Gorey, in the county of Wexford.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, CAVAN, NOV. 15, 1735.

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

I writ the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was, to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey. I enclosed it in a cover to Mr. Rochfort, in which I desired he would send it to your house: the doctor had his share in the letter: although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly

ticularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where Shele my wine merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packed up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left Dublin: for these a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanery woman must be ready, and Kenrick and Laud must assist; and the carrier must take them from Shele's cellar, ready packed up. My service to miss Harrison. Pray send her hither by the first carrier; and give her eighteen pence to bear her charges; of which I will pay three pence, and the doctor intends to pay another penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife againts the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to doctor Shift. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c. for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house; but the way is soft, and so fond of our shoes, that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the summerhouse, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry, that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The doctor is at school; when he comes I will inquire who is this romantick chevalier ——. As to Waller's advertisement, if I was in town I would

for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My service to miss Harrison and the doctor *, and my love to the two boys. I shall still enclose to John Rochfort, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. Morgan; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the doctor.

" Beg a duck! beg a dozen. You shall not beg, " but command. The dean may talk of the dirti- " ness of this town; but I can assure you, that he had " more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst " in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for " my part, I am tired of him, for I can never get " him out of the dirt; and that my stairs, and the " poor cleanly maids, know very well. You know " that he talks ironically."

FROM MRS. SICAN.

REV. SIR, NOV. 15, 1735.

A GENTLEMAN, who is just arrived from Paris, brought me a letter from my son, who presents his duty to you, and desires me to send you the enclosed.

* Young Mr. Harrison.

I am

I am sure I was glad of any occasion to write to you, in hopes of the pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived safe at the land of Canaan. The hurt you received in your shin, I was afraid would prevent your going out of town: I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear poor Throp has justice done him in College Green. The trial lasted till midnight, and two thirds of the house were for him: he is now going to petition the house to oblige colonel Waller to wave his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady Acheson came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord Orrery is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation. Our Irish ladies made a fine appearance the birthday at the castle; nothing about them Irish but their souls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw silk are broke: the weavers, having no encouragement to work up the silk, sold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my service to Dr. Sheridan, who I hope is recovered. His old friend lord Clancarty drinks so hard, it is believed he will kill himself before his lawsuit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs. Whiteway and me to bring a coach and six and set you safe at home, for this is no riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear sir, your most obliged humble servant,

E. SICAN.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, NOV. 15, 1735.

I AM most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessive weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the doctor's Canaan. The latter I am sorry is not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running sore, dress it twice a day with Venice turpentine, and the yolk of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a day in warm milk: if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done: I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions. You are very rude, doctor Sheridan, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the dean: no wonder I am so bad a listener, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptisan, and nothing else, except liquorice tea in the morning, and ride every day. Sir, I know nothing of the Spanish liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things from the apothecary's, or Mrs. Sican: but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up: I was wrong that I did not

not examine them; let Dr. Sheridan take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the deanery two days ago; every thing is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs. Ridgeway to get the great chair covered, and Jane to put a fire once a week in your chamber, and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the enclosed papers Mr. Kenrick desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's business. The vengeance take you, doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your goose I will not have; we are overstocked with them; but I send you colonel Waller's case, that came before the house on Thursday. I believe you will wonder, that after the heavy charges laid on Mr. Throp so justly by the colonel that he was not ordered into custody; but to the surprise of every body the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and so the affair ended. It is true, there was a mistake of about a month between colonel Waller's account and Mr. Throp's in the serving of a subpœna; and I think it was a scandalous thing, that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's oath. I suppose you expect I should answer your logick and compliments; but do you think I have nothing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay con O mys? I am no more a liar than yourself; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble respects: so I have done with you this time for good and all. Mr. dean, I am sure Rochefoucault's maxim never fails: I am

this moment an instance of it, taking a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My he olive branch has a more immediate loss than any of us; his body suffers as well as his mind; for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation, he applies himself too close to his studies: in short, I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all this morning; and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governour of Glubdubdrib, you would find the same horrour seize you by looking on his countenance *. My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects; says, she is not at all changed by your absence, for whenever she has the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr. Dunkin's, that was sent to the deanery, and this letter that I enclose.

* Mr. Harrison was always very thin, and of a weakly constitution.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, CAVAN, NOV. 18, 1735.

WE were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. Rochfort was at his country seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never any thing of so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from Dublin until it was cured. It has prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way; and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to day than ever; but the surgeon said, it was because some powder called precipitate (an like you) was put on this morning, to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a Grattan in the gout. I wish I had staid at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health; our house, and shoes, and streets, are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The rest would have come but

for some unexpected impediment. In some days after, I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging. Wild fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply deanery conveniencies. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocose upon Mr. Harrison's countenance. I hope he has no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, Kenrick, and Laud, must find out Shele the wine merchant: a carrier will go next week to the deanery, be taught to find out Shele with Kenrick. Shele must, as he promised, pack up 12 dozen of his claret which has been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by Shele, and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. Rochfort will be in town to send you this letter. I am ever yours, and my love to the girl and boys.

FROM

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, NOV. 22, 1735.

I RECEIVE as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving trouble. But, since I have your license, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mend my errours: you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word faults. When you left us, I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the consequence. I conjure you, dear sir, not to trust any longer to country helps: your appetite, your health, is in the greatest danger, by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in misery, is what I am sure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on Tuesday last in a hogshead: I thought that was safer than a hamper: Mr. Kenrick and Laud were by all the time: they and

Mr.

Mr. Shele were here with me that night: they tell me, they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr. Shele desires the wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half dozens as it is used: the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done: he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap, with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore. Pray, doctor Sheridan, when the dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings.

My son is greatly obliged to you, sir, for your care and advice; and assures me, your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder; yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have commanded me to send you their most obedient respects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr. Sheridan hate writing the word November; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month: the truth was, in my last I could not recollect it (for I think I forgot it) and watched for some of the brats to tell me. Lest I should do the same now, be pleased to remember I write this Nov. 22, 1735. I am, sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr. Morgan, I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. Rochfort may go out of town, and then I should be long without them.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, NOV. 22, 1735.

HAVING answered your long letter, which was improved by the doctor's * additions, I now tell you that a Monday next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed, by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. Shele has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogsheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came away. Kenrick and Laud and the woman will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by Wednesday night or Thursday morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack surgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Meantime, I dare neither walk nor ride; and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue till I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild duck, fieldfare, &c. My service to your he and she brats. Let Kenrick, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and Laud and the woman may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entièrement à vous.*

* Mr. Harrison's.

CAVAN,

CAVAN, NOV. 22, 1735.

I shall never be quiet; a country author unknown has sent me a manuscript of two hundred pages for my judgment. Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto; for the doctor has swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

" I can assure you, dear madam, with pleasure, " that the dean begins to look healthier and plumper " already; and I hope will mend every day. But, " to deal plainly with you, I am a little afraid of his " good stomach, though victuals are cheap, because " it improves every day, and I do not know how far " this may increase my family expenses. He pays " me but two crowns a week for his ordinary: and I " own, that I am a little too modest to grumble at " it; but if you would give him a hint about wear and " tear of goods, I make no doubt but his own dis- " cretion would make him raise his price. Pray do " this (as you do all other things) in the handsomest " manner you can. I am, to you and yours, as much " yours as the dean aforesaid."

I desire you will hint to the doctor that he would please to abate four shillings a week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all Dublin cries shame at him for it.

FROM

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, NOV. 25, 1735.

I HAVE not known for some years, the pleasure of a postday, till within these three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour; for I know it is your study to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durst, I would repine, that you could think I should require your orders three times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. Apollo has always waited on you, when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he justly quits you, since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime; to punish you, he confines you to a chair; and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more: if not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers: I wish you were safe out of their hands. I was at the deanery on Saturday, though I forgot to mention it in my last letter. My son was there yesterday; and I would have been there to day, if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr. Kenrick, or Mr. Laud, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the enclosed

to

to Dr. Sheridan, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do, be pleased to write me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it. I must now entreat you to think of coming to town: I trust in God your shin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the winter evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all summer at the deanery. I have staid till the last moment before I sealed this, in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants. I am, sir, with the highest respect, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, CAVAN, NOV. 28, 1735.

I TAKE advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. Donaldson was one. My whole journey has been disappointed by this accident: for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this

this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestick conveniencies wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the back and fore door always left open, which, in a storm (our constant companion) threatens the fall of the whole edifice: Madam as cross as the devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study), there finishes the meal, and has share of a pint of wine. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. Price, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat, we are hard put to it. It is true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver eels, and such trash; which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on Tuesday, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. Sican, and another from her French son *, an excellent good one;

* The doctor calls young Dr. Sican her French son, because he was then travelling in France. This young gentleman was at last unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in Italy in a post-chaise,

one; when you go that way, tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If Apollo has entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the muses at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal —— to Dr. Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the doctor will not cast him off, he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster Mr. ——, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach —— for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and —— another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. Sheridan, who tells me, that what you desire is to be had here every market day; and that Mrs. Donaldson understands it very well. "To carry on the "thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty "b—h, the firemaker, to be the opener of the doors, "and the leaver of them so; for which the dean had "her lugged this evening by the cook maid; for "which he paid her a threepence *, and gave the "little girl a penny for being lugged; and because

chaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another post-chaise, upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way.

* A little silver piece current in those days; but the species has been long worn out.

"the

" the cook did not lugg her well enough, he gave " her a lugging, to show her the way. These are " some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you " were here to partake of them. The only thing of " importance I can tell you is"—(Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. It is true that the legion club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with England, and are putting four pounds a hogshead more duty on wine? The cursed vipers use all means to increase the number of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now Nov. 29; I fear the doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. Morgan's heathenish christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. Sican; I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. Donaldson about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the doctor conclude. I am ever, &c. " Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will " see you the 12th or 13th of December) excuse a " long parenthesis: your most obedient and"

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, DUBLIN, NOV. 29, 1735.

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not

hear from you, and to day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. Kenrick at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to Cavan. The enclosed letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his being a right county of Cavan man. I desire Dr. Sheridan will take care for the future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection, for trusting such rogues. Pray, sir, tell me what I shall do in this business; shall I get Mr. Shele and Mr. Kenrick to look out for an honest carman, and agree as cheap as we can to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the doctor's countrymen. Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birthday; were my purse as heavy as my heart is, that I cannot be with you to morrow, I would this night have been at Cavan, and have left it on Monday morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birthday, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs (match me that) present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health, and happiness, to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words; but where shall I find any that can express what I would say on the subject? The most sincere would be what I desire for myself whilst I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This

I pray God grant you in the largest portion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Mr. Morgan's heathenish name is Marcus Antonius; I saw him and his lady yesterday, who both say they should be glad to kiss your hand; his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the bishop of Ossory, of an inflammation on the lungs: he caught cold on Sunday at the castle chapel. We have provided one of the bishopricks for doctor Marlay.

I am told by some people that lord Orrery intends to make you and doctor Sheridan a visit; if so, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from doctor Sheridan, in answer to all that I have said to him in this.

I think this is so well written, that it needs no apology for a bad pen.

I am, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, DUBLIN, DEC. 2, 1735.

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the deanery; but I place no more to your account from High street. I found every thing in great order; your bed and window curtains cleaned, and, to my

satisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high spirits, the woman in good humour, and Mr. Kenrick and Mrs. Ridgeway on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on Sunday. The Drapier's birthday was celebrated by Mr. Laud with a dinner of wild duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr. Kenrick gave a supper, with an ocean of punch. Their houses were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making Gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him; however, he shall be my saint.

As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprised you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact; while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of the Ladies' Dressingroom, and Strephon and Chloe, who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed; how pure and sweet it would eat! I have just left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again: I think I will go down, and take the other slice *. I know it is not to any purpose to reproach

* Here Mrs. Whiteway is merry with the doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before:

reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you show it Cavan; I suppose your excuse will be at the expense of the poor carman; but, if you had any generosity, you would live on the publick, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr. Sheridan says, "You gave private orders, and coun- "termanded the wine, to spunge on him." I own, I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo Socrates in every thing; let not this keep you, for I promise to provide one for three shillings and four pence that shall outshine Solomon's brawler.

Molly and young Harrison are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not to send you their compliments. My son entreats you will finish your Latina Anglia treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of.

Doctor Sheridan's last letter is so long and full of particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either esq. —— or Mr. —— for relations; nor ever dare to think you

before: on the contrary, Mrs. Whiteway liked hers so fresh, that Dr. Swift used pleasantly to say of her, "That she liked mutton "that was killed to morrow."

a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my oracle, and to acknowlege myself, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, CAVAN, DEC. 6, 1735.

I HAVE yours of Nov. the 29th. The doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs; but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a day between us, at least if he would leave off inviting young Mr. Price, parson Richardson, Mr. Nash, Mr. Jacob, surgeon of the troop, squire Fleming of Balhaynockhye, doctor O'Neil, doctor Fludd, parson Charlton of Evackthonyeul, beside the rest of our Cavan gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose: it would be a confounded expense: but we will wait until a farther opportunity by Marcus Tully, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to show the doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's cousins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that Tully is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment

tainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am sorry it was on account of some scrub drapier, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-surgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt; but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs; but since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expense, I thankfully submit. The doctor will be with you on Friday next: he goes to see the Grand Monde, and beg subscriptions to build a school-house. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with madam and his daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies' dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last, that I was forced to ride five miles after night fall, on the worst road in Europe, or county of Cavan. The doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lie in may be often aired. The doctor will not lie at the deanery, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I

approve your name of Cub; but may your male cub never sit in the club! I will not pay the three shillings and four pence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs. Donaldson is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till miss Harrison gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is backgammon. Dr. Sheridan is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. Price is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous* I will not stay when the doctor is gone; but this is a secret: and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entièrement à vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer * and his lady. God ever bless you and your fire side.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, JAN. 3, 1735-6.

I HAVE thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on Saturday, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed; since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold continues still bad; and has been hanging

* Mr. Morgan, to whom this letter was enveloped.

upon

upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again: *et notas audire et reddere voces.* I dine at home to morrow: will you share a fowl with me? I am scarce able to hold up my head; but the sight of you will go a great way toward recovering your ever obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, CAVAN, JAN. 17, 1735-6.

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleasure; and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed, has not done me justice; for whatever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me. * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

As for my *quondam* friends, as you style them, *quondam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me toward the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Now to think a little for myself. The duke of Dorset does certainly owe me a small living, for the expensive entertainment I gave him from Terence.

rence *. I only want a proper person to dun him; and I know it will be done if my lord Orrery will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a lord lieutenant. *

I wish you as much happiness as I have plague, which is enough for any honest man. I am, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, FEBRUARY 23, 1735-6.

I AM extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again, which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any person so unadvisable as you are, especially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the best advice, and following the worst. Surely Mr. —— cannot be so unjust as to let me be above —— pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute he shaked off upon me: if he does persevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that

* This was a play of Terence, acted by the doctor's scholars for the entertainment of the duke.

he

he acts rather like a little rascally Irish solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between lady Betty Tattle and John Solemn (if my money be not paid, necessity must make me write for bread) upon a subject they will not much like; which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword, I must have recourse to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a lawsuit. My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may increase, and once more put me out of a miserable dependance upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the Cyclades in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too shocking to an honest heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. Harrison is in such a dangerous way. I pray God preserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man. I beseech you to let me know, by the next, post, how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I lost sixty-six pounds by a rogue who run off Drumcor last year.

FROM

FROM MR. CARTER*.

HENRIETTA STREET, MARCH 11, 1735-6.

SIR,

I WOULD have waited on you, when I sent my servant with a message, but was informed you did not see company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occasion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr. Jervas †.

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing any thing agreeable to you. I have long wished for some instance of assuring you that I am, with great respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS CARTER.

FROM MR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, MARCH 27, 1736.

I HAD a pleasure and grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, and to find you uneasy

* Mr. Carter was master of the rolls in Ireland.

† A fine print, engraved by Fourdrinier; from an original picture painted by Jervas, which was afterward purchased by the earl of Chesterfield, and placed in his elegant library at May Fair, in the collection of English authors.

at

at a thing which God only can mend. The dream, which I had before the receipt of yours, was so odd and out of the way, that if Artemidorus were living, he would confess it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, because if you be not much changed, no man ever could sift a matter to the truth beyond you. Thus it was;

Imprimis, I fell asleep (or I could not dream) and what was the first thing I saw, but honest Cato in a cockboat by himself, engaging not only a large fleet of foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about against some dirty shattered floats, filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were pressed and carried on against their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a shilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it. * * * *

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JUNE 3, 1736.

MR. Lucas is now in Dublin, who will pay that small bill on demand. I hope Mr. —— will not disappoint us, and then poor Mrs. —— will be relieved. I must set out soon for Dublin. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather must and shall be good; and you

you must and shall be in good health; you must and shall come with me.

My walk it is finish'd,
My money diminish'd;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll soon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is a hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will please you. My rollingstone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogsheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers. My son writes me word that Mr. Vesey's family are angry with me for inserting some lines in the Legion Club touching him. Upon my soul, I never inserted one line in it; and upon the whole, I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are in top order. Are not you sick of Dublin this hot weather? How can you stew in such an oven? My sheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will please you very well. You saw the king's speech, I suppose. I am glad to find by it, that he resolves to stand by us. Our breams here are exceedingly good and fat; we dress them with carp sauce. Doctor Walmsley writes me word by last post, that they are making way to bring me to Armagh. Martin is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy; so that if my lord Orrery would only mention me to the lord primate, it would

do.

do. I know my lord chancellor is so well inclined toward me, that he would willingly join in the request. Consider the lands are worth four hundred a year, and the situation much more advantageous. This must be a secret, upon several accounts. So much for business, and no more. My artichokes, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; so are my strawberries. I hear that the czarina, Kouli Kan, and the emperor will overrun Turkey. You will not know my house when you see it next, it will be so altercated. Pray what says goody Whiteway to the world? I hear she gives herself strange airs of late in calling me nothing but Sheridan. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your house, I shall make her keep her distance, especially when company is present; for she wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and pease are in fine order; you must pay half a crown a quart, if you eat any. I shall be very reasonable as to the rest of your diet.

You shall want nothing fit for mortal man
To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can,
And all that's expedient,
From your most obedient.

FROM

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JUNE 5, 1736.

I AM so tormented, and have been for eight days, that I lie stretched in my bed as I now write; however, I begin to be easier, and I have hopes that I shall be able to attend in my school on Monday. Surely no person can be so stupid as to imagine you wrote the Panegyrick on the Legion Club. I have seen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine every body to be its author; and what they have done to deserve such treatment, is to me a mystery.

I never writ in this posture before; and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewise great; and therefore whether I will or not, I must take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleasant, and my company likewise, to set out with you from Dublin on Thursday fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have three deer parks at my command; Coote's, Fleming's, and Hamilton's. I have at present forty chickens, all fat; twenty sheep of my own, and sixteen lambs (for lamb will be in season a month longer) geese, turkeys, &c. My hens are hatching, my house is thatching, my geese a gagling, my wife a dragling, my corn a threshing, my sheep a washing, my turf a drawing, my timber sawing, my gravel walk raking, my rollingstone making, my ale a brewing,

ing, myself a stewing, my boys a teaching, my webs a bleaching, my daughter's reading, my garden weeding, my lime a burning, my milk a churning.

> In short, all nature seems to be at work,
> Busy as Kouly Kan against the Turk.

I do not wonder that Mr. Towers has discarded that graceless whelp; but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for mischief would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs. Whiteway will prove false, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and choose, where I like best. The summer has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our country; the latter I think, indeed, less troublesome. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have lost so much flesh, which indeed is my present case. If my skin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both up by help of some housewife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming: Sure I have a gravel walk finished twelve perches in length, eight gradations of pease, which will last you to October. You cannot imagine what a good housewife I am grown; my garden is well stocked; I have every thing but money: but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Jones will order the money by first opportunity. May all happiness attend you.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JULY 6, 1736.

I SUSPECT that some secret villain has prevented the lord chancellor to sign my commission; and therefore I entreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his excellency; for I had his consent by a recommendation from my lord chief baron Marley, and Mr. justice Ward. The summer is going off fast, so are my best fowl; and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your six hundred and sixty pounds? We have no way to carry it except you come for it yourself: and do not forget to bring the deed of sale with you for the Marahills and Drumcor. I wish you could sail with them hither to save you the trouble of riding, which I would rather see than fifty pounds which I would set my hand and seal to. Mr. Jones, as I told you before, will not pay any body but yourself; so that you must inevitably come *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our venison is plenty: our weather too hot for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past.

Our river is dry,
And fiery the sky;
I fret and I fry
Just ready to die:
Oh, where shall I fly
From Phœbus's eye?

In

In bed, when I lie,
I soak like a pie;
And I sweat, oh, I sweat, like a hog in a sty.

I know you love Alexandrines; for which reason I closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will set to musick; and pray let me have a base, and second treble, with what other decorations and graces, you can better design than I can direct. To let you see you can want for nothing, if you come to Cavan, I write you the following catalogue:

Good road,
A clean house,
A hearty welcome,
Good ale,
Good beer,
Good bread,
Good bed,
Young turkeys,
Young beans,
Right bacon,
Cauliflowers,
Young chickens,
Fat venison,
Small mutton,
Green pease,
Good water,
Good wine,
Young ducks,
Young lambs,
Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Carrots,
Parsnips, Item

A LONG GRAVEL WALK——

I must trouble your reverence with a small sample of some things, to let you see that all I have said is truth.

REFERENCES.

1. Artichoke.
2. Carrot.
3. Parsnip.
4. Raspberries.
5. Gooseberries.

5. Gooseberries.
6. Currants, red.
7. Currants, black.
8. Purslain.
9. Kidney beans.
10. Common beans.
11. Red cabbage.
12. Common cabbage.
13. Turnip.
14. Cauliflowers.
15. Cos lettuce.
16. Silesia lettuce.
17. Thyme.
18. Sweet marjoram.
19. A Cavan fly, and a thousand things beside.
20. Some of my gravel walk.
21. Nasturtium.
22. Cucumber.
23. Orange.
24. Spinage.
25. Onion.
26. Pea.

I would send you some of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to send but my best wishes, which you can only see in my face, when you come down.

Present my love 967894684673405678989732 4 times to my dear Mrs. Whiteway, and all her chickens. I am, dear sir, as I ever must be, your most obedient and very humble servant to command, Dumb Spur it us hose rage it art us.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, JULY 20, 1736.

I RECEIVED yours some day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs. Donaldson, who has made affidavit before our town magistrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewise

deposed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a rose tree in my own garden; and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thousand of the same species; for I counted them last Sunday. If you will not believe me, pray come down and see. Mr. Jones has your six hundred and sixty pounds ready, but can get no bills to remit it. I beseech you lose no time; for he is uneasy about it. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will lose the best things our country can afford. The ladies are full of your coming; viz.

My wife *,
2 ladies Lanesborough,
Mrs. Maxwell,
Mrs. Fitzmaurice,
Mrs. Hort,
Mrs. Hamilton,
Mrs. Sanderson,
Mrs. Nuburgh,
Mrs. Cromer,
Mrs. White,
Mrs. Nesbitt,
Her 5 daughters,
Mrs. Stephens,
Mrs. and miss Clement,
Mrs. Tighe,
Mrs. Coote,
Miss Pratt,
Mrs. Fitzherbert,
Mrs. Jones,
Beauty Copeland,
Miss Brook, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. &c. &c.
All your Cavan mistresses.

News.

Doctor Thompson's servant almost cudgelled him to death going from a christening.

Colonel Nuburgh's fine arched market house, quite finished with a grand cupola on the top, fell flat to the earth. It is now begun upon again. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

* Who, by the by, hated Dr. Swift above all the human race.

Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right venison.
For my benison.

Leave your stinking town in haste,
For you have no time to waste.

Let me know what day I shall meet you. Price and I will stretch to Virginia. That all happiness may for ever attend you is the sincere wish of, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

SIR, AUGUST 6, 1736.

I DO not know how this letter may be received, since I never had the favour of an answer to my last. I impute it to the neglect of the post, or any thing rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend. I am now in Connaught, where I assure you I spend the least of my time at cards. I am on horseback almost every day to view the beauties of Connaught, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under ground. I make nothing of going down sixty steps. I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I should be able to come nigh Addison in several of his descriptions of Italy; for upon my word I think there are several very remarkable things.

things. As you took a journey last winter to Cavan, my lord and I hope you will take one to the county of Kilkenny this winter, where we assure you of a hearty welcome. I must now be troublesome to you; but lord Athunry begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr. Ireland, who was usher to Mr. Garnett, schoolmaster of Tipperary. Mr. Garnett died lately: he has given Mr. Ireland a very good certificate, and most of the gentlemen in and about Tipperary have recommended Mr. Ireland to succeed Mr. Garnett: as you are one of the governors of that school, I hope you will do Mr. Ireland all the service you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this there came in a trout; it was so large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jawbone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pound and a half. My lord and I stood by to see it measured. I believe I have tired your patience; so beg leave to assure you I am your affectionate friend and humble servant,

L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at Turlaghvan, near Tuam. My lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

CAVAN,

DEAR MADAM, AUGUST 14, 1736.

YOUR account of the dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends fears, and his enemies hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my distance from him; and, what is full as bad, my being so near to one who has been the occasion of it. Very rich folks in my debt have made such apologies for nonpayment, that I now feel for Ireland, but much more for myself, because I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in Dublin with a good grace—namely, to pay some debts, which I can not.

My poor lady Mountcashell has a right to a visit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night—and I will venture to the deanery for another. I could wish the best friend I had in the world (you may guess who I mean) and am sure is so still, would take a little of my advice——You may depend upon this, it should be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving—I must turn my pen, which is my tongue's representative, against you for a while, because I am certain it might be in your power to paint my Siberia so agreeably to the dean, as to send him hither while our good weather lasted —My new kitchen is disappointed; so is my gravel walk; but what is worse, his only favourite, my rib—

who

who dreamed with great pleasure, that he would never come. I am sorry she is disappointed; for I am certain she would run away if he had come—God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haste I can out of this Hell; and I hope my friends, (I beg pardon, I mean my friend) will cast about a little for me—if he does not, I will try England, where the predominant phrase is, down with the Irish. I will say no more, but tell you that you are a false mistress; and if you do not behave yourself better, I will choose another. In the mean time God bless you and my dearest friend the dean. I am, notwithstanding all your upbraidings, dear madam, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, SEPTEMBER 15, 1736.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr. Henry by the last post, wherein he tells me that the six hundred and sixty pound were short by eight pounds of your principal, and that you expected I should send you my promissory note for that, and the interest of your money, which I will do most willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or six per cent, that I may draw my note accordingly. Indeed if you pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather

that

that you would, I mean should charge only five per cent, because I might be sooner able to pay it. Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs. Whiteway know (to whom pray present my love and best respects) that I have made an experiment of the lake-water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice, before my opticks became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for miss Harrison, to brighten her stars to the ruin of all beholders. Remember if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. Tully the carrier (not Tully the orator) is to leave this to morrow (if he does) by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six quarts of nuts to my mistress* in Abbey street, with a fine pair of Cavan nutcrackers to save her white teeth; and yours too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I would advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship (which is your best feather) otherwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with hers. Alas, my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement.

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that Mrs. Whiteway rid your mare at the Curragh, and won the plate; but surely she would not carry the frolick so far. They say the primate's lady† rid against her; and that Mrs. Whiteway, by way of weight, carried the bishop of Down and Connor behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this.

Mr. Faulkner writ to me for some poems of yours

* Mrs. Whiteway.

† Mrs. Boulter the primate's lady was very lusty.

which

which I have. I am collecting them as fast as I can from among my papers; and he shall have them in a post or two, so please to tell him.

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here; and so strong was the fermentation of their carcases, that our steeple has visibly grown forty foot higher; and what is wonderful, above twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprises me most is, that the bell rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the provost of the college, or archdeacon Wittingham, or archdeacon Wall. I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

I wish you all happiness, and hope you will out live every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flourish, and so will your obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO W. RICHARDSON, ESQ.,

AT HIS HOUSE AT SUMMERSEAT, NEAR COLRANE.

SIR, DUBLIN, OCT. 23, 1736.

I HAD the favour of a letter from you about two months ago; but I was then, and have been almost ever since, in so ill a state of health and lowness of spirits,

spirits, that I was not able to acknowledge it; and it is not a week since I ventured to write to an old friend upon a business of importance. I have long heard of you and your character; which, as I am certain was true, so it was very advantageous, and gave me a just esteem of you, which your friendly letter has much increased. I owe you many thanks for your goodness to Mr. Warburton and his widow. I had lately a letter from her, wherein she tells me of the good office you have done her. I would be glad to know whether she has been left in a capacity of living in any comfortable way, and able to provide for her children; for I am told her husband left her some. He served once a cure of mine; but I came over to settle here upon the queen's death, when consequently all my credit was gone, except with the late primate, who had many obligations to me, and on whom I prevailed to give that living to Mr. Warburton, and make him surrogate, which he lost in a little time. Alderman Barber was my old acquaintance. I got him two or three employments when I had credit with the queen's ministers; but upon her majesty's death, he was stripped of them all. However, joining with Mr. Gumley, they both entered into the South Sea scheme, and the alderman grew prodigiously rich; but by pursuing too far, he lost two-thirds of his gains. However, he bought a house with some acres near Richmond, and another in London, and kept fifty thousand pounds, which enabled him to make a figure in the city.—This is a short history of the alderman, who, in spite of his tory principles, got through all the honours of London. I cannot

tell

tell whether his office of governor of your society be for his life, or only annual: I suppose you can inform me.

Your invitation is friendly and generous, and what I would be glad to accept, if it were possible; but, sir, I have not an ounce of flesh about me, and cannot ride above a dozen miles in a day without being sore and bruised and spent. My head is every day more or less disordered by a giddiness; yet I ride the strand here constantly when fair weather invites me. But if I live till spring next, and have any remainder of health, I determine to venture, although I have some objections. I do not doubt your good cheer and welcome; but you brag too much of the prospects and situations. Dare you pretend to vie with the county of Armagh, which, excepting its cursed roads, and want of downs to ride on, is the best part I have seen of Ireland? I own you engage for the roads from hence to your house; but where am I to ride after rainy weather? Here I have always a strand or a turnpike for four or five miles. Your being a bachelor pleases me well; and as to neighbours, considering the race of squires in Ireland, I had rather be without them. If you have books in large print, or an honest parson with common sense, I desire no more. But here is an interval of above six months; and in the mean time God knows what will become of me, and perhaps of the kingdom, for I think we are going to ruin as fast as it is possible. If I have not tired you now, I promise never to try your patience so much again. I am, sir, with true esteem, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I hear

I hear your brother the clergyman is still alive: I knew him in London and Ireland, and desire you will present him with my humble service.

TO MR. GIBSON.

MR. GIBSON, MARCH 23, 1736-7.

I DESIRE you will give my hearty thanks to Mr. Richardson for the fine present he has made me; and I thank you for your care in sending it me in so good a condition. I have invited several friends to dine upon it with me to morrow, when we will drink his health. He has done every thing in the genteelest manner, and I am much obliged to him. I am your friend and servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO W. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SIR, APRIL 9, 1737.

I HAVE wondered, since I have had the favour to know you, what could possibly put you upon your civility to me. You have invited me to your house, and proposed every thing according to my own scheme that would make me easy. You have loaded me with presents, although it never lay in my

my power to do you any sort of favour or advantage. I have had a salmon from you of 26 lb. weight, another of 18 lb. and the last of 14 lb.; upon which my ill natured friends descant, that I am declining in your good will by the declining of weight in your salmon. They would have had your salmon double the weight: the second should have been of 52 lb. the third of 104, and the last of 208 lb. It seems this is the way of Dublin computors, who think you country gentlemen have nothing to do but to oblige us citizens, who are not bound to make you the least return, farther than, when you come hither, to meet you by chance in a coffeehouse; and ask you what tavern you dine in, and there pay your club. I intend to deal with you in the same manner; and if you come to town for three months, I will invite you once to dinner, for which I shall expect to stay a whole year with you; and you will be bound to thank me for honouring your house. You saw me ill enough when I had the honour to see you at the deanery. Mrs. Whiteway, my cousin, and the only cousin I own, remembers she was here in your company, and desires to present her humble service to you; and no wonder, for you sent me so much salmon, that I was forced to give her a part. Some ten days ago there came to see me one Mr. Lloyd a clergyman, who lives, as I remember, near Colrane. He had a commission from the people in and about that town which belongs to the London society. It seems that, three years ago, the society increased their rents from 300l. to 1200l. a year; since which time the town is declined, the tenants neglect their houses, and the country tenants are not able to live. I writ a letter by him to alderman Barber, because

their

their demands seem very extravagant: but I had no other reason for doing so than the ample commission he had from the town of Colrane. I wish I knew your sentiments in this affair. I never saw the gentleman before; but the commission he had encouraged me so far, that I could not refuse him the letter. Although I was ill enough when I saw you, I am forty times worse at present, and am no more able to be your guest this summer than to travel to America. I have been this month so ill with a giddy head, and so very deaf, that I am not fit for human conversation: besides, my spirits are so low that I do not think any thing worth minding; and most of my friends, with very great justice, have forsaken me. I find you deal with Faulkner. I have read his Rollin's history. The translator did not want knowledge enough, but is a coxcomb by running into those cant words and phrases which have spoiled our language, and will spoil it more every day. Your presents are so numerous that I had almost forgot to thank you for the cheese; against which there can be no objection but that of too much rennet, for which I so often wish ill to te housewife. I am, sir, with true esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ., ALDERMAN OF LONDON, QUEEN SQUARE*.

DUBLIN,

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN, MARCH 30, 1737.

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he is to deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Colrane. It seems your society has raised the rents of that town, and your lands adjoining, about three years ago, to four times the value of what they formerly paid; which is beyond all I have ever heard even among the most screwing landlords of this impoverished kingdom; and the consequence has already been, that many of your tenants in the said town and lands are preparing for their removal to the plantations in America; for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the adjoining northern parts to the same plantations; I mean the oppression by landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider that no society can, or ought in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire who lives upon his own estate, and is able to distrain in an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, that they may depend upon receiving their rents, and thereby be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus, bishops, deans and chapters, as well as other

* This letter, incorrectly copied in vol. XIII, p. 331, is here given from the original.

corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as at half the value; and when they raise those rents which are scandalously low, it is ever by degrees. I have many instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as in that of my chapter. Although my own lands, as dean, be let for four-fifths under their value, I have not raised them a sixth part in twenty-three years, and took very moderate fines. On the other side, I confess there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle; and therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, that if you could be prevailed on just to double the old rent, and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner; for I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppressed country must of necessity decline every year. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent, but not by such leaps as you are now taking; for you ought to remember the fable of the hen, who laid every second day a golden egg; upon which her mistress killed her, to get the whole lump at once. I am told that one condition in your charter obliges you to plant a colony of English in those parts: if that be so, you are too wise to make it a colony of Irish beggars. Some ill consequences have already happened by your prodigious increase of the rent. Many of your old tenants have quitted their houses in Colrane; others are not able to repair their habitations, which are daily going to ruin, and many of those who live on your lands in the country, owe great arrears, which they will never be in a condition to pay. I would

would not have said thus much in an affair, and about persons to whom I am an utter stranger, if I had not been assured, by some whom I can trust, of the poor condition those people in and about Colrane have lain under, since that enormous increase of their rents.

The bearer, Mr. Lloyd, whom I never saw till yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of great truth and good sense; he has no interest in the case, for, although he lives at Colrane, his preferment is some miles farther; he is now going to visit his father, who lives near Wrexham, not far from Chester, and from thence, at the desire of your tenants in and near Colrane, he is content to go to London, and wait on you there with his credentials. If he has misrepresented this matter to me in any one particular, I shall never be his advocate again.

And now, my dear friend, I am forced to tell you, that my health is very much decayed, my deafness and giddiness are more frequent; spirits I have none left; my memory is almost gone. The publick corruptions in both kingdoms allow me no peace or quiet of mind. I sink every day, and am older by twenty years than many others of the same age. I hope, and am told, that it is better with you. May you live as long as you desire, for I have lost so many old friends, without getting any new, that I must keep you as a handsel of the former. I am, my long dear friend, with great esteem and love,

Your most obedient humble servant.

J. SWIFT.

When I would write to you, I cannot remember the street you live in.

TO WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SIR, DUBLIN, APRIL 30, 1737.

IF it had pleased God to restore me to any degree of health, I should have been setting out on Monday next to your house; but I find such a weekly decay, that has made it impossible for me to ride above five or six miles at farthest, and I always return the same day heartily tired. I have not an ounce of flesh or a dram of spirits left me: yet my greatest load is not my years but my infirmities. In England, before I was twenty, I got a cold which gave me a deafness that I could never clear myself of. Although it came but seldom, and lasted but a few days, yet my left ear has never been well since; but when the deafness comes on, I can hear with neither ear, except it be a woman with a treble, and a man with a counter tenor. This unqualifies me for any mixed conversation: and the fits of deafness increase; for I have now been troubled with it near seven weeks, and it is not yet lessened, which extremely adds to my mortification. I should not have been so particular in troubling you with my ailments, if they had not been too good an excuse for my inability to venture any where beyond the prospect of this town.

I am the more obliged to your great civilities, because I declare, without affectation, that it never lay in my power to deserve any one of them. I find by the conversation I have had with you, that you understand

understand a court very well for your time, and are well known to the minister on the other side. The consequence of which is, that it lies in my power to undo you, only by letting it be known at St. James's that you are perpetually sending me presents, and holding a constant correspondence with me by letters. Another unwary step of yours is inviting me to your house, which will render your election desperate, by making all your neighbour squires represent you as a person disaffected to the government. Thus I have you at my mercy on two accounts, unless you have some new court refinements to turn the guilt upon me. I wrote a long letter some weeks ago; but I could not find by the messenger of your last salmon that he knew any thing of that letter; for you take, in every circumstance, a special care that I may know nothing more than of a salmon being left at the deanery. Thus there is a secret commerce between your servant and my butler. The first writes a letter to the other—says the carriage is paid, that the salmon weighs so much, and was sent by his master to me. If some of our patriots should happen to discover the management of this intrigue, they would inform the privy council, from which an order would be brought by a messenger to seize on the salmon, have it opened, and search all its entrails to find some letter of dangerous consequence to the state. I believe I told you in my former letter, that Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman, minister of Colrane, but who lives four miles from it, came to me upon his going to England, to see his old father in Chester, and from thence goes to London to wait upon the society. He showed me very ample credentials from the

magistrates of Colrane to deliver to the society, upon some hard things that colony lies under. It seems, about three years ago, their lease was out; the rent was 300l. a year; but upon the renewal it was raised to 1200l. which was beyond what I have known in leases from corporations. I had never seen or heard of Mr. Lloyd. He is middle aged, and walks with a stick as if he were infirm. I wrote by him to alderman Barber, putting the case as Mr. Lloyd gave it me, who says that the townfolks and tenants of the estate round Colrane would be content to double the rent; but that the present prodigious addition had made the townfolks let their buildings decay, and the country tenants were in despair. I then wondered how you came to mention nothing of this to me, since you are concerned for the society. If Mr. Lloyd has not fairly represented the matter, he has not behaved himself suitable to his function: However, pray let me know the truth of the matter, and how he came to be employed: only I find that he is not known to any of my acquaintance that I have seen since.

Pray God preserve you, sir, and give you all the good success that I am convinced you deserve.

I am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM

FROM LORD MOUNTJOY*.

SIR, NOV. 17, 1737.

I SHALL, with great pleasure, bring in your petition to morrow, the house of lords not sitting until then; but I find there is a small mistake in point of form, which will be proper to be set right before the petition shall be presented.

You mention the bill as if it would certainly pass, and be transmitted into England; instead of which, I must beg the favour of you to say, that "there are "heads of a bill depending now before your lord-"ship's committee, in order to prevent," &c., &c., for until such time as it shall have gone through that, no one can declare the fate of it.

I should not be so impertinent as to pretend to direct you in this, but that I apprehend you did not know the progress the bill has taken; if you will get it writ over again, my servant shall wait to bring it to me, and I shall take care, as soon as the petition is received, to have a clause ready, in pursuance of it, to except your charity. I am, with great respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

MOUNTJOY.

* William Stewart, viscount Mountjoy, and governor of the county of Tyrone. He was created earl of Blessinton, Dec. 7, 1745. His lordship's mother was Anne, the daughter and at length heir of Murrough Boyle, the last viscount Blessinton of that family.

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ. ALDERMAN OF LONDON, QUEEN SQUARE.

DUBLIN,

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, JAN. 17, 1737-8.

I HAVE for almost three years past been only the shadow of my former self, with years and sickness, and rage against all publick proceedings, especially in this miserable oppressed country. I have entirely lost my memory, except when it is roused by perpetual subjects of vexation. Mr. Richardson, who is your manager in your society of Londonderry, tells me, he hears you are in tolerable health and good spirits. I lately saw him, and he said he intended soon to wait on you in London. He is a gentleman of very good abilities, and a member of parliament here. He comes often to town, and then I never fail of seeing him at the deanery, where we constantly drink your health. I have not been out of doors, farther than my garden, for several months, and, unless the summer will assist me, I believe there will be the end of my travels. Our friend Lewis has writ to me once or twice, and makes the same complaint that I do, so that you are the healthiest person of the three. I luckily call to mind an affair that many of my friends have pressed me to. There is a church living in your gift, and upon your society lands, which is now possessed by one doctor Squire, who is so decayed that he cannot possibly live a month. This living, I am told, is about

about 120l. or something more, a year; I remember I got it for him by the assistance of sir William Withers and you; and since it is now likely to be so soon vacant, I insist upon it, that if doctor Squire dies, you will bestow it to Mr. William Dunkin, a clergyman, upon whose character I have lately taken him into my favour. He is a gentleman of much wit, and the best English, as well as Latin, poet in this kingdom: he has 100l. a year from our university, to be continued till he is provided for. He is a pious, regular man, highly esteemed; but our bishops, like yours, have little regard for such accomplishments, while they have any dunces of nephews or cousins. I therefore charge you to use your influence and authority that Mr. Dunkin may have this church living upon the decease of doctor Squire; because you know that my talent was a little (or rather too much) turned to poetry; but he is wiser than I, because he writes no satires, whereby you know well enough how many great people I disobliged, and suffered by angering great people in favour. Farewell, my dear friend of near thirty years standing. How many friends have we lost since our acquaintance began? I desire you will present my most humble service and respect to my lord and lady Oxford. I am ever, with great affection and esteem, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

My kind love and service to Mr. Pope when you see him, and to my old true friend, and yours, Mr. Lewis.

To

To show my memory gone, I wrote this letter a week ago, and thought it was sent, till I found it this morning, which is January 28, 1737-8.

TO THE SAME.

DUBLIN, MARCH 9, 1737-8.

MY DEAR OLD CONSTANT FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours of February 11th, and find, with great pleasure, that we preserve the same mutual affection we ever professed, as well as the same principles in church and state. As to what you hint, as if I were not cautious enough in making recommendations, you know I have conversed too long with ministers to offend upon that article, which I never did but once, and that when I was a beginner. You may remember that, on Mr. Addison's desire, I applied to my lord treasurer Oxford in favour of Mr. Steele, and his lordship gave me a gentle rebuke, which cured me for ever; although I got many employments for my friends, where no objection could be made, yet I confess, that doctor Delany, the most eminent preacher we have, is a very unlucky recommender: for he forced me to countenance Pilkington; introduced him to me, and praised the wit, virtue, and humour of him and his wife; whereas he proved the falsest rogue, and she the most profligate whore in either kingdom. She was taken in the fact by her own husband: he is now suing for a divorce, and

and will not compass it; she is suing for a maintenance, and he has none to give her. As to Mr. Richardson, his father was a gentleman, and his eldest brother is a dean. Their father had but a small fortune; your manager was the younger son; he has an excellent understanding in business, with some share of learning; his prudence obliges him to keep fair with all parties, which, in this kingdom, is necessary for one who has to deal with numbers, as the business of your society requires. It is his interest to deal justly with your corporation, because people, who envy his employment, would be ready enough to complain; and yet although he has a good estate, I have not heard him taxed with any unjust means in procuring it. He is a bachelor, like you and me, and lives with a maiden niece, who is a young woman of very good sense and discretion. He is a member of the house of commons, and acts as smoothly there as he does in the country. I am so long upon this, because I believe it will give you a true notion of the man; and if you find, by his management, that he gives you, who are the governor, any cause of complaint, let me know the particulars, which I will farther inquire into. I must next say something of Mr. Dunkin. I told you he was a man of genius, and the best poet we have, and, you know, that is a trade wherein I have meddled too much for my quiet, as well as my fortune; but I find it generally agreed that he is a thorough churchman in all regards. His aunt, to whom he was legal heir, bequeathed her whole estate to this university, only leaving him an allowance of 70l. per annum, to support him till he was better provided for;

for; but I prevailed on the provost and fellows to make it 100l. a year. Yesterday I sent for Mr. Dunkin, and catechised him strictly on his principles, and was fully satisfied in them by himself, as I was before by many of his friends; therefore I insist that you shall think of nobody else, much less of Mr. Lloyd, who is not to be compared in any one view. Doctor Squire may linger out for some time, as consumptive people happen to do, but is past hopes of recovery. My dear friend, I cannot struggle with disorders so well as you; for, as I am older, my deafness is very vexatious, and my memory almost entirely gone, except what I retain of former times and friends; beside frequent returns of that cruel giddiness which you have seen me under, although not as yet with so much violence. You, God be praised, keep your memory and hearing, and your health is much better than mine, beside the assistance of much abler physicians. If you know doctor Mead, pray present him with my most humble service and grateful acknowledgments of his favours. Dear Mr. alderman, why do you make excuses for writing long letters? I know nobody who writes better, or with more spirit, with your memory as entire as a young man of wit and humour. I repeat that you present my most humble service to my lord and lady Oxford, and my old friend Mr. Lewis. What is become of Mr. Ford? Is he alive? I never hear from him. We thank your good city for the present it sent us of a brace of monsters, called blasters, or blasphemers, or bacchanalians (as they are here called in print), whereof Worsdail the painter, and one Lints (a painter too, as I hear), are

are the leaders. Pray God bless you, my dear friend, and let us have a correspondence as long as I live. I am ever,

Most dear sir,
Your constant esteemer, and
most obedient humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

I have five old small silver medals of Cæsar's, very plain, with the inscription; they were found in an old churchyard; would my lord Oxford think them worth taking?

TO THE SAME.

DUBLIN, MARCH 31, 1738.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND IN THE BEST AND WORST TIMES.

MR. Richardson is come to town, and stays only for a wind to take shipping for Chester, from whence he will hasten to attend you as his governor in London. I have told you that he is a very discreet, prudent gentleman, and I believe your society can never have a better for the station he is in. I shall see him some time to day or to morrow morning, and shall desire, with all his modesty, that he press you to write me a long letter, if your health will permit; which I believe is better than mine, for I have a constant giddiness in my head, and what is more vexatious, as constant a deafness. I forget

I forget every thing but old friendship and old opinions. I did desire you, that you would at your leisure visit the few friends I have left, I mean those of them with whom you have any acquaintance, as my lord and lady Oxford, my lord Bathurst, the countess of Granville, my lord and lady Carteret, my lady Worsley, my dear friend Mr. Pope, and Mr. Lewis, who always loved both you and me. My lord Masham, and some others, have quite dropped and forgot me. Is lord Masham's son good for any thing? I did never like his disposition or education. Have you quite forgot your frequent promises of coming over hither, and pass a summer in attending your government in Derry and Colrane, as well as your visitation at the deanery? the last must be for half the months of your stay. Let me know what is become of my lord Bolingbroke—how and where he lives, and whether you ever expect he will come home. Here has run about a report, that the duke of Ormond has an intention, and some countenance, to come from his banishment, which I would be extremely glad to find confirmed. That glorious exile has suffered more for his virtues, than ever the greatest villain did from the cruellest tyrant. I desire and insist that Mr. Dunkin may have the church living upon doctor Squire's decease, who I am still assured cannot long hold out, and I take it for granted, that Mr. Richardson will have no objection against him. God preserve and bless you, my dear friend. I am ever, with true esteem and friendship,

You most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM

FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, BELTURBET, MAY 6, 1738.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter last post. I was deprived of having that pleasure sooner, by removing from Summerseat to this place the beginning of last month, where I was sent for by my father, to attend him in a fit of the gout, of which he has been very ill these three months past. My sister, who takes care of him and his family, being near the time of her lying in, I trouble you with this account, that you may know how I am engaged at present, which I fear will prevent my having an opportunity of waiting upon you before my uncle returns.

I most humbly thank you for your kind invitation, and do heartily wish it were any way in my power to let you know the grateful sense I have of my obligations to you. I hope the dean of St. Patrick's is very well: it would have given me infinite pleasure to have had the honour of being in his company with you.

When I parted with my uncle, he proposed to make but a short stay in England at this time; and at his return he intended to leave nothing undone that he could think of, to prevail with the dean and you to spend some time at his house this summer. I hope you will be so good as to give him all the assistance you can, to persuade the dean to take that jaunt: I really believe it would do him great service

as to his health: I please myself greatly with the thoughts of having you there, and your daughter, whom I believe to be a very accomplished young lady, having had the happiness to be educated under your direction. I beg you will make my compliments to her; and be assured that I am, with great respect, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

TO WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SIR, AUG. 5, 1738.

IT was not my want of friendship and esteem that hindered me from answering your several letters, but merely my disorders in point of health; for I am constantly giddy, and so deaf, that your friend Mrs. Whiteway is almost got into a consumption by bawling in my ears. I heartily congratulate with you on your triumph over your Irish enemies by a *nemine contradicente*. I leave the rest of this paper to be filled by Mrs. Whiteway; and am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant,

J. SWIFT.

Pray tell my dear friend the alderman, that I love him most sincerely; but my ill health and worse memory will not suffer me to write a long letter.

MRS.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SIR, SEPT. 16, 1738.

I HAVE much pleasure in thinking I have executed your commands and alderman Barber's to both your satisfactions; and was greatly pleased yesterday to find the dean in spirits enough to be able to write you a few lines, because I know it was what you wished for. I declare it has not been by any omission of mine that it was not done long ago. Beside his usual attendants, giddiness and deafness, I can with great truth say, the miseries of this poor kingdom have shortened his days, and sunk him even below the wishes of his enemies; and as he has lived the patriot of Ireland, like the second Cato, he will resign life when it can be no longer serviceable to his country.

As sir Robert Walpole has your best wishes, I am so far glad of his recovery.

My daughter is now very well, and most highly obliged to you for what you say about her. I was so little myself when I wrote to you last, with her illness, that I forgot to entreat the favour of your commands to miss Richardson, to take the opportunity of the summer season to come to this town; but the week after I wrote to her, and insisted on her company immediately; but by directing my letter to Summerseat instead of Colrane, I had not an answer till yesterday, and then one that did not satisfy me; for

it is written with such deference and fear of doing any thing without your positive orders, that I have very little to hope for from her. I shall for ever tax you with want of truth, sincerity, and breach of faith, if you do not command her to come immediately to town.

I showed Mr. Dunkin the paragraph in your letter that concerned him; for which, and many other obligations he is under to you, he owns himself most gratefully your obedient, &c., &c. Mr. Faulkner will send the books by the first that goes to England.

How could you be so unpolite as to tell a woman you supposed her not to be entertained with scandal? You will not allow us to be learned; books turn our brain; housewifery is below a genteel education; and work spoils our eyes: And will you not permit us to be proficients in gaming, visiting, and scandal? To convince you I am so in the last article, the poem pleased me mightily, and I had a secret pleasure to see the gentleman I showed it to liked it as well as I did; so I find your sex are not without a tincture of that female quality.

You have pressed me so much in every letter to find you employment, that, to be rid of you, I will now do it; for, without mentioning the words, entreat favours, vast obligations, trouble, and a long &c., will you buy for me twenty yards of a pink coloured English damask? The colour we admire here is called a blue pink. The women will tell you what I mean. If you will be pleased, by the return of the post, to tell what will be the expense, I will pay the money immediately into Henry's bank.

I own I am surprised at what you tell me of Mr. Philips; but envy, you know, is the tax on virtue,

for

for no other reason could make him your enemy: and I most heartily wish, whoever is so may meet with the fate they deserve. I have just read so far of this letter, and am so much ashamed of the liberty I have taken to give you so much trouble, that if I have truth in me, were it not for the dean's letter it should never go to you. If you can pardon me this, I promise for the future never to give you the like occasion of exerting your good nature, to her who is, with the greatest respect, sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

You forgot to date your letter.

FROM DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

SIR, JAN. 12, 1738-9.

I HAD so great an honour conferred upon me yesterday, that I know not how to express the obligations I lie under for it; unless, by endeavouring to make myself worthy of your present, I can demonstrate to the world that I daily improve in wisdom and knowledge, by studying in those books, which since the beginning of my life I have for ever esteemed to be a complete library of taste, wit, poetry, and politicks; yes, and in spite of dulness and prejudice, I will venture to say, of religion also. This I am sure of, that so great a present

from so great a person, and in a manner so handsome and extraordinary, it is absolutely impossible I should ever be honoured with again. I always thought I added to my own reputation whenever I pointed out some of those excellencies which shine through every page of them. But to be thought worthy of receiving them from your hands, was infinitely beyond even what my vanity could hope for. I have flattered myself for many years, that to the best of my power I have continually fought under the banners of liberty, and that I have been ready, at a moment's call, either to lay down my life in the defence of it, or, whenever there should appear any probability of success, to vindicate and assert that claim, which every man in every country has by nature a right to insist upon; but, whatever principles have guided my actions hitherto, I shall from this moment enlist myself under the conduct of liberty's general; and whenever I desert her ensigns, to fight under those of tyranny and oppression, then, and not till then, will I part with those books which you have so highly honoured me with, and cast them into the flames, that I may never afterward be reproached either by the sight of them, or the remembrance of the donor. I am, sir, with the highest esteem, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

DEANE SWIFT.

TO

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ., ALDERMAN OF LONDON.

DUBLIN,

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND, FEB. 16, 1738-9.

THE young gentleman who delivers you this, lies under one great disadvantage, that he is one of my relations, and those are of all mortals what I despise and hate, except one Mrs. Whiteway and her daughter. You must understand that the mother has the insolence to say, that you have heard of her and know her character. She is a perfect Irish teague born in Cheshire, and lived, as I remember, at Warrington. The young gentleman who waits upon you, has a very good countenance, has been entered three years at the Temple (as it is the usual custom), but I think was never yet in England, nor does he know any one person there. However, as it is easy to find you, who are so well known and so much esteemed, he will attend you with this letter, and you will please to instruct him in the usual methods of entering himself in the Temple. He is a younger brother, but has an estate of a hundred pounds a year, which will make shift to support him, in a frugal way. He is also a very good person of a man, and Mrs. Whiteway says he has a virtuous disposition. My disorders of deafness, forgetfulness, and other ailments, added to a dead weight of 70 years, make me weary of life. But my comfort is, that in you I find your vigour and health increase.

Pray God continue both to you. I am, my dear friend, with very great esteem and affection, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Do you ever see any of our old friends? If you visit Mr. Lewis, I must charge you to present him with my kind and hearty service: and how or where is my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope?

I am very much obliged to you for the favour you have shown to Mr. Richardson. He is a very prudent, good gentleman; if you see him, pray make him my compliments. So, my dear friend, once more adieu.

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

AT PARIS, FEB. 20, 1738-9.

I SEND you here enclosed the bill of loading for the small box of books I wrote of to you some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, reverend sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

FROM

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SIR, MARCH 28, 1739.

TWO days ago I had the very great pleasure to hear from Mr. Swift you were well. The acknowledgments he professes in his letters to the dean and me of your extraordinary civilities to him, make me perfectly ashamed to think how ill I shall acquit myself by only being able to say I most sincerely thank you. What an opportunity have you laid in my way of saying a thousand fine things on this subject; and yet I can only tell you (what you already know to be a great truth), that you have acted in this as you do in every thing, friendly, politely, and genteelly. All the return I can make, is to give you farther room to exercise a virtue which great minds only feel, that of doing good to an ingenuous worthy honest gentleman. The person I mean is counsellor M'Aulay; one of those who stand candidates for member of parliament to represent the university of Dublin, in the place of Dr. Coghill deceased. The dean of St. Patrick's appears openly for him; and I have his leave and command to tell you, if you can do Mr. M'Aulay a piece of friendship on this occasion with any person of distinction in England, he will receive the favour as done to himself. After I have mentioned the dean, how trifling will it be to speak of myself? and yet I most earnestly entreat your interest in this affair; and for this reason, be-

cause it will never lie in my way to make you any return; so that only true generosity can inspire you to do any thing at my request. After all, I am not so very unreasonable as to desire a favour of this nature if it be irksome to you. Tell me, sir, can you do any thing in this matter? and will you undertake it? for your word I know can be depended upon. There is one hint that perhaps I am impertinent in offering, that all great bodies of men (or who at least think themselves so), let their inclinations be ever so much in prejudice of one person (as I take it to be the case of Mr. M'Aulay), yet wait for the interfering of the higher powers; so that if, by your good offices, the lord lieutenant can be prevailed on to recommend him to the provost and fellows of the university, his interest would be certainly fixed: but this, and the manner of doing it, I submit to your superiour judgment.

The dean of St. Patrick's presents you his most affectionate love and service;—these were his own words. He is better both in health and hearing than I have known him these twelve months; but so indolent in writing, that he will scarce put his name to a receipt for money. This he has likewise ordered me to tell you as an apology for not writing to you himself, and not want of the highest esteem for you.

Do you, sir, ever intend to see this kingdom again? What time may we expect it? When may I hope you will perform your promise to let miss Richardson spend some months with me? and do you ever intend to write again to your friends in Dublin? I am, sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MAR. WHITEWAY.

FROM

FROM WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ. TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, LONDON, APRIL 5, 1739.

I AM indeed much ashamed that I have so many favours from you to acknowledge at one time. You may believe me when I assure you that my silence has not proceeded from want of respect and esteem for you. I would not put on the affectation of much business as an excuse to any body, much less to you; although the truth is, that I am hurried almost out of my life with the attendance and writing about things I have undertaken for some friends.

The dean's recommendation and yours, without any other consideration whatever, would induce me to do my utmost to serve Mr. M'Aulay, as I have told him by this post, when I thought I should not trouble you with a few lines. He will acquaint you with what I have done, by which you will see that I lost no time; and I have hopes to obtain the lord lieutenant's countenance for him.

I will endeavour to introduce Mr. Swift * to the acquaintance of some persons before I leave this; whose countenance and friendship will at least give a young gentleman a good air——his own merit entitles him to the esteem and regard of such as shall have the happiness to be acquainted with him: I am

* William Swift, esq., then a student at the Middle Temple.

much obliged to you for introducing me to him. I have only time to add my most hearty thanks for the same, and to assure you that any opportunity of expressing the esteem I have for the dean, which is the highest, and for you, will ever give me the greatest pleasure. I am, madam, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

DEAN SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY TO THE SAME.

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, APRIL 17, 1739.

I FIND that Mrs. Whiteway pretends to have been long acquainted with you; but upon a strict examination I discovered that all the acquaintance was only at the deanery house, where she had the good fortune to see you once or twice at most. I am extremely obliged to you for your favours to Mr. M'Aulay, whose good sense and virtues of every kind I have highly esteemed ever since I had the happiness of knowing him. If he succeeds in his election, it will be chiefly by your good offices; and you have my hearty thanks for what you have already done. I know you often see my honest hearty friend alderman Barber; and pray let him know that I command him to continue his friendship to you, although he be your absolute governor. I am very much obliged to the alderman and you for your civi-

lities

lities to young Swift. Mrs. Whiteway says he is my cousin; which will not be to his advantage, for I hate all relations; and I—— sir, I have snatched the pen out of the dean's hand, who seems, by his countenance, to incline to finish his letter with my faults as he began it. Where there is so large a scope, and such a writer, you may believe I should not like to have my character drawn by him. However, I think for once he is mistaken; I mean in the article of what he calls vanity, and which I term a laudable ambition, the honour of being known to you, and bragging of it as some merit in myself, to be distinguished by you. Have I not reason to boast, when you tell me my recommendation will have weight with you? and how great must be the obligation that words cannot express? Gratitude, like grief, dwells only in the mind, and can best be guessed at when it is too great to be told, and most certainly lessens when we are capable of declaring it. I never doubted Mr. M'Aulay's success if you undertook his cause, nor your indefatigable friendship for those who have the good fortune to gain your esteem. Mr. Swift I wish may be in the number. This I am sure of, that his virtue and honour will never give me reason to repent that I introduced him to you, which is the only favour I hoped for him; but you, sir, never do things by halves.

I know you are hurried on many occasions; therefore I do not expect a letter unless you are perfectly disengaged. Sometimes we are in such a state of indolence, that half an hour is trifled away in doing nothing. When you find yourself in this situation, tell me in two or three lines you are well, and command miss Richardson to come to me. My daughter

most

most earnestly joins with me in this request, and entreats you to believe that she is, with as great respect as I am, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ., TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, APRIL 17, 1739.

I WROTE this morning to Mrs. Whiteway a few lines in much hurry, and I write this to you in Guildhall, by alderman Barber's direction. Beside a letter from you to the society, whose address is in Mrs. Whiteway's letter, he thinks a memorial or petition from Mr. Dunkin to the society will be of use; and if you write to Mr. Pope, the alderman thinks he will get one vote, which he can fix no way of obtaining but through Pope. I am ever, dear sir, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

I should think it would be right in Mr. Dunkin to come over the moment he hears of Squire's death. I wrote by this post to a nephew, to let you know the moment he dies, if the life should be in him when my letter goes to him.

To

To the Honourable the SOCIETY *of the* GOVERNOR *and* ASSISTANTS, London, *for the* NEW PLANTATION *in* Ulster, *within the Realm of* Ireland, *at the Chamber in* Guildhall, London.

APRIL 19, 1739.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN,

I HEARTILY recommend to your very worshipful society, the reverend Mr. William Dunkin *, for the living of Colrane, vacant by the death of Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes, and all my endeavours for your prosperity: and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem,

Worthy sirs,
Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

* See alderman Barber's letter, March 13, 1738, vol. XIII. page 386.

TO

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ., ALDERMAN OF LONDON.

DUBLIN,

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, APRIL 19, 1739.

AT last doctor Squire is actually dead; he died upon the 14th day of this month, and now you have the opportunity of obliging me in giving Squire's living of Colrane to Mr. William Dunkin, who is an excellent scholar, and keeps a school in my neighbourhood; besides, he is a very fine poet. My friend Mr. Richardson can give you a better account of him. It is true, Mr. Dunkin is a married man; however that is of no great moment, and in the northern country of Ireland, although it be the best inhabited part of the kingdom, a wife will be convenient. Yet we two old bachelors (I own I am your senior) could never consent to take so good example, by endeavouring to multiply the world. I heartily thank you for your civilities to young Swift. It seems he is a relation of mine. And there is one Mrs. Whiteway, a widow, the only cousin of my family for whom I have any sort of friendship; it was she prevailed with me to introduce the young man to you. He is a younger brother, and his portion is only 100l. a year English. You will oblige me if you can bear seeing him once a quarter, at his lodging near the Temple, where he designs to study the law; and so I have done with ever troubling you, my dear friend. Where is Mr. Lewis? Some months ago he writ to me

me with many complaints of his ill health, and the effect of old age, in both which I can overmatch you and him, beside my giddy head, deafness, and forgetfulness into the bargain. I hear our friend lord Bolingbroke has sold Dawley; I wish you could tell me in what condition he is, both as to health and fortune; and where his lady lives, and how they agree. If you visit my lord and lady Oxford and their daughter, who is now as I hear a duchess, or any other friend of ours, let them have the offers of my humble service. May you, my most dear friend, preserve your health, and live as long as you desire! I am ever, with the greatest truth and esteem, your most obedient humble servant, and entire friend,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I desire you will give my most hearty service to Mr. Pope; and let him know that I have provided for Mr. Lamb, whom he recommended to me, with a full vicar choralship in my choir. And pray let me know the state of Mr. Pope's health.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO W. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SIR, APRIL 19, 1739.

I NOW give you an opportunity of adding a new petition in your prayers,—From female impertinence, good

good Lord deliver me. Yet this trouble you brought on yourself; and therefore I will make no apology for it. Mr. Dunkin's case comes now under your care. You were the first promoter of it; and to you only are his obligations due. Mr. Squire died the 14th of this month; and by this post the dean has writ to alderman Barber in Mr. Dunkin's favour. He has commanded me to entreat your friendship for him with the alderman and the society; and says, he knows you will pardon him that he does not write to you himself on the occasion; for his head is very much out of order to day. There is one article in the dean's letter he has left out, and another inserted, much against my inclination. The first is, that he omitted mentioning Mr. Dunkin as a worthy good man, which in my opinion is more material than being a poet or a scholar; although, when joined with these, make a most amiable character: the other is, troubling the alderman to know there is such an insignificant person in the world as Mrs. Whiteway; but the tyrant dean will say and do just as he pleases. The enclosed was sent me by Mr. Dunkin, not knowing how to direct to you. I now promise you, sir, to tease you no more with my letters, unless you command me to pay you my most humble respects; and then you shall be obeyed with pleasure, by, sir, your much obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MAR. WHITEWAY.

FROM

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO THE SAME.

SIR, JULY 20, 1739.

A FORTNIGHT ago I went out of town with the new married couple, my son and daughter; and the day before I had the honour to receive your letter. With great truth I do assure you, I am much more concerned at the trouble and disappointment you met with in Mr. Dunkin's affair than for him, having but a short acquaintance and knowledge, otherwise than knowing him to be a man of sense, virtue, and religion, who would be an ornament to the church, and a credit to those who appeared for him. These were my reasons to wish him well.

One part of your letter, sir, I can only take notice of with amazement; and do entreat you will indulge me so far as to believe this will be all the answer I can, or ever will, make to it: and yet I am not insensible you have been pleased in some measure to honour me with your esteem. I will not therefore fear the loss of your friendship, because it shall be my study to merit your good opinion: and, unprovoked, I know you to have too much good nature to withdraw it. I never saw a more beautiful silk than was bought for my daughter. If you did not choose it, at least you showed your judgment in the person that was employed. She desires me to say this, that you have forced her to do what she never did in her life, wear any thing that was not paid for; and if hereafter she should run her hus-

band in debt, she will lay all the fault at your door. Mr. Swift presents you his most obedient respects, and will oblige you to know him by his assiduity in courting the honour of your acquaintance. I have asked you so many favours, that no one but myself would presume perpetually to dun you thus; and yet I will never leave off until you grant this my request, to command miss Richardson to town immediately. I now attack you on the foot of charity; an argument you never can resist. Consider my daughter has quitted me; that I am all alone; and her agreeable company will make Molly and her husband spend all their time with me. In short, sir, if you hesitate one moment longer, I will lay you open to the world, and let them see how much they were mistaken in Mr. Richardson, who once in his life broke his word. I have now before me, under your hand, that all my commands should be obeyed. I insist on your promise; and miss Richardson is my demand, and that immediately. You see how careful and sparing you gentlemen ought to be in compliments to women, who always keep you to your promise while it makes to their interest; and as well know how to evade their own when it is contrary to their inclination. I had the favour of a letter from alderman Barber in answer to one I wrote him. He does not perhaps know the inconveniency he has brought on himself, which is another from me; and yet you may tell him, when I have once more paid my respects to him, I am not so unreasonable as to impose or expect any farther notice of Irish impertinence.

I left this paragraph to finish at the deanery, that from his own mouth I might assure you of his love and esteem. He sends his most affectionate service

to

to his dear old friend alderman Barber. Mr. Dunkin likewise presents you his most obedient respects, and hopes you received his letter that he sent some days ago. There is no person a more obedient humble servant to you than my daughter, excepting, dear sir, your most obedient and most obliged faithful humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

The chief circumstance that you would choose to know I had like to have forgot; which is, that the dean is in good health, and ever will remember the pains you and the alderman have been at, on his account, for Mr. Dunkin.

FROM DR. SCOTT.

REV. SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 7, 1739.

ALTHOUGH I do not imagine that you have any remembrance of a person so little known to you as I am, yet I have taken the liberty to draw a kind of bill of friendship upon you, which I am inclined to believe you will answer, because it is in favour of that kingdom, to which you have always stood a sincere and firm friend. We have had here, for some years past, a number of anatomical figures, prepared in wax, which perfectly exhibit all the parts of a human body. They are the work of a French sur-

geon *, who spent above forty years in preparing them, and who, to bring them to perfection, was at the trouble and expense of dissecting some hundreds of bodies. The present proprietor of them is my friend, and it was by my persuasion that he was prevailed on to send them into Ireland for the instruction of the curious. I presume you have seen them in London, and therefore I am inclined to think you will be of opinion, that a person may gain more perfect knowledge in anatomy, by viewing these preparations only a few times, than he would by attending many dissections. Your encouraging such of your acquaintance as are curious to see these figures, would greatly excite the curiosity of others. This is the favour I have taken the liberty to desire of you, and which I believe you will be the more readily inclined to grant, when I have assured you, that the person who has the care of the figures, has it in his instructions to return the money that may be got by exposing them to view, in Irish linen, so that the kingdom will be no way impoverished by the small expense which gentlemen may be at in procuring useful instruction, or gratifying their curiosity. If the request I have made be such as you cannot favour, my next is, that you will grant me your pardon for having made it.

I intend, God willing, to go into Ireland next spring, after the publication of a work which I have been engaged in for some years past, for the silencing of all infidels, hereticks, schismaticks of all kinds,

* Mr. Rackstraw, statuary; the anatomical figures were purchased from him by the late earl of Shelburne, who presented them to the university of Dublin.

and

and enthusiasts. I thought it necessary, because in the way that the controversy has been hitherto managed against such people, the truth has been rather puzzled and perplexed than cleared, christianity has been betrayed, and all true religion lost in the world. I have advanced no one new opinion of my own: what I have set forth is what was clearly set forth in the Scriptures from the beginning. I mean in the original Scriptures of the Old Testament, so interpreted as to make them every where consistent with themselves; and to show that the interpretations I have given are not only the true interpretations, but that the Scriptures so interpreted are the revealed word of God. I have demonstrated the truth of them by natural evidence, or by the works of God, and that the works bear evidence to nothing but the truth; that these revealed truths so demonstrated are unquestionable and undeniable; and that they are the only powerful motives by which men are not only moved but enlightened and enabled to mortify all their lusts, which blind and deceive them here, and will be their everlasting tormentors hereafter, but to work the works of charity, and of that perfect righteousness which is of faith: so that the whole of all true religion, which has been one and the same in all ages, will appear to consist in the mortifications of our bodily and spiritual lusts, which withhold men from the works of righteousness; and in the belief of those demonstrative truths, by which alone we are enlightened, enabled, and moved to subdue them; and in observing those natural memorials, which God has set before us, and in partaking of those reverential ordinances which he has instituted to put us in mind of what we ought to

do, in order to eternal life and the motives for so doing. I ask pardon for this digression: and if you have any commands that I am capable of executing here, if you will let me have the honour of receiving them, I shall take great pleasure in obeying you; for I am, with the greatest respect and truth, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN SCOTT.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO W. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, MARCH 25, 1740.

ONCE I thought I could never receive a letter from, or answer one to you, without pleasure; and yet both has happened to me very lately. This is the third day I sat down to write to you, and as often tore my paper. I endeavoured to say something to alleviate your grief;—that would not do: Then I resolved to be silent on the occasion; but, alas! that was impossible for a friend. I will, therefore, for a moment, rather renew your grief by joining with you in it. Your trials have been most severe: the loss of two such valuable persons as miss Richardson and sir Joseph Eyles are irreparable; for, in a middle state of life, we have not time enough before us to make new friendships, were it possible to meet their equals. This is an unusual way of comforting a friend in trouble: Ought I not rather to persuade you to forget them, and call in christianity to your aid? But I believe those expounders

pounders of it are mistaken in their notions, who would have us imagine this to be religion; for I am sure a just God will expect no more from us than to submit without repining. I am too much a fellow sufferer in misfortunes of this nature not to feel for you. In a short time I lost a beloved husband and friend, an ingenious, a worthy son, and, what the world value as their chief happiness, some trifling conveniences. All these I have outlived, and am an instance that time will erase the blackest melancholy. I most sincerely wish, dear sir, this may be your case, and that it may be the last struggle of mind or tedious illness you will ever have to battle against.

You have conjured me by such a tie as the last request of dear miss Richardson, that, as well as I am able, I will tell you what I guess the dean may like. I know his candlesticks are the most indifferent of any of his plate, and therefore mention a pair of those: his snuffers are good.

Surely I was not such a beast as to forget mentioning the receipt of the papers you were so careful and obliging to send me: they came very safe. I entreat you to accept of my most humble thanks for this, and all your other most extraordinary favours.

The dean of St. Patrick's presents you his most affectionate love and service; and commanded me to tell you he would have writ to you upon this late occasion, if he had not been too deeply affected with your grief.

Surely the two long months you have so often fixed for your return will be at an end; and then I shall have the opportunity of telling you from my

mouth what I now give under my hand, that I am, with the highest respect and esteem, dear sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

My most obedient respects to alderman Barber. Mr. Swift and his wife beg you will acccept of theirs.

ROBERT NUGENT*, ESQ., TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, BATH, APRIL 2, 1740.

I HAD not until very lately an opportunity of letting Mr. Pope know his obligations to you; of which he is very sensible, and has desired me to beg that you will remit to me, by a safe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your possession. I shall be in town next week; so that you may be pleased to direct to me, by the first convenient opportunity, at my house in Dover street, London. I am, madam, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant, R. N.

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Swift. I shall say nothing of the picture †, because I am sure you remember it. I must beg that you will let Mr. Bindon ‡ know I would have the picture no more than a head upon a three quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr. Pope.

MRS.

* Afterward lord Clare. † Of Dr. Swift.

‡ The greatest painter and architect of his time in these kingdoms.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, MAY 13, 1740.

BY the time this kisses your hand, I believe Mrs. Richardson will not blush to be wished joy by a person you have done the honour to call a friend, and whose ambition it is to deserve some place in her esteem; and now that all insinuations in your favour are as needless as the formal ceremony between lovers, I shall take the liberty to tell her, it will be her own fault if she is not one of the happiest women in the world. This is an unusual way of recommending myself to a bride; nor should I do it to any but yours: yet surely when a lady is married to a gentleman with an easy fortune, good nature, and a man of honour, how little is required of her side toward mutual felicity, which can be comprised in two words, love and obey?

About a fortnight ago I dined at the dean of St. Patrick's in a mixed company; where one of the gentlemen told him you were married, or just going to be so, to a lady of fifteen, with a hundred thousand pound fortune, and a perfect beauty. I asked the person whether he had not that account from a woman? He said he had. The dean inquired if I knew any thing of the affair. I answered yes; only with this difference, that she was at least fifty, and a most ungenteel disagreeable woman. The whole company looked upon me with contempt; and their

doms. See vol. VIII, page 240. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil soon after the year 1750; and afterward lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died June 2, 1765.

countenances

countenances expressed, they thought I drew my own picture whilst I enviously endeavoured to paint the lady's. The dean only understood me; and, smiling, said he believed I was in the right. When we were alone, I let him know that you had commanded me to acquaint him with the affair; and I hoped, when I wrote to you next, he would add a postscript in my letter. He promised me to do it; and this day I intend to put him in mind of it.

I waited on Mr. Hamilton yesterday, to consult with him if it would not be proper to allow the servants board wages from this time; and it was diverting enough to see us both keeping our distance about a secret the whole town has known these two months. However, at last we understood each other; and have agreed to give the coachman four shillings a week, and the maid three, until they go a shipboard.

There would have been no occasion to be so formal with a friend as to desire Mr. Hamilton to give the servants money when you might have ordered me to do it, although I had not been in your debt; which, to my shame be it spoken, would be scandalous so long a time, if the fault were entirely mine. My son and daughter Swift present you and your lady their most obedient respects, and sincerest wishes. I am at a loss to express my obligations to her for the compliment she was pleased to remit to me; and I believe, when we meet, she will not be jealous that I dare give it under my hand to her, that I honour and esteem you more than any woman does except herself. I am, dear sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

AD-

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

ODE TO DR. WILLIAM SANCROFT,

LATE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *.

WRITTEN MAY 1689, AT THE DESIRE OF THE LATE LORD BISHOP OF ELY.

I.

TRUTH is eternal, and the Son of Heav'n,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub, and chief lamp of that high sacred Seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day:
First of God's darling attributes,
Thou daily seest Him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place,
Two foolish guides in ev'ry sublunary dance:
How shall we find Thee then in dark disputes?

* This Poem, with that addressed to Mr. Congreve, and the one on Sir William Temple's Illness and Recovery, were first published in 1789, from an authentick manuscript, fairly and correctly written out as if intended for the press, and from the dates, it is supposed that these were among the first, if not the earliest productions of his Muse.

How

How shall we search Thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd?
In dagger contests, and th' artillery of words,
(For swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are madmen's swords)
Contriv'd to tire all patience out,
And not to satisfy the doubt?

II.

But where is ev'n thy Image on our earth?
For of the person much I fear,
Since Heaven will claim its residence as well as birth,
And God himself has said, He shall not find it here.
For this inferiour world is but Heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made;
Whence the weak shapes wild and imperfect pass,
Like sunbeams shot at too far distance from a glass;
Which all the mimick forms express,
Though in strange uncouth postures, and uncomely dress;
So when Cartesian artists try
To solve appearances of sight
In its reception to the eye,
And catch the living landscape through a scanty light*,
The figures all inverted shew,
And colours of a faded hue;
Here a pale shape with upward footstep treads,
And men seem walking on their heads;
There whole herds suspended lie
Ready to tumble down into the sky;
Such are the ways ill guided mortals go
To judge of things above by things below.

* The experiment of the dark chamber, to demonstrate light to be by reception of the object, and not by emission.

Disjointing

Disjointing shapes as in the fairy land of dreams,
Or images that sink in streams;
No wonder, then, we talk amiss
Of truth, and what, or where it is:
Say Muse, for thou, if any, know'st
Since the bright essence fled, where hauts the reverend ghost?

III.

If all that our weak knowledge titles virtue, be
(High Truth) the best resemblance of exalted Thee,
If a mind fix'd to combat fate
With those two pow'rful swords, submission and humility,
Sounds truly good, or truly great;
Ill may I live, if the good Sancroft in his holiest,
In the divin'ty of retreat,
Be not the brightest pattern earth can show
Of heav'n-born Truth below:
But foolish man still judges what is best
In his own balance, false and light,
Foll'wing opinion, dark, and blind,
That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till honesty and conscience are clear out of sight.

IV.

And some, to be large ciphers in a state,
Pleas'd with an empty swelling to be counte great;
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of space
Rapp'd through the wide expanse of thought,
And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthless clod, the body, in onplace:
Errours like this did old astronomers misguic
Led blindly on by gross philosophy and pric

Who,

Who, like hard masters, taught the sun
Through many a needless sphere to run,
Many an eccentrick and unthrifty motion make,
And thousand incoherent journies take,
Whilst all th' advantage by it got,
Was but to light earth's inconsiderable spot.
The herd beneath, who see the weathercock of state
Hung loosely on the church's pinnacle,
Believe it firm, because perhaps the day is mild and still;
But when they find it turn with the first blast of fate,
Begazing upward giddy grow,
And think the church itself does so;
Thus fools, for being strong and num'rous known,
Suppose the truth, like all the world, their own;
And why Sancroft's motion quite irregular appears,
Because 'tis opposite to theirs.

V.

In vain then would the Muse the multitude advise,
While peevish knowledge thus perversely lies
Ingath'ring follies from the wise;
Rather put on thy anger and thy spight,
And some kind pow'r for once dispense
Through the dark mass, the dawn of so much sense,
To make them understand, and feel me when I write;
The Muse and I no more revenge desire,
Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and like fire;
Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins,
(Sad hapless isle, although
It a bloody list we know)
Has given thee up a dwelling place to fiends?

Sin

Sin and the plague ever abound
In governments too easy, and too fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring:
Our British soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flow'rs a thousand pois'nous weeds,
And ev'ry stinking weed so lofty grows,
As if 'twould overshade the Royal Rose,
The Royal Rose the glory of our morn,
But, ah, too much without a thorn.

VI.

Forgive (original mildness) this ill govern'd zeal,
'Tis all the angry slighted Muse can do
In the pollution of these days;
No province now is left her but to rail,
And poetry has lost the art to praise,
Alas, the occasions are so few:
None e'er but you,
And your Almighty Master, knew
With heavenly peace of mind to bear
(Free from our tyrant passions, anger, scorn, or fear)
The giddy turns of pop'lar rage,
And all the contradictions of a poison'd age;
The Son of God pronounc'd by the same breath
Which straight pronounc'd his death;
And though I should but ill be understood
In wholly equalling our sin and theirs,
And measuring by the scanty thread of wit
What we call holy, and great, and just, and good,
(Methods in talk whereof our pride and ignorance make use)

And which our wild ambition foolishly compares
With endless and with infinite;
Yet pardon, native Albion, when I say,
Among thy stubborn sons there haunts that spirit of Jews,
That those forsaken wretches who to day
Revile His great ambassador,
Seem to discover what they would have done
(Were his humanity on earth once more)
To his undoubted Master, Heaven's Almighty Son.

VII.

But zeal is weak and ignorant, though wond'rous proud,
Though very turbulent and very loud;
The crazy composition shows,
Like that fantastick medley in the idol's toes,
Made up of iron mixt with clay,
This, crumbles into dust,
That, moulders into rust,
Or melts by the first show'r away.
Nothing is fix'd that mortals see or know,
Unless, perhaps, some stars above be so;
And those, alas, do show
Like all transcendent excellence below;
In both, false mediums cheat our sight,
And far exalted objects lessen by their height:
Thus, primitive Sancroft moves too high
To be observ'd by vulgar eye,
And rolls the silent year
On his own secret regular sphere,
And sheds, though all unseen, his sacred influence here.

Kind

VIII.

Kind star, still may'st thou shed they sacred influence here,
Or from thy private peaceful orb appear;
For, sure, we want some guide from Heav'n to show
The way which ev'ry wand'ring fool below
Pretends so perfectly to know;
And which for aught I see, and much I fear,
The world has wholly miss'd;
I mean the way which leads to Christ:
Mistaken ideots! see how giddily they run,
Led blindly on by avarice and pride,
What mighty numbers follow them;
Each fond of erring with his guide:
Some whom ambition drives, seek Heaven's high Son
In Cæsar's court, or in Jerusalem;
Others, ignorantly wise,
Among proud doctors and disputing pharisees:
What could the sages gain but unbelieving scorn;
Their faith was so uncourtly when they said
That Heaven's high Son was in a village born;
That the world's Saviour had been
In a vile manger laid,
And foster'd in a wretched inn?

IX.

Necessity, thou tyrant conscience of the great,
Say, why the church is still led blindfold by the state;
Why should the first be ruin'd and laid waste,
To mend dilapidations in the last?

And yet the world, whose eyes are on our mighty Prince,
Thinks Heav'n has cancell'd all our sins,
And that his subjects share his happy influence;
Follow the model close, for so I'm sure they should,
But wicked kings draw more examples than the good;
And divine Sancroft, weary with the weight
Of a declining church, by faction her worst foe oppress'd,
Finding the mitre almost grown
A load as heavy as the crown,
Wisely retreated to his heavenly rest.

X.

Ah, may no unkind earthquake of the state,
Nor hurricano from the crown,
Disturb the present mitre, as that fearful storm of late,
Which in its dusky march along the plain,
Swept up whole churches as it list,
Wrapp'd in a whirlwind and a mist;
Like that prophetick tempest in the virgin reign,
And swallow'd them at last, or flung them down.
Such were the storms good Sancroft long has born;
The mitre, which his sacred head has worn,
Was, like his Master's Crown, inwreath'd with thorn.
Death's sting is swallow'd up in victory at last,
The bitter cup is from him past:
Fortune in both extremes,
Though blasts from contrariety of winds,
Yet to firm heavenly minds,
Is but one thing under two different names;

And

And even the sharpest eye that has the prospect seen,
Confesses ignorance to judge between;
And must to human reasoning opposite conclude,
To point out which is moderation, which is fortitude.

XI.

Thus Sancroft, in the exaltation of retreat,
Shows lustre that was shaded in his seat;
Short glimm'rings of the prelate glorified;
Which the disguise of greatness only served to hide.
Why should the Sun, alas, be proud
To lodge behind a golden cloud;
Though fringed with ev'ning gold the cloud appears so gay,
'Tis but a lowborn vapour kindled by a ray;
At length 'tis overblown and past,
Puff'd by the people's spightful blast,
The dazzling glory dimms their prostituted sight,
No deflowerd eye can face the naked light:
Yet does this high perfection well proceed
From strength of its own native seed,
This wilderness the world, like that poetick wood of old,
Bears one, and but one branch of gold,
Where the bless'd spirit lodges like the dove,
And which (to heavenly soil transplanted) will improve,
To be, as 'twas below, the brightest plant above;
For, whate'er theologick lev'llers dream,
There are degrees above I know
As well as here below,
(The goddess Muse herself has told me so)
Where high patrician souls dress'd heavenly gay,
Sit clad in lawn of purer woven day,

There some high-spirited throne to Sancroft shall be
given,
In the metropolis of Heaven;
Chief of the mitred saints, and from archprelate here,
Translated to archangel there.

XII.

Since, happy saint, since it has been of late
Either our blindness or our fate,
To lose the providence of thy cares,
Pity a miserable church's tears,
That begs the pow'rful blessing of thy pray'rs.
Some angel say, what were the nation's crimes,
That sent these wild reformers to our times;
Say what their senseless malice meant,
To tear religion's lovely face;
Strip her of ev'ry ornament and grace:
In striving to wash off th' imaginary paint:
Religion now does on her deathbed lie,
Heart sick of a high fever and consuming atrophy;
How the physicians swarm to show their mortal skill,
And by their college arts methodically kill:
Reformers and physicians differ but in name,
One end in both, and the design the same;
Cordials are in their talk, while all they mean
Is but the patient's death, and gain——
Check in thy satire, angry Muse,
Or a more worthy subject choose:
Let not the outcasts of this outcast age
Provoke the honour of my Muse's rage,
Nor be thy mighty spirit rais'd,
Since Heaven and Cato both are pleas'd—

[The rest of the poem is lost.]

ODE.

ODE*

TO KING WILLIAM,

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

To purchase kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown
(Cowards are monarchs by that title made),
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due!
Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown, and gain it too!

* This Ode, which had been long sought after without success, was first ascertained to be Swift's in the Select Collection of Poems, published by J. Nichols, 1778, vol. IV, page 303. That it is the dean's, there is not the least doubt. He refers to it in the second stanza of his "Ode to the Athenian Society," and expressly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of "The Ode "I writ to the king in Ireland." See "The Gentleman's Jour-"nal, July, 1692," page 13.

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
  You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on ;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
  Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

Britannia stripp'd of her sole guard, the laws,
  Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice ;
You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
  Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all ; as glorious is the care
  To preserve conquests, as at first to gain :
In this your virtue claims a double share,
  Which, what it bravely won, does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
  An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
  That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the Boyne we see !
  When Schomberg started at the vast design :
The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
  Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm ;
  You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
  And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
  To interrupt the fortune of your course :
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
  Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ;
William's the pledge and earnest given by fate
Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER 1693.

THRICE, with a prophet's voice and prophet's pow'r,
The Muse was called in a poetick hour,
And insolently thrice, the slighted maid
Dared to suspend her unregarded aid;
Then with that grief we form in spirits divine
Pleads for her own neglect, and thus reproaches mine:
Once highly honour'd! False is the pretence
You make to truth, retreat, and innocence;
Who, to pollute my shades, bring'st with thee down
The most ungen'rous vices of the town;
Ne'er sprung a youth from out this isle before
I once esteem'd, and loved, and favour'd more,
Nor ever maid endured such courtlike scorn,
So much in mode, so very city-born;
'Tis with a foul design the muse you send,
Like a cast mistress to your wicked friend;
But find some new address, some fresh deceit,
Nor practise such an antiquated cheat;

These are the beaten methods of the stews,
Stale forms of course, all mean deceivers use,
Who barbarously think to 'scape reproach,
By prostituting her they first debauch.
Thus did the Muse severe unkindly blame
This off'ring long design'd to Congreve's fame;
First chid the zeal as unpoetick fire,
Which soon his merit forced her to inspire;
Then call this verse, that speaks her largest aid,
The greatest compliment she ever made,
And wisely judge, no pow'r beneath divine
Could leap the bounds which part your world and mine;
For, youth, believe, to you unseen, is fix'd
A mighty gulf unpassable betwixt.
Nor tax the goddess of a mean design
To praise your parts by publishing of mine;
That be my thought when some large bulky writ
Shows in the front the ambition of my wit;
There to surmount what bears me up, and sing
Like the victorious wren perch'd on the eagle's wing;
This could I do, and proudly o'er him tower,
Were my desires but heighten'd to my power.
Godlike the force of my young Congreve's bays,
Soft'ning the muse's thunder into praise;
Sent to assist an old unvanquish'd pride
That looks with scorn on half mankind beside;
A pride that well suspends poor mortals fate,
Gets between them and my resentment's weight,
Stands in the gap 'twixt me and wretched men,
T' avert th' impending judgments of my pen.
Thus I look down with mercy on the age,
By hopes my Congreve will reform the stage;

For

For never did poetick mine before
Produce a richer vein or cleaner ore;
The bullion stamp'd in your refining mind
Serves by retail to furnish half mankind.
With indignation I behold your wit
Forced on me, crack'd, and clipp'd, and counterfeit,
By vile pretenders, who a stock maintain
From broken scraps and filings of your brain.
Through native dross your share is hardly known,
And by short views mistook for all their own;
So small the gain those from your wit do reap,
Who blend it into folly's larger heap,
Like the sun's scatter'd beams which loosely pass,
When some rough hand breaks the assembling glass.
Yet want your criticks no just cause to rail,
Since knaves are ne'er obliged for what they steal.
These pad on wit's high road, and suits maintain
With those they rob, by what their trade does gain.
Thus censure seems that fiery froth which breeds
O'er the sun's face, and from his heat proceeds,
Crusts o'er the day, shadowing its partent beam
As ancient nature's modern masters dream;
This bids some curious praters here below
Call Titan sick, because their sight is so;
And well, methinks, does this allusion fit
To scribblers, and the god of light and wit;
Those who by wild delusions entertain
A lust of rhyming for a poet's vein,
Raise envy's clouds to leave themselves in night,
But can no more obscure my Congreve's light
Than swarms of gnats, that wanton in a ray
Which gave them birth, can rob the world of day.
What northern hive pour'd out these foes to wit?
Whence came these Goths to overrun the pit?

How

How would you blush the shameful birth to hear
Of those you so ignobly stoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd since
Round all the circles of impertinence,
Search'd in the nest where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm sure I found them other kind of things
Than those with backs of silk and golden wings;
A search, no doubt, as curious and as wise
As virtuosoes' in dissecting flies;
For, could you think? the fiercest foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country bred;
Bred in my scene, and for the poet's sins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the inns;
Those beds of dung, where schoolboys sprout up beaus
Far sooner than the nobler mushroom grows:
These are the lords of the poetick schools,
Who preach the saucy pedantry of rules;
Those pow'rs the criticks, who may boast the odds
O'er Nile, with all its wilderness of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler shapes,
Which worship'd cats, and sacrificed to apes;
And can you think the wise forbear to laugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf?
Haply you judge these lines severely writ
Against the proud usurpers of the pit;
Stay while I tell my story, short, and true;
To draw conclusions shall be left to you;
Nor need I ramble far to force a rule,
But lay the scene just here at Farnham school.
Last year, a lad hence by his parents sent
With other cattle to the city went;

Where

Where having cast his coat, and well pursued
The methods most in fashion to be lewd;
Return'd a finish'd spark this summer down,
Stock'd with the freshest gibberish of the town;
A jargon form'd from the lost language, wit,
Confounded in that Babel of the pit;
Form'd by diseased conceptions, weak, and wild,
Sick lust of souls, and an abortive child;
Born between whores and fops, by lewd compacts,
Before the play, or else between the acts:
Nor wonder, if from such polluted minds
Should spring such short and transitory kinds,
Or crazy rules to make us wits by rote
Last just as long as ev'ry cuckoo's note:
What bungling, rusty tools, are us'd by fate!
'Twas in an evil hour to urge my hate,
My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed *;
When man's ill genius to my presence sent
This wretch, to rouse my wrath, for ruin meant;
Who in his idiom vile, with Gray's inn grace,
Squander'd his noisy talents to my face;
Named ev'ry player on his fingers ends,
Swore all the wits were his peculiar friends;
Talk'd with that saucy and familiar ease
Of Wycherley, and you, and Mr. Bays;
Said, how a late report your friends had vex'd,
Who heard you meant to write heroicks next;
For, tragedy, he knew, would lose you quite,
And told you so at Will's but t'other night.

* Thus early in life did Swift feel the efforts of his genius struggling for birth, and prognosticate its vigorous exertions against vice and folly, when arrived at maturity.

Thus are the lives of fools a sort of dreams,
Rend'ring shades, things, and substances of names;
Such high companions may delusion keep,
Lords are a footboy's cronies in his sleep.
As a fresh miss, by fancy, face, and gown,
Render'd the topping beauty of the town,
Draws ev'ry rhyming, prating, dressing sot,
To boast of favours that he never got;
Of which, whoe'er lacks confidence to prate,
Brings his good parts and breeding in debate;
And not the meanest coxcomb you can find,
But thanks his stars, that Phillis has been kind;
Thus prostitute my Congreve's name is grown
To ev'ry lewd pretender of the town.
'Troth I could pity you; but this is it,
You find, to be the fashionable wit;
These are the slaves whom reputation chains,
Whose maintenance requires no help from brains.
For, should the vilest scribbler to the pit,
Whom sin and want e'er furnish'd out a wit;
Whose name must not within my lines be shown,
Lest here it live, when perish'd with his own *;
Should such a wretch usurp my Congreve's place,
And choose out wits who ne'er have seen his face;
I'll be my life but the dull cheat would pass,
Nor need the lion's skin conceal the ass;
Yes, that beau's look, that vice, those critick ears,
Must needs be right, so well resembling theirs.

* To this resolution Swift ever after adhered; for of the infinite multitude of libellers who personally attacked him, there is not the name mentioned of any one of them throughout his works; and thus, together with their writings, have they been consigned to eternal oblivion.

Perish

Perish the Muse's hour, thus vainly spent
In satire, to my Congreve's praises meant;
In how ill season her resentments rule,
What's that to her if mankind be a fool?
Happy beyond a private muse's fate,
In pleasing all that's good among the great*,
Where though her elder sisters crowding throng,
She still is welcome with her inn'cent song;
Whom were my Congreve blest to see and know,
What poor regards would merit all below!
How proudly would he haste the joy to meet,
And drop his laurel at Apollo's feet.

Here by a mountain's side, a reverend cave
Gives murmuring passage to a lasting wave;
'Tis the world's wat'ry hourglass streaming fast,
Time is no more when th' utmost drop is past;
Here, on a better day, some druid dwelt,
And the young Muse's early favour felt;
Druid, a name she does with pride repeat,
Confessing Albion once her darling seat;
Far in this primitive cell might we pursue
Our predecessors footsteps, still in view;
Here would we sing—But, ah! you think I dream,
And the bad world may well believe the same;
Yes; you are all malicious standers by,
While two fond lovers prate, the Muse, and I.

Since thus I wander from my first intent,
Nor am that grave adviser which I meant;
Take this short lesson from the god of bays,
And let my friend apply it as he please:
Beat not the dirty paths where vulgar feet have trod,
But give the vigorous fancy room.

* This alludes to sir William Temple, to whom he gives the name of Apollo in a few lines after.

For

For when like stupid alchymists you try
To fix this nimble god,
This volatile mercury,
The subtil spirit all flies up in fume;
Nor shall the bubbled virtuoso find
More than a fade insipid mixture left behind *.

While thus I write, vast shoals of criticks come,
And on my verse pronounce their saucy doom;
The Muse, like some bright country virgin, shows,
Fall'n by mishap among a knot of beaux;
They, in their lewd and fashionable prate,
Rally her dress, her language, and her gait;
Spend their base coin before the bashful maid,
Current like copper, and as often paid:
She, who on shady banks has joy'd to sleep
Near better animals, her father's sheep;
Shamed and amazed, beholds the chatt'ring throng,
To think what cattle she has got among;
But with the odious smell and sight annoy'd,
In haste she does th' offensive herd avoid †.
'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell,
The Muse retreats far in yon crystal cell;
Faint inspiration sickens as she flies,
Like distant echo spent, the spirit dies.
In this descending sheet you'll haply find
Some short refreshment for your weary mind,
Nought it contains is common or unclean,
And once drawn up, is ne'er let down again.

* Out of an Ode I writ, inscribed The Poet. The rest of it is lost.

† Would not one imagine that Swift had at this time already conceived his idea of the Yahoos?

OCCASIONED

OCCASIONED BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LATE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 1693.

STRANGE to conceive, how the same objects strike
At distant hours the mind with forms so like!
Whether in time, Deduction's broken chain
Meets, and salutes her sister link again;
Or hunted Fancy, by a circling flight,
Comes back with joy to its own seat at night;
Or whether dead Imagination's ghost
Oft hovers where alive it haunted most;
Or if Thought's rolling globe, her circle run,
Turns up old objects to the soul her sun;
Or loves the muse to walk with conscious pride
O'er the glad scene whence first she rose a bride:
Be what it will; late near yon whisp'ring stream,
Where her own Temple was her darling theme;
There first the visionary sound was heard,
When to poetick view the Muse appear'd.
Such seem'd her eyes, as when an evening ray
Gives glad farewell to a tempestuous day;
Weak is the beam to dry up nature's tears,
Still ev'ry tree the pendent sorrow wears;
Such are the smiles where drops of crystal show
Approaching joy at strife with parting woe.
As when to scare th' ungrateful or the proud
Tempests long frown, and thunder threatens loud,

Till

Till the blest sun to give kind dawn of grace
Darts weeping beams across Heaven's wat'ry face;
When soon the peaceful bow unstring'd is shown,
A sign God's dart is shot, and wrath o'erblown;
Such to unhallowed sight the Muse divine
Might seem, when first she rais'd her eyes to mine.
What mortal change does in thy face appear,
Lost youth, she cried, since first I met thee here!
With how undecent clouds are overcast
Thy looks, when every cause of grief is past!
Unworthy the glad tidings which I bring,
Listn while the muse thus teaches thee to sing:
As parent earth, burst by imprison'd winds,
Scatters strange agues o'er men's sickly minds,
And shakes the atheist's knees; such ghastly fear
Late I beheld on every face appear;
Mild Dorothea*, peaceful, wise, and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
Mild Dorothea, whom we both have long
Not dared to injure with our lowly song;
Sprung from a better world, and chosen then
The best companion for the best of men:
As some fair pile, yet spared by zeal and rage,
Lives pious witness of a better age;
So men may see what once was womankind,
In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind.
You that would grief describe, come here and trace
Its wat'ry footsteps in Dorinda's face;
Grief from Dorinda's face does ne'er depart
Farther than its own palace in her heart:
Ah, since our fears are fled, this insolent expel,
At least confine the tyrant to his cell.

* Sister to sir William Temple.

And

And if so black the cloud, that Heaven's bright queen
Shrouds her still beams; how should the stars be seen?
Thus, when Dorinda wept, joy ev'ry face forsook,
And grief flung sables on each menial look;
The humble tribe mourn'd for the quick'ning soul,
That furnish'd spirit and motion through the whole;
So would earth's face turn pale, and life decay,
Should Heaven suspend to act but for a day;
So nature's crazed convulsions make us dread
That time is sick, or the world's mind is dead.—
Take, youth, these thoughts, large matter to employ
The fancy furnish'd by returning joy;
And to mistaken man these truths rehearse,
Who dare revile the integrity of verse:
Ah fav'rite youth, how happy is thy lot!——
But I'm deceiv'd, or thou regard'st me not;
Speak, for I wait thy answer, and expect
Thy just submission for this bold neglect.
Unknown the forms we the high-priesthood use
At the divine appearance of the Muse,
Which to divulge might shake profane belief,
And tell the irreligion of my grief;
Grief that excused the tribute of my knees,
And shaped my passion in such words as these.
Malignant goddess! bane to my repose,
Thou universal cause of all my woes;
Say, whence it comes that thou art grown of late
A poor amusement for my scorn and hate;
The malice thou inspir'st I never fail
On thee to wreak the tribute when I rail;
Fools commonplace thou art, their weak ensconcing fort,
Th' appeal of dullness in the last resort:

Heaven with a parent's eye regarding earth,
Deals out to man the planet of his birth:
But sees thy meteor blaze about me shine,
And passing o'er, mistakes thee still for mine:
Ah, should I tell a secret yet unknown,
That thou ne'er hadst a being of thy own,
But a wild form dependent on the brain,
Scatt'ring loose features o'er the optick vein;
Troubling the crystal fountain of the sight,
Which darts on poets eyes a trembling light;
Kindled while reason sleeps, but quickly flies,
Like antick shapes in dreams, from waking eyes:
In sum, a glitt'ring voice, a painted name,
A walking vapour, like thy sister fame.
But if thou be'st what thy mad vot'ries prate,
A female pow'r, loose govern'd thoughts create;
Why near the dregs of youth perversely wilt thou stay,
So highly courted by the brisk and gay?
Wert thou right woman, thou shouldst scorn to look
On an abandon'd wretch by hopes forsook;
Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
Assign'd for life to unremitting grief;
For, let Heaven's wrath enlarge these weary days,
If hope e'er dawns the smallest of its rays *.
Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight,
And treads so soft, so easy, and so light,

* What a miserable state of mind must Swift have been in when he wrote this! which was owing to the state of dependence in which he had always lived from his birth to that time, with but little prospect of his being relieved from it. How grating must this have been to such a proud and generous spirit!

That

That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
Can scarce th' impression of his footsteps find;
Smooth as that airy nymph so subtly born
With inoffensive feet o'er standing corn;
Which bow'd by evening breeze with bending stalks,
Salutes the weary trav'ller as he walks;
But o'er th' afflicted with a heavy pace
Sweeps the broad sithe, and tramples on his face.
Down falls the summer's pride, and sadly shows
Nature's bare visage furrowed as he mows:
See Muse, what havock in these looks appear,
These are the tyrant's trophies of a year;
Since hope his last and greatest foe is fled,
Despair and he lodge ever in its stead;
March o'er the ruin'd plain with motion slow,
Still scatt'ring desolation where they go.
To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclin'd;
To thee, what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise,
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great,
" Stoop not to int'rest, flattery, or deceit;
" Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
" Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;
" Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
" Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale;
" And since unhappy distance thus denies
" T' expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise;
" Since thy few ill presented graces seem
" To breed contempt where thou hast hoped
" esteem."——

Madness like this no fancy ever seized,
Still to be cheated, never to be pleased;
Since one false beam of joy in sickly minds
Is all the poor content delusion finds.—
There thy enchantment broke, and from this hour
I here renounce thy visionary pow'r;
And since thy essence on my breath depends,
Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BERKELEY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

H. S. E.
CAROLUS Comes de BERKELEY, Vicecomes DURSLEY,
Baro BERKELEY, de Berkeley Cast., MOWBRAY, SEGRAVE,
Et BRUCE, è nobilissimo Ordine Balnei Eques,
Vir ad genus quod spectat et proavos usquequaque nobilis,
Et longo si quis alius procerum stemmate editus;
Muniis etiam tam illustri stirpi dignis insignitus.
Siquidem a GULIELMO III° ad ordines fœderati Belgii
Ablegatus et Plenipotentiarus Extraordinarius
Rebus, non Britanniæ tantùm, sed totius fere Europæ
(Tunc temporis præsertim arduis) per annos V. incubuit,
Quam felici diligentiâ, fide quam intemeratâ,
Ex illo discas, Lector, quod, superstite patre,
In magnatum ordinem adscisci meruerit.
Fuit à sanctioribus consiliis et Regi GULIEL. et ANNÆ Reginæ,
E proregibus Hiberniæ secundus,
Comitatum civitatumque Glocest. et Brist. Dominus Locumtenens,
Surriæ et Glocest. Custos Rot., Urbis Glocest. magnus
Senescallus, Arcis sancti de Briavell Castellanus,
Guardianus Forestæ de Dean.
Denique ad Turcarum primum, deinde ad Roman. Imperatorem
Cum Legatus Extraordinarius designatus esset,
Quo minus has etiam ornaret provincias
Obstitit adversa corporis valetudo.
Sed restat adhuc, præ quo sordescunt cætera,
Honos verus, stabilis, et vel morti cedere nescius,
Quòd veritatem evangelicam seriò amplexus;
Erga Deum pius, erga pauperes munificus,
Adversùs omnes æquus et benevolus,
In Christo jam placidè obdormit
Cum eodem olim regnaturus unà.
Natus VIII° April. MDCXLIX. denatus
XXIV° Septem. MDCCX. ætat. suæ LXII.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS. BY DR. DELANY.

OCCASIONED BY "APOLLO TO THE DEAN*." 1723.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-seventh.
The Poets assembled here on the eleventh,
Convened by Apollo, who gave them to know,
He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
But declared that no bard should this honour inherit,
Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit:
Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult case,
For each bard believed he'd a right to the place;
So, finding th' assembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate:
'Twas urged to no purpose; disputes higher rose,
Scarce Phœbus himself could their quarrels compose;
Till at length he determined that every bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.
First, one who believed he excell'd in translation†,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's transmigration:
"Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,
"I hope the Convention will quickly agree."
"Agree!" quoth Apollo: "from whence is this "fool?
"Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at school?
"Be gone, sir, you've got your subscriptions in time,
"And given in return neither reason nor rhyme."

* Printed in vol. VII, p. 173. † Dr. Trapp.

To

To the next, says the God, "Though now I won't
" choose you,
" I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:
" Love's Goddess has oft to her parents complain'd,
" Of my favouring a bard who her empire disdain'd;
" That, at my instigation, a poem you writ,
" Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgment
" and wit;
" That, to make you a Laureat, I gave the first voice,
" Inspiring the Britons t'approve of my choice.
" Jove sent her to me, her power to try;
" The Goddess of beauty what God can deny?
" She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.
" Appease the fair Goddess: you then may rise
" higher."
The next * that appear'd had good hopes of succeeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.
'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,
He else might expect they should pay what they
owe him.
And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The Patriot, whose merits they would not reward:
The God, with a smile, bad his favourite advance,
" You were sent by Astræa her envoy to France:
" You bent your ambition to rise in the state;
" I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great."
Then a bard who had been a successful translator †,
" The convention allows me a versificator."
Says Apollo, " You mention the least of your merit;
" By your works, it appears you have much of my
" spirit.

* Mr. Prior. † Mr. Pope was probably here meant.

" I esteem you so well, that to tell you the truth,
" The greatest objection against you's your youth :
" Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside ;
" If you live, you shall certainly one day preside."
Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
" 'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the
" streets *."
" You taught them to walk ! why, they knew it
" before :
" But give me the bard that can teach them to soar.
" Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confess,
" Who lately attempted my style with success ;
" Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
" And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit ;
" Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
" His judgment alone can set bounds to his wit ;
" Like Virgil correct, with his own native ease,
" But excels even Virgil in elegant praise ;
" Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their
" due,
" Yet writes in a manner entirely new ;
" Though none with more ease their depths can ex-
" plore,
" Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store ;
" Though I'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
" In scorning to borrow from any but me ;
" It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
" Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."
This said, the whole audience soon found out his
drift :
The convention was summon'd in favour of SWIFT.

* Mr. Gay ; alluding to his " Trivia."

APOLLO'S

APOLLO'S EDICT*.

OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS." 1720.

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there:
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor beaten paths be longer traced.
No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun;
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the chameleon spare;
And when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a salamander.
No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the day,
Or ever name the milky-way.

* The last twelve lines of this poem were printed separately in 1743, on the death of lady Catharine Forbes, only daughter of Arthur, first earl of Granard, (descended from the noble family of Forbes in Scotland). She was the second lady of Arthur, third earl of Donegal; and died June 15, 1743.

You

You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.
The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragick heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetick cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity.
When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Though poets have the second sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapours upward rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies:
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet, if his name you'd eternize,
And must exalt him to the skies;
Without a star, this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.
If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of halcyon days;
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimickry of deep, yet clear.
Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phenix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.
When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.

Cupid

Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother;
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.
With women compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd *.
For foreign aid what need they roam,
Whom fate has amply blest at home?
Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destined by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue ey'd maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;
Take qualities from Donegal.

THE DOG AND SHADOW.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non simulachrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

* "And call'd the happy composition Floyd." See vol. VII, page 38.

BILLET

BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

THE enclosed prologue is formed upon the story of the secretary's not suffering you to act, unless you would pay him 300l. per annum; upon which, you got a license from the lord mayor to act as strollers.

The prologue supposes, that, upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country strollers came and hired the playhouse, and your clothes, etc., to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

Our set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
And, with a license from our good lord mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king;
We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.

Stay!

Stay! let me see—Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in town!—'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here's a warrant; gallants, please to mark,
For three thirteens and sixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The publick should bestow the actors six,
A score of guineas, given underhand,
For a good word or so, we understand.
To help an honest lad, that's out of place,
May cost a crown or so; a common case:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?
I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night, to act my part!
I told him what it was to be a stroller;
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. may'r,
First get a license, then produce our ware;
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
Huzza! (the schoolboys roar) the play'rs are come!
And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.
I told him, in the smoothest way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to stay,
And, as a stroller, act in every play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers for your sakes;

Not

Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.
A pox on Elrington's majestick tone!
Now to a word of business in our own.
Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last;
Then without fail we pack up for Belfast.
Lose not your time, nor our diversions miss,
The next we act shall be as good as this.

ANSWER TO DR. SHERIDAN'S PROLOGUE, AND TO DR. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE*, IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. DELANY.

FŒMINEO GENERI TRIBUANANR.

THE Muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away;
The pencil clothes the nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictured maids;
Far above mortal dress the sisters shine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and must be fine.
And shall two bards in consort rhyme and huff,
And fret these Muses with their playhouse stuff?
The player in mimick piety may storm,
Deplore the comb, and bid her heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curse the belles and chintses of the age:
Yet still the artist worm her silk shall share,
And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.

* See vol. VII, page 198.

The

The cotton plant, whom satire cannot blast;
Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and last;
Like yours, ye fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injured plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.

Some bard, perhaps, whose landlord was a weaver,
Penn'd the low prologue, to return a favour:
Some neighbour wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For such woolgathering sonneteers as these?

Hence then, ye homespun witlings, that persuade
Miss Chloe to the fashion of her maid.
Shall the wide hoop, that standard of the town,
Thus act subservient to a poplin gown?
Who'd smell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The underpetticoat be made of stuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel just in May,
When the fields dress'd in flowers appear so gay!
And shall not miss be flower'd as well as they?

In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair!
The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?
Ye knowing fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the chints diamonds with the silken thread,
Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!
Of flocks they'd have your milky Ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!

" But where," say they, " shall we bestow these
" weavers,
" That spread our streets, and are such piteous
" cravers?"
The silk worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care, to make their webs complete:
These may they tend, their promises receive;
We cannot pay too much for what they give!

ON GALLSTOWN HOUSE*.

BY DR. DELANY†.

'TIS so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You're sometimes in pleasure, though often in pain
in't.
'Tis so large you may lodge a few friends with ease
in't,
You may turn and stretch at your length if you
please in't;
'Tis so little, the family live in a press in't,
And poor lady Betty‡ has scarce room to dress in't;

* The seat of George Rochfort, esq., father to the earl of Belvidere. Several pleasantries of this gentleman, Dr. Delany, and a groupe of their intimate friends, are to be found in different parts of this collection.

† See the dean's poetical epistle to this gentleman, vol. VII, page 150.

‡ Daughter of the earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, esq.

'Tis

'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in't,
And so hot in the summer, you're ready to fry in't;
'Tis so brittle 'twould scarce bear the weight of a tun,
Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of sun;
'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite through it,
And you're forced every year in some part to renew it;
'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
'Tis so staunch, and so crazy, so strong, and so brittle,
'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold,
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—
I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE*.

BY DR. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mæstum linquis, lætumque revises
Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, marmor;
Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

* See vol. VII, page 235.

EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

HOC tumulata jacet proles Lenæa sepulchro,
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo;
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

PROMETHEUS.

ON

WOOD* THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE. 1724.

I.

AS when the squire and tinker Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chymick art
United close in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck.
So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, tories, trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, conformists, presbyterians,

* See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's Letters.

Scotch,

Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
With equal int'rest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites:
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster:
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong that from the lower end,
They say, all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolved, and into money coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of brass:
(Venus * was bribed to let it pass.)
Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship raised;
No sacrifice at altars blazed;

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood.

In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amazed; but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with a chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye pow'rs of Grub street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood.
For Jove it is not hard to guess him;
I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold,
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.

But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

FOR

THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND.

BLOW, ye zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the swelling sails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three fork'd, trident strong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the rose in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently wash'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull asleep
Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous state,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my Golden fleece,
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer stay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haste of love,
Come unto thy turtle dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee,
Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inspiring just delight;

All are ripe and courting sue,
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head,
Every flower languid seems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wond'rous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bless once more,
Bless again thy native shore,
Bless again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return:
Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly,
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

EPITAPH,

IN BERKELEY CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

HERE lies the earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63.

EPITAPH,

EPITAPH,

ON

GENERAL GORGES*, AND LADY MEATH†.

UNDER this stone lies Dick and Dolly.
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost:
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cried:
To live without both full three days he tried;
But liked neither loss, and so quietly died.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt water;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

* Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath.

† Dorothy, dowager of Edward, earl of Meath. She was married to the general in 1716; and died April 10, 1728. Her husband survived her but two days.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late;
The son laughs, that got the hard gotten estate;
And Cuffe* grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest——*sic transit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY latest tribute here I send,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future time the satisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

UPON CARTHY'S† THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR. BY DR. SWIFT.

YOU have undone Horace,—what should hinder
Thy muse from falling upon Pindar?
But ere you mount his fiery steed,
Beware, O bard, how you proceed:——

* John Cuffe, of Desart, esq., married the general's eldest daughter.

† Carthy, a scribbling schoolmaster, wrote some severe lines on Dr. Swift and his friends.

For

For should you give him once the reins,
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you should his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

DR. SWIFT *wrote the following Epigram on one* DELACOURT'S *complimenting* CARTHY, *a School-master, on his Poetry.*

EPIGRAM.

CARTHY, you say, writes well—his genius true;
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, becomes each other's bail.

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

VERTIGINOSUS *, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

* The second syllable "Vertiginosus" is here made short by the dean; perhaps the more expressive of the malady it describes, as "steteruntque comæ" in Virgil. BOWYER.

THE

THE DEAN'S COMPLAINT, TRANSLATED AND ANSWERED.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone.

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burden grown.

ANSWER.

Because to few you will be shown.
Give them good wine, and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you f—t.

DOCTOR.

Nay, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder;
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

'IN SYLLABAM LONGAM IN VOCE VERTIGINOSUS* À D. SWIFT CORREPTAM.'

MUSARUM antistes, Phœbi numerosus alumnus,
Vix omnes numeros Vertiginosus habet.
Intentat charo capiti vertigo ruinam :
Oh ! servet cerebro nata Minerva caput.
Vertigo nimium longa est, divine poeta ;
Dent tibi Pierides, donet Apollo, brevem.

EPIGRAM BY MR. BOWYER.

INTENDED TO BE PLACED UNDER THE HEAD OF GULLIVER, 1733.

"HERE learn, from moral truth and wit refined,
How vice and folly have debased mankind ;
Strong sense and humour arm in virtue's cause ;
Thus her great votary vindicates her laws :
While bold and free the glowing colours strike ;
Blame not the picture, if the picture 's like."

* See page 441.

INSCRIPTION,

INSCRIPTION,

BY DEAN SMEDLEY*. 1729.

Reverendus Decanus, JONATHAN SMEDLEY,
Theologia instructus, in Poesi exercitatus,
Politioribus excultus literis;
Parce pius, impius minime;
Veritatis Indagator, Libertatis Assertor;
Subsannatus multis, fastiditus quibusdam,
Exoptatus plurimis, omnibus amicus,
Auctor hujus sententiæ, PATRES SUNT VETULÆ.
Per laudem et vituperium, per famam atque infamiam;
Utramque fortunam, variosque expertus casus,
Mente sana, sano corpore, volens, lætusque,
Lustris plus quam XI numeratis,
Ad rem familiarem restaurandam augendamque,
Et ad Evangelium Indos inter Orientales prædicandum,
Grevæ, idibus Februarii, navem ascendens,
Arcemque *Sancti* petens *Georgii*, vernale per æquinoxium,
Anno Æræ Christianæ MDCCXXVIII,
Transfretavit,
Fata vocant—revocentque precamur.

* See a translation of this inscription, vol. VII, page 418.

BOUTS

BOUTS RIMÉS*.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

OUR schoolmaster may rave i' th' fit
  Of classick beauty *hæc & illa*,
Not all his birch inspires such wit
  As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champaign,
  Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
  In Berkeley's tar, or sars'parilla.

At Goodman's Fields I've much admired
  The postures strange of monsieur Brilla;
But what are they to the soft step,
  The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has eternized in song
  The flying footsteps of Camilla:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
  He might have dream'd of Domitilla.

* Rhimes disposed in order, which are given to a poet, together with a subject, on which he is obliged to make verses, using the same words, and in the same order. The extravagance of a poet, named du Lot, gave occasion to this invention, about the year 1649. The most odd, out of the way rhimes were chosen; and every one endeavoured to fill them up as exactly as possible.—Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, No. 60, adduces them as an instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French; and observes, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Mr. Sarasin in "La Defaite des Bouts Rimèz."

Great

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla;
And deuse take London! if some knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla.

Wheeler, sir George, in travels wise,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But O! the empress has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Piled on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK IV, ODE XIX.

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.*,

LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
O! too nice, and too severe!
Think not, that my country song
Shall displease thy honest ear.
Chosen strains I proudly bring,
Which the Muses, sacred choir!
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains;
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has Time's all darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!
Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;

* Originally annexed to the Presbyterians' Plea of Merit. 1731.

Still

Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.
Beauteous Helen young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.
Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone, the terrours of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hostile blood.
Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly lived and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Waged the ten years famous war.
But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost, and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king without a name.
But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.
When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription.
Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night.

Still

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.
Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand,
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.
Falsely we call the rich man great,
He is only so that knows,
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.
He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:
Flies from death!—No, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.
This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

AN INVITATION, BY DR. DELANY, IN THE NAME OF DR. SWIFT*.

MIGHTY Thomas†, a solemn senatus‡ I call,
To consult for Sapphira§; so come one and all;
Quit books, and quit business, your cure and your care,
For a long winding walk, and a short bill of fare.
I've mutton for you, sir; and as for the ladies,
As friend Virgil has it; I've *aliud mercedes;*
For Letty‖, one filbert, whereon to regale;
And a peach for pale Constance¶, to make a full meal;

And

* See Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. III, page 65.

† From their diminutive size, the dean used to call Mr. Pilkington "Tom Thumb," and his wife "his lady fair."

‡ To correct Mrs. Barber's poems; which were published at London, in 4to, by subscription; with the addition of several poems by her son Constantine, afterward a very learned physician, and president of the college of physicians in Dublin.—The dean, in his will, bequeathed to Mrs. Barber "the medal of queen "Anne and prince George, which she formerly gave me."

§ The name by which Mrs. Barber was distinguished by her friends.

‖ Mrs. Pilkington.

¶ Mrs. Constantia Grierson, a native of Kilkenny, who died in 1733, at the age of 27. She was well versed in Greek and Roman literature, history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematicks. She gave a proof of her knowledge of the Latin tongue, by her dedication

And for your cruel part*, who take pleasure in blood,
I have that of the grape, which is ten times as good:
Flow wit to her honour, flow wine to her health;
High rais'd be her worth, above titles or wealth.

BETTESWORTH'S EXULTATION,

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT'S WORKS.

WELL! now, since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated:—
Lampoon'd did I call it?—No—what was it then!
What was it?—'Twas fame to be lash'd by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E'en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile,
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of—but now I'm notorious.
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one,
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one:

dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to the lord Carteret, and by that of Terence to his son, to whom she likewise wrote a Greek epigram. Lord Carteret obtained a patent for Mr. George Grierson, her husband, to be king's printer in Ireland; and, to distinguish and reward her extraordinary merit, had her life inserted in it. See the preface to Mrs. Barber's poems.

* Mrs. Van Lewen (Mrs. Pilkington's mother), who used to argue with Dr. Swift, about his declamation against eating blood.

If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal:
So clysters applied to the anus, 'tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head—
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard,
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure 'tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of Æneas;
And who, by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigoddized by madrigal Namby*.

A man is no more, who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king or the peasant,
React our old deeds, and make what's past present;
And when they would study to set forth a like,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant or patriot, a Titus or Nero,
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey's as good as a lion.
The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth,)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so, so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in Gospel and law;
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

* Ambrose Philips.

A COPY

VERSES

ON TWO CELEBRATED MODERN POETS.

BEHOLD, those monarch oaks, that rise,
With lofty branches to the skies,
Have large proportion'd roots that grow
With equal longitude below :
Two bards, that now in fashion reign,
Most aptly this device explain :
If this to clouds and stars will venture,
That creeps as far to reach the centre ;
Or, more to show the thing I mean,
Have you not o'er a sawpit seen,
A skill'd mechanick, that has stood
High on a length of prostrate wood,
Who hired a subterraneous friend,
To take his iron by the end ;
But which excell'd was never found,
The man above, or under ground.
The moral is so plain to hit,
That, had I been the god of wit,
Then, in a sawpit and wet weather,
Should Young and Philips drudge together*.

* This is to be understood as a censure only of the poetical character of those gentlemen. As men, the dean esteemed them both; and on Philips in particular conferred many signal acts of friendship.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

A BIRTHDAY POEM. Nov. 30, 1736.

TO you, my true and faithful friend
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains;
But did you know one half the pain,
What work, what racking of the brain,
It costs me for a single clause,
How long I'm forced to think and pause;
How long I dwell upon a proem,
To introduce your birthday poem,
How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compassion for the poet.
Now, to describe the way I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead, scratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.
Each complimental thought sublime,
Reduced by favourite Pope to rhyme,
And those by you to Oxford writ,
With true simplicity and wit.
Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyrick to my mind.
Now I begin to fret and blot,
Something I schemed but quite forgot;
My fancy turns a thousand ways
Through all the several forms of praise,

What elogy may best become
The greatest dean in christendom.
At last I've hit upon a thought——
Sure this will do—— 'tis good for nought——
This line I peevishly erase,
And choose another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the sense;
The line's too short to hold my meaning;
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!
I've hit upon't——The rhyme is earth——,
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forc'd to quit it.
Again I try—I'll sing the man—
Ay do, says Phœbus, if you can;
I wish with all my heart you would not,
Were Horace now alive he could not:
And will you venture to pursue,
What none alive or dead could do?
Pray see, did ever Pope or Gay
Presume to write on his birthday?
Though both were fav'rite bards of mine,
The task they wisely both decline.
With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition:
Because I could not be content
Without some grateful compliment.
If not the poet, sure the friend
Must something on your birthday send.
I scratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more:
"Let ev'ry patriot him adore."
Alackaday, there's nothing in't—
Such stuff will never do in print.

Pray, reader, ponder well the sequel,
I hope this epigram will take well.
In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In Swift, it is a lasting taper,
Whose blaze continually refines,
The more it burns the more it shines.
I read this epigram again,
'Tis much too flat to fit the dean.
Then down I lay some scheme to dream on,
Assisted by some friendly demon.
I slept, and dream'd that I should meet
A birthday poem in the street;
So after all my care and rout,
You see, dear dean, my dream is out.

AY AND NO.

A TALE FROM DUBLIN,

WRITTEN IN 1737.

AT Dublin's high feast sat primate and dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the primate, "if causes we sift,
"This mischief arises from witty dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
"And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.

"Though

" Though with your state sieve your own notions
" you split,
" A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
" It 's matter of weight, and a mere money job ;
" But the lower the coin the higher the mob.
" Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
" That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
" The Irish dear joys have enough common sense,
" To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
" It is pity a prelate should die without law ;
" But if I say the word—take care of Armagh !"

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION*.

THE furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's dean, good sir, are these :
The knife and fork with which I eat ;
And next the pot that boils the meat ;
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink ;
The shelves on which my books I keep ;
And the bed on which I sleep ;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the dean ;
And the stove that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintry night ;
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserved than show :
These are what the dean do please ;
All superfluous are but these.

* Ascribed to Dr. Swift, but probably without foundation.

EPIGRAMS,

OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICKS.

I.

THE dean must die—our idiots to maintain!
Perish, ye idiots! and long live the dean!

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's state,
Sublimely good, severely great,
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And fame might bid the drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling Him who rules the skies.
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill, ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III.

LO! Swift to idiots bequeaths his store:
Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!

ON

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY.

BEING ON NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to rest were gone,
Entranced in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day ;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.
The queen of dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
With magick pencil trac'd my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick's dean ;
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim'd him for their son,
And thus the high dispute begun :
St. Andrew first, with reason strong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong.
" Swift is my own, by right divine,
" All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick said, " I own this true,
" So far he does belong to you :
" But in my church he's born again,
" My son adopted, and my dean.
" When first the Christian truth I spread,
" The poor within this isle I fed,
" And darkest errours banish'd hence,
" Made knowledge in their place commence :

Nay

" Nay more, at my divine command,
" All noxious creatures fled the land.
" I made both peace and plenty smile.
" Hibernia was my favourite isle ;
" Now his—for he succeeds to me,
" Two angels cannot more agree.
" His joy is, to relieve the poor ;
" Behold them weekly at his door !
" His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
" He like the sun to all conveys,
" Shows wisdom in a single page,
" And in one hour instructs an age.
" When ruin lately stood around
" Th' enclosures of my sacred ground,
" He gloriously did interpose,
" And saved it from invading foes ;
" For this I claim immortal Swift,
" As my own son, and Heaven's best gift."
The Caledonian saint enrag'd,
Now closer in dispute engag'd,
Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The dean is of the Scottish nation ;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose ;
" Montrose and he are both the same,
" They only differ in the name :
" Both heroes in a righteous cause,
" Assert their liberties and laws ;
" He's now the same, Montrose was then,
" But that the sword is turn'd a pen,
" A pen of so great power, each word
" Defends beyond the hero's sword."
Now words grew high—we can't suppose
Immortals ever come to blows.

But

But least unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from Heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends :
" Ye reverend pair from discord cease,
" Ye both mistake the present case ;
" One kingdom cannot have pretence
" To so much virtue ! so much sense !
" Search Heaven's record ; and there you 'll find,
" That he was born for all mankind."

ON THE DRAPIER*.

BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.

UNDONE by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
The isle of saints became the land of slaves,
Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
Then all the publick spirit breath'd in thee,
And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
Blest isle, blest patriot, ever glorious strife!
You gave her freedom, as she gave you life!
Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copied well,
And with those rights, for which you stand, he fell.

* See the translation of Carberiæ Rupes, in vol. VII, page 248. In the Select Poetical Works of Dr. Dunkin, published at Dublin in 1770, are four well-chosen compliments to the dean on his birthday, and a very humourous poetical advertisement for a copy of Virgil Travestie, which, at the dean's request, Dr. Dunkin had much corrected, and afterward lost. After offering a small reward to whoever will restore it, he adds,

> " Or if, when this book shall be offer'd to sale,
> " Any printer will stop it, the bard will not fail
> " To make over the issues and profits accruing
> " From thence to the printer, for his care in so doing;
> " Provided he first to the poet will send it,
> " That where it is wrong, he may alter and mend it."

Several instances of Dr. Swift's regard for this ingenious writer may be seen in this collection.

A RIDDLE.

A RIDDLE*.

I'M wealthy and poor,
I'm empty and full,
I'm humble and proud,
I'm witty and dull.

I'm foul, and yet fair;
I'm old, and yet young;
I lie with Moll Kerr,
And toast Mrs. Long.

ANSWER, BY MR. F—R.

IN rigging he's rich, though in pocket he's poor;
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits;
Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore;
He's a wit to the fools, and a fool to the wits.

Of wisdom he's empty, but full of conceit;
He paints and perfumes, while he rots with the scab;
'Tis a beau you may swear by his sense and his gait;
He boasts of a beauty, and lies with a drab.

EPITAPH AT LEE IN KENT.

Hic jacent Reliquiæ
GULIELMI PATE,
Viri
propter ingenii fœcunditatem
et literarum peritiam,

* Originally communicated by Swift (together with the Riddle on a Fan, vol. VII, p. 308,) to Mr. Oldisworth, who published them in "The Muse's Mercury," 1707.

haud

haud minus eximii,
quam
ob morum urbanitatem suavitatemque
dilecti.
Hunc lapidem
sequenti Apophthegmate aureo incisum,
Tumulo imponi jussit:
"Epicharmian illud teneto,
"Nervos atque Artus esse Sapientiæ,
"NON TEMERE CREDERE."
Obiit nono die Decembris,
Anno ætatis suæ octogesimo,
Æræ Christianæ MDCCXLVI*.

* Mr. Pope in a letter to Mr. Hughes, April 13, 1714, (Duncombe's collection, I, 126,) says, "I have added another "[paper of proposals for Homer] for Mr. Pate, if he thinks fit to "oblige me so far, as you seemed inclined to believe he might." In a note on this passage, the editor introduces this anecdote: "Lord Hervey was once very desirous of entering into a satirical "war with Pope, in revenge for that poet's scurrilous and illiberal "treatment of him, (who was really a man of great sense and "abilities, and on that account only had the honour of being "called up to the house of lords in his father's life time) telling "bishop Hoadly that if he had any genius, it was for satire. "The bishop desired his lordship to apply the following story; "Will Pate, going home pretty late and pretty mellow, would "needs quarrel with a nightman, who had given him a lash with "his whip, and running to the man's cart began to pelt him.' "Oh, oh,' says the fellow, 'are you thereabouts! That's my "trade.' Lord Hervey replied immediately, 'he would have "nothing to say to Pope."

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

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